

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

BY ELVIRA CAORSI, GENOA, ITALY.

WHEN, in 1843, Niccolini published his celebrated tragedy, "Arnold of Brescia," his work attracted general attention. Curiosity was the more excited by the immediate prohibition of the work; and the figure of the simple monk issued forth at length from the obscure grave, where the anathemas of the Roman Court, and ancient calumnies, repeated by several historians, had condemned him. Two years since, at Mazzini's funeral in Rome, conspicuous on the funeral car were the figures of Savonarola and Arnold. It is not to be wondered at that Italy, now so much divided by religious controversies with regard to the spiritual and temporal power, should have, in the same city that witnessed his death, remembered and honored the name of the man who first advocated these doctrines, and whose courage and zeal for the discipline of the Church are amply attested by the fatigues, persecutions, and death he encountered for such a cause.

Niccolini has chiefly taken the subject of his tragedy from a work published in Pavia at the end of the last century by the priest Giovan Batista Guadagnini of Brescia, who, in his "Apology" for Arnold, was the first to vindicate the memory of his countryman, and justify his doctrines. This book has a very important bearing on the controversies of the present day, the author having laid every available source of information under contribution in search of material for his work. We propose, in this article, to give our readers—as far as may be done in the compass of a few pages—a short sketch of these volumes, now out of print; of that part at least which concerns

more particularly our hero's life and opinions. The important political events in Brescia, France, and Rome, in which Arnold was a principal actor, the conspicuous personages against whom he fought, or who were his friends, as Pope Celestin II; or agents in his destruction, as the Emperor Frederick I,—contribute to render his name immortal, and furnish strong evidence of the talents and extraordinary abilities of this wonderful man.

It is believed that Arnold was born in 1105—others say in 1100—in the city or province of Brescia, of a noble family. When quite young, he displayed great talents, and a marvelous aptitude for study. This induced his parents to send him to Paris, to the school of the celebrated Peter Abelard, so well known in the literary world by the famous letters of Heloise and Abelard. Here our youth spent several years of a studious, secluded life, and made several friends among the throng of Italian noblemen attracted by Abelard's fame to the French capital. He thus acquired a taste for solitude and for religious aspirations; and on his return to his native city, retired into a convent, where time only increased the more his fervor and devotion. St. Bernard, who afterward became one of his bitterest persecutors, in one of his epistles, speaks of him as of a man of austere life, of kindly sympathy, of great piety and learning. Arnold had, in fact, a clear, incisive mind, an exalted patriotism, profound conscientiousness, vivid imagination, vehement passion, great eloquence, a genuine true love for his fellow-men, and a real and controlling desire to bring them into a higher and holier life.

It is easy to understand how painful to such a man was the deplorable state of the Catholic Church at that time. Guadagnini describes it

most vividly. He tells us that the Imperial Court of Germany was the principal cause of this corruption. By trading bishoprics and abbacies, it obliged the prelates, in order to recover their money, to sell the parishes and sinecures: these sold prayers and masses consequently, and thus corruption gradually spread from the highest to the lowest orders of the clergy. When love of wealth prevails instead of religion, other evils are sure to follow. The clergy indulged in extravagant expenses, in rich dresses, encouraged by the example of the prelates, who kept princely courts. Notwithstanding the Pope's admonitions, and several councils convoked to restrain this corruption, license had reached such a climax that the most illustrious Catholic ladies had no difficulty in marrying a priest. The ecclesiastical revenues, instead of being devoted to the poor and to the Churches, as they should have been, were spent in keeping up sumptuous establishments, and in providing for wife and children. When these revenues were not sufficient, taxes were collected from the Churches or the ecclesiastical funds alienated, as if they had been of the clergy. To justify these abuses the prelates declared that the sinecures belonged to the incumbents, who were not the administrators, but the possessors of them.

The long controversies between the Pope and the emperor only made matters worse; for the ambitious bishops now declared in favor of one party and now of the other, as it happened to be the stronger. Now they favored Cæsar, to gratify their lust of power; now the Pope, with a faint zeal for religion, exciting princes and people to rise in arms against the emperor. This was the case with several cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, where the prelates declared themselves chiefs of the new Republic. The royal authority was fatal both to Church and State. To the Church because it deterred the pastors from the discharge of their religious duties, which they left entirely to the lower clergy, and opposed its temporal to its religious welfare; to the State, as a cause of civil contentions and wars. Thus, says Guadagnini, those who ought to have set an example of humility, sobriety, and charity, were models of pride, dissipation, and ferocity, instead.

It was in the year 1139 that Arnold, leaving his place of retirement, fought his first battle for the cause to which he had devoted his whole life and best energies. Brescia was then divided by two opposing parties. On one side, the nobility and the clergy, with their bishop and prince, Maifredo, at their head; on the other, the people, commanded by the two consuls,

Ribaldo and Persico. The object of this contest was the re-election of Maifredo to the sovereignty of Brescia, an election hotly opposed by the people. The consuls called Arnold to their aid, and he accepted the perilous mission most willingly; so anxious was he for Church Reformation, so convinced that Maifredo's temporal power was prejudicial to the spirit, law, and good of the Church. He therefore encouraged the people in their enterprise, and preached with great energy against the bishop. The secret of this wonderful man's influence was his pure and irreproachable life, his profound insight into the working of the human heart, in conjunction with a rare mastery of language, and his genuine sympathy for the poor, the outcast, the suffering, and the abandoned.

Maifredo, on his side, endeavored, by all means, to strengthen his party and to attach to his person the nobility and the clergy; and showed them how Arnold, with his austerity and excessive zeal, would insist on their reformation, and would bring ruin on them and on their families. A powerful league was thus formed against the simple monk; but he was not dismayed. His forcible eloquence, his earnestness, compelled the attention of the multitude, and awakened the conscience of the Bresciani to their rights and duties. He disclosed to them the abuses of the clergy, the continual pilfering of the revenues of the Church; insisted on the necessity of reformation, and declared this reformation impossible with a bishop prince as Maifredo; for were he even to attempt it, the clergy could reply, "*Medice, cura te ipsum.*" What was impossible for Maifredo, was easy for the Republic, however. It had only to sequester the ecclesiastical estates, and give their administration to laymen; it had only to pay, according to the canons, an allowance to the clergy, using the rest of the money for charitable and religious purposes, and thus the principal causes of corruption would be removed.

These words made a strong impression on the people; but Maifredo's influence was so great, that it neutralized Arnold's eloquence. Both parties had recourse to arms, and from 1138 to 1139 Brescia was distracted by civil war. Excitement was at its height, and the democrats seemed the strongest, when, in the Spring of the year 1139, Pope Innocent II opened the great Council of Lateran, and invited to it over a thousand bishops and abbots. Maifredo hastened to the Eternal City, and, availing himself of this unexpected opportunity, endeavored to excite the Pope's anger against Arnold and his adherents. Modern writers affirm that the poor monk was condemned as a

heretic; but thorough research and investigation prove this to be false. Though he was greatly calumniated by the Bishop of Brescia, the Pope could yet find no ground for such a grave accusation, and considered it a schism simply—the worst of schisms, writes St. Bernard, for it deprived the clergy of their temporal power, and gave the sovereign full authority over the ecclesiastical revenues.

Maifredo, disappointed in his plans, now asked for Arnold's exile; but was refused again, and obtained only that the pulpit should be forbidden to him. On his return to Brescia, the bishop, assembling the nobility and the clergy, published the Pope's order without delay, and exaggerating the horror felt in Rome for the new doctrine, commanded that in all churches Arnold should be denounced as suspected of heresy, and the citizens incited to drive him out of the town. History, even in our modern times of refinement and civilization, of moral and intellectual culture, shows us numerous examples of the inconstancy and mobility of the popular feeling. It is not, then, to be wondered at, if in that superstitious and ignorant epoch, a great part of the people suddenly and inexplicably turned against their leader, fought with the nobility that had now taken up arms, and defeated wholly the Republican party.

The two consuls and Arnold fled from Brescia, and, it is believed, took refuge in Switzerland. Some writers suppose that Maifredo wrote to the Pontiff, stating that the monk, having disobeyed his orders, had been exiled from Brescia, and imploring him to confirm this sentence—and that by his legate in Switzerland the Pope had Arnold promise not to return to Italy without his permission. Gunther, Otho of Frisinga, and St. Bernard, are at variance on this point, the two first affirming that Arnold preached in Switzerland with great success, while St. Bernard, in a letter to the Bishop of Constance, speaks of Arnold as of an unknown, dangerous man.

But passing over the whole following year, where we can not trace with certainty the steps of the unsuccessful warrior, we hear of Arnold in 1140, hastening to France at the voice of Peter Abelard, his master. Abelard had been summoned before the Council of Sens to justify his doctrines, and had therefore called to his help many of his ablest scholars; and first among these was Arnold. On this important occasion he clearly asserted his superiority in all theological disputes; for in such a multitude of disciples none surpassed or even equaled his erudition, eloquence, and logical acumen. St. Bernard, speaking of this Council does not

mention the other orators, but writes of Arnold as of the armor-bearer of the new Goliath (Abelard), defending the various theses even better than his master.

Abelard's doctrines were condemned, however; but he appealed from the sentence to Rome, relying on the influence of several cardinals who were his friends and pupils. He was disappointed, nevertheless! . . . The Council had, it is true, simply condemned Peter's doctrines, without mentioning Arnold, and had proposed to forbid him preaching only; but St. Bernard was not satisfied. He considered Abelard a heretic, and having a bad opinion of Arnold, on account of the events of Brescia, judged him to be a heretic also, and asked of the Pope their immediate imprisonment. The Pontiff's answer was a short but severe letter to the Bishops of Reims and Sens, ordering them to seize Abelard and Arnold, to imprison them both, in two different convents, and to burn their books. St. Bernard published this order immediately, but laments that his zeal was not shared by others; for no one was willing to arrest two such popular favorites. They found a refuge near persons of high rank. Abelard, aged then sixty-one, retired into the convent of Cluny, where he spent the two last years of his life peacefully. Arnold left France for Zürich, and accepted the hospitality of Guido da Castello, Legate of the Pope, who had been his schoolmate and friend, and who ultimately reconciled him with Innocent II, and induced him to renounce Abelard's doctrines.

The character and opinions of disciple and master were different altogether. The genius of Peter was more dialectic and subtle; he preferred the writings of the philosophers to those of the Fathers of the Church, and had a turn for speculative questions then so much in vogue, though generally useless in reality, and often little intelligible to the disputants themselves. Arnold, on the contrary, had a strong and positive character, tending to the useful and the practical. Common sense was his special characteristic. He was heartily sincere in his desire to get at the truth, nothing but the truth. He studied therefore indefatigably the Gospels, the letters of the apostles, and the Fathers. His intense love for the Church made him long to raise her from the abject state into which she had fallen, and persecutions only increased the more his ardor and zeal.

There is here a new hiatus in our hero's life, an interval of five long years, in which nothing of importance is known of him. There is good authority for believing that persecutions were not renewed against him, and that he lived in

quiet and retirement under the three Popes, Innocent II, Celestin II (his late friend and protector, Guido da Castello), and Lucius II. The latter died in 1145, killed by a stone while assaulting the Campidoglio, where the Romans had assembled to elect a Patrizio, or chief of the Senate.

In Rome, as in several other cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, a Republican party had formed, which, though admitting the emperor's supremacy, would in no wise recognize the Pope as temporal master and sovereign. They had, therefore, besides the consuls, re-established the Senate, and the Patrizio also; and finding themselves in power by the defeat and death of Lucius II, had assaulted and destroyed many of the towers and fortified palaces belonging to the noblemen and cardinals of the opposite party. It is a circumstance to be noted, that Otho of Frisinga, in his writings, lays all the blame of this destruction on Arnold, who was living far from Rome during this momentous period. Eugenius III, having been designated as the successor of Lucius, the Republicans sent him forthwith an ambassador, to announce to him that they would annul his election if he did not recognize the Senate and Patrizio, and at the same time renounce the temporal power. But the Pope, together with several cardinals, left Rome during the night, and fled to Farfa, where, on the following day, the 18th of February, he was consecrated. Then retiring into a fortified city, he began that long war which lasted during his whole reign—eight years and four months—and continued even under some of his successors. It was on this occasion that the Romans called Arnold to Rome, hoping that his eloquence, his erudition, and his virtues, would make him a leader of public sentiment, and an efficient help for their cause. They were not disappointed! Arnold soon acquired considerable influence over the people, and by his powerful appeals from the pulpit, by the combative energy of his character, gained many adherents to their party. He now believed that the dream of his life was going to be realized, and his ardent, restless spirit braced itself for the coming contest.

Guadagnini gives the following *résumé* of Arnold's doctrines. He acknowledged the spiritual authority of the Pope as the first pastor of Christendom, judge of all ecclesiastical disputes, and supreme head of the Church. This, he thought, in those corrupted times especially, was occupation enough without wishing for temporal power, which belonged, first of all, to the emperor, and particularly to the Senate and people of Rome, who clamored for it. He

encouraged, therefore, the citizens to persevere in their struggle for independence and emancipation, and not to fear danger or death in a cause so important,—for their temporal benefit, not only, but for the welfare of the Church of Rome, and of the whole world. He exhorted them to preserve the Senate, and re-establish the ancient Roman customs, such as the different laws, the Campidoglio, the equestrian and plebeian orders, etc.

Historians have attributed to Arnold the most contradictory opinions. Müller, in his "History of Switzerland," pretends, we know not on what authority, that he believed that God was every thing, and that the world was only one of his thoughts. Hurter, President of the Protestant Consistory of Schaffhausen, affirms instead, that Arnold desired to free the Romans from the power of the Church not only, but from all religious faith. This is a positive falsehood; for it is most certain that the reformer never attacked the spiritual power nor the rights of the Church, but the temporal authority solely, in order that the pastors should attend with more zeal to their spiritual duties. Even his enemies attest it. St. Bernard, who persecuted him so fiercely at first; Gunther, Otho of Frisinga, nephew to the Emperor Frederick, and his contemporary, though they denounce his doctrines as error, do not accuse him of heresy. Gibbon writes of him: "Arnold's courage was joined with prudence and resolution. He was called and protected by the people and the nobility. His eloquence resounded on the Seven Hills. He mingled the passages of Titus Livius with those of St. Paul, the sentences of the Gospel with aspirations for liberty inspired by the classics. He showed the Romans how they were degenerated since the early times of Christianity and Rome; encouraged them to claim their inalienable rights as men and Christians, and restore the laws and magistrates of the Republic, allow no political authority to the Pope, and but little to the emperor." Gibbon seems thus to approve and admire Arnold; but shortly afterward praises Pope Adrian—because he was an Englishman, perhaps.

The power of Arnold lasted during the whole reign of Eugenius III, who died on the 7th of July, 1153. His successor lived but a few months; and the only English Pope, Nicholas Breakspear, ascended the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Adrian IV. Adrian, as well as Eugenius, was anxious to recover the temporal authority, and understood full well that, for the accomplishment of this scheme, it was necessary that Arnold, the inspired prophet, the soul of the opposite party, should leave

Rome forever. He excommunicated and exiled him, therefore; but Arnold, protected by the Senate, remained in Rome, declaring the excommunication to be unjust, and not valid. It now happened that one of the cardinals, while on his way to the Papal palace, was assaulted and mortally wounded. Adrian, seizing this opportunity, launched the formula of interdiction against the whole city—an interdiction that would be removed only when Arnold the cause of all these disorders, the agitator of the nation, would be expelled from Rome.

Here we see again a new example of the mutability of popular favor. Holy week was at hand, and the citizens, instigated by the clergy, and anxious to see the churches reopened for divine services, abandoned their leader, and expelled him from the city. Soldiers were sent immediately in pursuit of him, and Arnold had fallen already into their hands, when certain counts of Campania, his friends, who considered him a saint, rescued him and hid him in one of their castles.*

While these events were taking place, the Emperor Frederick was in Italy on his way to receive, as was the custom, the imperial crown in Rome. He had already concluded a friendly treaty with Pope Adrian, and repelled therefore the Roman ambassadors that came to meet him, but received most graciously the three cardinals sent by the Pope, and granted their requests. First among these was Arnold's imprisonment and death, it having been impossible to discover his place of refuge. The emperor gave an order accordingly that the counts of Campania should be immediately arrested, and threatened them with his anger and vengeance if they did not disclose their friend's hiding-place.

It is yet to be proved who really betrayed Arnold on this occasion; but he was forthwith delivered into the cardinals' hands, then into those of the prefect, thrown into a dungeon of Castle St. Angelo, and sentenced to be hanged, his body burned, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber, in order that the people might not save them as those of a saint, and to destroy even the remembrance of this great man. The execution took place on the 18th of June, 1155, on the day of the Emperor Frederick's coronation, Arnold being, it is believed, only fifty years old. Sismondi, in his history, writes that Arnold was imprisoned, and that the people, terrified by the Pope's anathemas, did not attempt to deliver him. The prisoner was taken to the Porta del Popolo, where the funeral pile had

been erected, and tied to a wooden column placed before the Corso, from where he could gaze for the last time on the three principal streets of Rome. The flames roused the Romans from their apathy; they rushed to arms, but were repelled and defeated by the Pope's soldiers. This is, however, a romantic description only. Thorough researches and investigations confirm the fact that Arnold was executed, as we have before said, in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that he suffered death heroically, a martyr for liberty.

The reader of this brief biography may sum up the character of Arnold more satisfactorily than we can do it for him; for different minds will estimate differently his services to his country. That he was a man of great talent and virtue, an ardent patriot, that he fought life's battle well, and met death bravely, must be conceded on all hands. His life furnishes an example of what may be accomplished by one enterprising mind; and though few have so much as heard of him, deeds like his will stretch their influence into a far future, and win a deathless memory.

SUMMERING IN NEWPORT.

BY MRS. MARY B. INGHAM.

IN childhood I read of the Fountain of Youth, and longed to know of its mysterious source, so that, when wrinkles came, I might drink and be young again. I have found it! More than that, the Goddess of Health holds sway under these waters, and she has touched me. Coming up out of the waves, my pulses thrilling with strength and vivacity, I feel the significance of the great Physician's prescription, "Go wash in Siloam." And now, here, where gentle winds come up from caves of Æolus, and the waves are washing the smooth beach with sweet, murmurous music, I remind myself of the tired workers we have left behind us; those who labor evermore, unselfishly, for the greatest good of the greatest number, shortening their lives for lack of the respite which ought to come to every one Summer by Summer.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, in a lecture at Cleveland, Ohio, that we "human beings are only the elixir of life, flowing up and down in beautiful bottles." The torrid temperature of the last week spent in Ohio had almost made me believe the Emersonian theory correct, so melting had been our moods, until after a few dips in old ocean; then we giants thought mournfully upon the reduced proportions of loved friends away in the

* Platina: "Lives of the Popes." Rinaldi: "Ecclesiastical Annals."

interior, and we sighed that they had no adipose to spare.

Now, for a little while, imagine yourselves here. The bathing having passed, dinner dispatched, and the siesta indulged, let us all go our several ways. Are any of you poets, or do your thoughts stray to the still unprepared lecture? Out on these cliffs is inspiration. I, myself, thus circumstanced, wrought to an unforeseen degree of sublimity, have essayed poetry, with the ocean rolling before me, and "*Te Deum laudamus*" in my heart; the sky traversed by silver chariots, bearing dwellers of the "upper deep" clad in garments rose tinted or glowing with sapphire; beneath me the green earth, fairest of the worlds, blushing with roses or starred with daisies. Page after page unfolded. But, alas! the contrary things would n't rhyme! Three lines were all, after a severe tax on the intellect. The fourth was slow in coming; in fact, would n't come at all. In vain I implored the celestial riders in silver chariots to look down in pity; the sea-nymphs, chattering in the billows below, only mocked me. The rocks gave no sound, and mother earth was silent; so there lies in my portfolio that unfinished stanza, a melancholy hint of what might have been.

Will some of you delve among books or search for works of art? Go to Redwood Library, one of the most classical buildings of our country, where are grouped the richest of lore, and the rarest of statuary; or, if the ladies want to see *bijoux* of cunning workmanship, they can visit the bazaars, where India, China, and Japan contribute of their treasures.

Have any of you a grand passion for the antique? Come with me to the old round tower, overgrown with ivy, standing in Tower Square, the wonder of visitors and the delight of antiquarians, and which is thus described by one of our own writers: "The structure consists of a circular wall of great strength, built upon arches, which spring from eight round and massive stone pillars. The latter are composed of flat, irregularly shaped stones, laid in cement as hard as the stones themselves. No capitals crown the pillars. Above them the arches are well turned. The tower is open on all sides between the pillars, and is roofless. The circumference of this remarkable ruin is exactly eighty-one feet, and its entire elevation is thirty feet. Matter of fact people insist that Governor Benedict Arnold had it erected as a mill for grinding Indian corn and other grain, soon after the settlement of the Colony, in 1639." Professor Rafin, on the contrary, in a French work, "declares for

its great antiquity, and expresses his belief that it was erected not later than the twelfth century." Longfellow was satisfied with this authority, and connects this roofless structure with a Scandinavian legend in his "Skeleton in Armor" I may whisper to you, O friends, that the spirits who live in this tower have a song which they sing before daylight. If we are up early enough we shall hear it! The viking had run away with the king's daughter, and sailed toward the West. Listen:

"As with his wings a-lant,
Sails the fierce co-morant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden;
So, toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

Three weeks we westward bore,
And, when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore,
Stretching to leeward;
There, for my lady's bower,
Built I this lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward!

There lived we many years:
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears;
She was a mother!
Death closed her mild blue eyes:
Under that tower she lies!
N'er shall the sun arise
On such another!"

There is, also, an ancient house on Spring Street, built by Governor Bull in 1639. This is probably the oldest dwelling-house in New England. It is long and low, covered with yellow plaster outside as well as inside, dark and gloomy, with indescribable windows and staircases. A deaf woman lives there, who is attached to the place. Part of the house is kept locked, and a fearful mystery attaches to some of the rooms.

Are you in patriotic mood? Come with me into Church Street. We will visit a dilapidated two-story house, which, a hundred years ago, was the far-famed Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Room. Here the citizens of Newport once gave a ball in honor of Washington and Rochambeau; and, on this occasion, the Father of his Country himself danced the "first figure" with one of the fascinating belles of this island. The music she selected was "The Successful Campaign," and the French officer present took the instruments from the hands of the musicians, and themselves played, while Washington danced!

From there we will go to the State-house, into the old Senate Chamber; see Washington's portrait, painted by Stuart; sit in his

ancient chair; thence pass down the identical steps, from which, on the 20th of July, 1776, the late Major John Handy read the Declaration of Independence. Sitting under one of the trees on the Mall, and, glancing backward, I saw, on this very spot, Washington and Lafayette drilling their troops—the few brave men who, through hunger and distress, secured to us of the coming generations our homes in the best land the sun e'er shone on.

As we are all church-goers, of course we must improve a portion of every Sabbath among the various denominations. Methodists and Baptists have each two edifices. In one of the former it was our good fortune to hear Rev. Mark Trafton preach eloquently. Presbyterians of different shades of belief meet together in the United Congregational Church, an elegant temple of worship on Pelham Street. A clergyman of marked ability occupies this pulpit, Rev. Dr. Thayer, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." A sermon of his on "The Identity of the Believer with Christ," was a rare one. The first pastor of the First Congregational Church lies buried in this kirk-yard, Dr. Hopkins, whom Mrs. Stowe has made the hero of her "Minister's Wooing." He died in 1803, aged eighty-three years. We have not been able yet to find the home of Mary Scudder, though it is somewhere in the city. The Episcopalians have three churches,—Old Trinity, Trinity Chapel, and Zion. The first of these is a curiosity, being one hundred and fifty years old, and containing ancient box-pews, so high that one sees only the heads of the people after they are seated. The same sounding-board which hung over the rector's desk in Bishop Berkeley's time, hangs there still, and the frame of the organ which he presented to the Vestry is still in good condition. By the way, this organ was originally intended for the church in Berkeley, Massachusetts; but that Puritanic people believing it to be the "device of the adversary," the bishop was obliged to transfer the gift to Old Trinity. This service in the forenoon is thronged with a fashionable audience. The church-yard is full of graves, and nearly all the inscriptions begin with "Here lyes y^e body of,"

Bishop Berkeley's name has sweet odor in Newport. Nearly all visitors drive to his residence, a plain wooden building; from there to Hanging Rock, a feature of Sachuset Bay, the out-door sanctum of Berkeley, where he is supposed to have written the most of his "Minute Philosopher." These are out on the eastern beach, three miles from the State-house. We must go, also, into Church Street to see the

house where Channing was born, and sit on the very shore where he walked and sat and wrote; nor will we be unmindful that here was fostered the artistic genius of Malbone, Stuart, Allston, and King.

The graves of Newport are chief among its attractions. An Italian, looking for a home in America, went into the cemeteries of various cities to see upon the tombstones the age of the sleepers, saying within himself that where the greatest number of years were given, there he would stay. The records on Newport marble seemed to indicate that every body had died of old age, and here the life-loving Milanese was content to abide. He found the climate so healthful, the air so invigorating, the surf so healing in its touch, that he survived his ninety-fourth year. The burial-grounds are on Farwell Street, one cemetery opening into another in strange fashion, till one is almost lost in the labyrinth of death. First are the slaves' burial-places; their graves are marked by short, dark stones, some of them bearing peculiar names: "Here lies Rhode Island, faithful servant of;" "Newport, aged —." On two, I read, "My Faithful Dick." A white marble head-stone bears a record of "Violet, wife of Zingo Stevens." Why should not Violet and Zingo, Dick and Phillis, sleep under a "white stone?" When cannon were thundering along the Potomac, breaking the shackles of the slaves, did not these dry bones rattle in their coffins? Did not the dull ear listen when "Wake, Nicodemus!" sounded like a trumpet from the homes of the North? Where the post-office now stands, corner of Thames and Franklin Streets, was once a mart for human souls.

The various island cemeteries succeed this first most interesting spot. God's-acre, we may well call it. One tomb there is, on an eminence approached by worn foot-paths, but imprisoned within bolts of iron that no vandal may desecrate the cherished inclosure—that of Commodore O. H. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie's battle, born in Newport and died at Trafalgar. In close proximity to Old Trinity sleep the Malbones, Chevalier de Tournay, De Ruy, Bishop Berkeley's daughter, Pastor Honyman and family. But the graves which attracted me most were two solitary ones near Bateman's Point, just on the shore of the ocean. It is supposed that, long years ago, two bodies were washed ashore from a fateful wreck, and a kind hand shielded them with burial, setting up a rude stone. Some mother has wept her life away for the son who never came again; some one, heart-broken with grief, has watched in vain for tidings that the spray-washed turf never sent back.

It may be that, away in the distance, some Evangeline has

"Sat by a nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him."

Tired of research, we will go picnicking to the glen or to Fort Adams, cruise about the Dump-lings, or sail over to Lime-rock light-house, where Ida Lewis lives. She is one of those objects to which "distance lends enchantment." Loud-voiced and coarse, she betrays her connection with the lower stratum; a brave girl, though, for all that. The newspaper paragraphs which intimate that the family are annoyed by visitors calling are not true; for they are perfectly delighted when they see any one coming. Did you ever steam up Narragansett Bay to Rocky Point for the purpose of assisting at a clam-bake? If not, we will go to-morrow.

Of course, we all want to see the fashionable side of Newport life. Our barouches will cheerfully mingle with the landaus, the clarences, the phaetons, and the tilburies of Bellevue Avenue; and now for the finest drive in America! First, a glance at the gay riders. The nobbiest people have a coachman and two footmen; these three personages, to be *comme il faut*, may be either black or white, with patent-leather top-boots, buff pants, hats with wide bands, and white gloves. Their coats must be of snuff-colored broadcloth, gorgeous with gold buttons to match the auriferous harness of the fiery steeds before them. To be fully in the livery of the period, these coats must be extravagant in length. The coachman's is a frock; those of the footmen, of the swallow-tailed species, hanging over the low-backed seat at precisely the same perpendicular. If imbued with a proper sense of their position, these worthies will fold their arms and sit in unapproachable erectness. We notice also that August Belmont's charioteers are more magnificent than all others, they being stabbed in the breast with a bouquet.

Mrs. James Fisk, Jr., used to drive a four-in-hand, and rent a house in Narragansett Avenue. Once I saw a lovely burlesque. Behind one of the most fashionable carriages, with crest, monogram, and servants in livery, rolled a shabby demi-landau, drawn by scraggy horses, driven by a mock coachman dressed in rags, and surmounted by an enormous hat. Two footmen were behind, little darkies, with ventilated suits, top-boots, and two-story hats which sat below their foreheads. Evidently they did n't know they were a caricature; for now and then they lifted the brims to their eyes, and, displaying double rows of ivory, betrayed delight at the

style they were supporting. Those ladies on horseback, in dark-blue habits and high hats, brave and gallant enough for Joan d'Arc, are Mrs. Peterson, of Philadelphia, with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; the novelist, and others.

Bless us! what a delicious drive this is! The air is balmy with the fragrance of luxuriant bloom, for which Newport is so justly celebrated—the climate here being particularly adapted to flowers. The rarest exotics cluster about gate and doorways. Twining over lattice and fence is the double morning-glory, or nasturtium regal in splendor, while ivy and clematis cover rustic porches and Gothic windows. The plats of foliage-plants that adorn the villa lawns are marvelous for size and beauty, the crimson coleus being prominent. We see them by glimpses through the groves of maple, oak, and cedar that dot the acres.

The marine villas are magnificent in appointment, being redolent of rare shrubs and gorgeous with flowers. Those three at the left belong to Barrera, the Peruvian Minister; to Bancroft, the historian; and to August Belmont.

That large, buff-colored house with so much piazza development, supporting thirteen huge hanging baskets, belongs to Mrs. George Francis Train, who, it was said, had just arrived, with four children, three carriages, seven horses, and Mr. Train.

These grounds, excelling all others in taste and adornment, appertained to Paran Stevens, the great hotel-owner of New York, whose wife was once an operative in the Lowell factories.

Here we are in front of a Swiss *chalet*, colored in scarlet and brown, with pentangular roof, gabled porches and peaked windows, elaborately shut in with brown and scarlet fencing. This, charming, unengaged young lady friends, belongs to Griswold Gray, a bachelor, who drives that six-in-hand.

Now we are at the Ocean House, and as we leave the Avenue, let me tell you what I would like to wear within its palatial parlors when the refined, the rich, the intellectual of many countries come together at the receptions of Sheridan and Grant—beauty and chivalry met to pay homage to valor. It should be a sea-green silk, with overdress and pompadours of illusion—this soft white lace should envelop me as a mist or foam of the sea—and bracelets, necklace, and coronet of pearls should be my adornments. All this if I were fair and beautiful! Then, when I went to ride on Bellevue, my phaeton should be in the shape of a shell!

Suppose we go over, for a few days, to enjoy the other side of the island "On the Bay." And now, instead of the ocean and the cliffs, we have

Narragansett, with its little moving world of yachts, steamers, and small boats of every variety. A well-known writer has, in "Malbone; an Oldport Romance," given publicity to this locality, particularly the house next to us. The cherubs' heads hiding away in closets, the massive wainscoting and balustrades, the tile mantles and hearths, the pine-apple over the door, and the secret stairway, are all accurately described.

This is the quiet nook where the literary *coterie* reside; several conspicuous people are summering close by us. Julia Ward Howe is one of the most highly educated women of America; familiar with Oriental languages, and deep in Buddhistic philosophy; versed in Continental dialects, as well as German rationalism and French infidelity. I loved her for writing the "Battle-hymn of the Republic," which Chaplain M'Cabe immortalized with the Halleluiah Chorus; but since hearing her from the Unitarian platform of this city as the apostle of Theodore Parker, though her refined platitudes may attract hundreds of admirers, I sigh for the perversion of so noble an intellect. T. W. Higginson lives not far away, as also a train of his admirers—among them Louise Chandler Moulton, whose dress and manner are rather elegant than otherwise. Kate Field is at the handsome cottage of a relative; her manner is *brusque* indeed (she has the reputation of having been very saucy to her mother). Her gait indicates that she is in favor of the Women's Rights movement. She is said to be the best rower on the bay. She comes down at twilight nearly every evening, dressed in a Bloomer suit of navy blue, and a sailor hat, with her oars upon her shoulder, to the little pier nearly under our window, where her boat is moored. Her gondola may be distinguished from all others in our Venice by its deep-blue color, encircled with a white stripe, and bearing her monogram upon its bow. She ignores the chignon, and her unbound hair gives to her *petite* figure the air of a juvenile. Mary Clemmer Ames boards where we are, her room being in a lovely cottage, opposite. She is unassuming in manner, lady-like, thoroughly womanly in her tastes. She is tall and graceful, in perfect health and spirits, and she carries with her a fresh, breezy reciprocity. When she enters a room, she seems to have floated in on one of Summer's softest gales. Fan me once again, O spiciest of zephyrs!

Our stay would not be complete without one Saturday evening at the Ocean House, where congregate, from all parts of the island, "the brave and the fair,"—literary men and women, wealthy people who have no particular life-work,

foreigners and tourists. Here are Germans, who look as though they might have come from Thuringian castles or Ehrenbreitstein; from the Hotel Français, two consuls, messieurs, mesdames, and ever so many dark-eyed demoiselles; Jewesses, too, of fabulous wealth, in robes of the cloth of gold!

I love to sit down by Signora Angiola Mora, whose soft eyes are full of tears as she tells of bright Italian skies—of the time when, at sixteen, she was a *prima donna*, borne by an enthusiastic multitude in triumph, and that to her came a carrier-dove with the praise of one dearer to her than all others; that he took her to great America, where he arranged Mozart's masses for the New York cathedrals, and where she sang to listening hundreds. Then, ah me! he died on shipboard on a return voyage, and it brought sadness and reverses into their home. But, even now, when not thinking of the past, she will recite to us whole operettas, and talk of Madame Sonntag, her companion, who died in Cuba.

Now for an afternoon and evening on the water—Mary Clemmer Ames with us, as well as a few friends from home—with Captain King, in his sail-boat. An inspiring scene was presented by the sight of the school-ship, around which we circled. The good Commonwealth of Massachusetts owns this wonderful institution. To-day it stands an anchored giant in the midst of a miniature fleet of yachts. All vagrant boys within the State; boys who sleep in dry-goods boxes; boys tattered and forlorn, standing at street corners, or about fruit-stalls and candy-shops; orphaned boys, with none to weep for them; homeless boys, for whom there seems to be no room in the world,—these are gathered in for the ship *Massachusetts*: are sheltered, fed, clothed in uniform, and educated for the navy or the marine merchant-service. They swarmed, three hundred strong, upon the sail-yards, even to the topmast. Perched there, they made the rigging black with boys—a flock of ravens hovering over white swans.

More observant eyes than mine were glancing from under the flapping sail of the *Mary King*; a gracefuller pen has written an account of that afternoon's cruise, and I step aside to let her tell its history:

"It was an exhilarating sight to see the whole yacht-squadron of New York enter the harbor on Monday. Like a great flock of living creatures, every white wing spread, they came flying in from the ocean. There was a wonderful grace in their movements, something electric in the sweep of their spreading sails, something human and personal in each one of them, which

can not be described. Thousands of people on the wharves and piers greeted them with cheers and waving handkerchiefs. Cannon hailed them from the shore, cannon answered from their decks, and the flags of England and America rippled and fluttered from hundreds of masts-heads. 'Look at that gridiron, and then at the stars and stripes!' said Captain King, whose hard hands had guided the sails over these waters for more than forty years. 'The prettiest thing that ever floated! Whoever hurts her, hurts me.' Well, how beautiful they were, with their white skirts and blue and scarlet streamers, as they shot by each other in their airy race, and then dropped their anchors in the tranquil bay! There were the *Magic*, the *Idler*, *Phantom*, *America*, *Madge*, *Sylvia*, *Sappho*, *Fleet Wing*, *Halcyon*, *Tidal Wave*, *Taralinta*, *Madeline*, *Calypto*, *Widgeon*, *Rambler*, *Cambria*, and *Dauntless*. Nearly all feminine creatures, you see; they had a right to be beautiful. Feminine from its aerial sail to its fine, keen prow, no wonder the yacht is the darling of man; that she inspires in him somewhat of the romantic devotion which he feels for the woman dearest to his heart.

"The *Cambria* bears the British lion in white. His front paw uplifted in menace, seems to be doing its best to leap from a little fluttering blue flag. Inside, it is furnished in solid oak, upholstered with blue and scarlet, and shows in all its appointments that it is the haunt of men. Their polished pistols and rifles hang as ornaments on its walls; pictured yachts spread their wings upon its panels; the oaken table in its dining-room glitters with a massive silver and cut-glass dining service.

"The bachelor carelessness of the *Dauntless's* interior is every-where touched with a loving remembrance of woman. On its panels we see copied the wonderful portrait of Judith, and other pictures of beautiful women, while family groups and lovely photographs, enshrined in lovely places, tell that somebody in this yacht carries his friends with him across the deep. On the sofa lay a great Bible with gold clasps, and a 'silent comforter,' the gift of a woman, doubtless, hung among the beautiful paintings of the state-room.

"But the darling of all is the *Calypto*. I can not shape any phase of grace graceful enough to portray her. She is the swan of yachts; she is altogether beautiful, without and within. It is enough to tempt one to believe in the possibility of Phœbus and his yacht, the sight of this fair thing basking in this Mediterranean air on these Mediterranean waters. I'd rather own the *Calypto* than the yacht of Phœbus. How beautiful it is within—its cabin

all azure and gold and scarlet, its state-room all azure and gold and spotless white! Then its luxurious couches, its books, its flowers, the harmony of its appointments, the brightness and purity of its atmosphere! How they could help one to forget the cares and struggles of a workful life! How easy it would be to float away from all, on this beguiling barque!"

See! the moon is up. Madame R., who played "*La Marseillaise*" for us in the parlor, fast as telegrams came in of Prussian victories, is aboard, full of life. A little Boston girl, too, with her Scotch ballads and love-songs; and once, when frolic was on the wane, a demure young Quakeress electrified us by singing "*Katy's Letter*." That moonlight sail had a story too long to tell here.

Our visit to Newport would not be complete without going to a Quaker meeting. There are no more beautiful cottages than those pertaining to the sect of Friends, who are here in large numbers from all parts of the United States. Philadelphia is numerously represented; and in one of their delightful parlors, on Saturday night, we had the rare privilege of attending one of the services pertaining to their Yearly Meeting. This retreat, where we worshiped, so chaste and exquisite in its appointments, belongs to a millionaire of Cincinnati; though none would know of his great wealth from any exterior showing. The light that beams in way-side huts, beside sick-beds, or on the path of the erring, is better far than diamonds or equipage. This house seems to be the center of power for those of the denomination considered aggressive; and the service just alluded to was most enjoyable, being rich in spiritual communing with the Lord and with each other. The exercises were purely voluntary, no one being called upon to speak or to pray; and yet many participated, indicating the presence of a devoted band of workers; and Wesley himself, with heart-warm welcome, would say, "Here is Christianity in earnest." One feature of their service, silence, is impressive; and to introduce it into our own, in modified degree, is desirable, particularly in cases where men and women have not the gift of speaking to edification. They lack the element of vocal praise, one essential of a complete religious service. Their meeting-house is on Farwell Street. Not only large wealth is represented; a circle of cultivated minds renders this part of the city attractive. Their conversation is of high order, showing rare culture. The time which many of us devote to dress and display they spend in moral advancement or intellectual improvement—the latter

facilitated by travel in foreign lands. I love their simplicity and their earnestness; and the saintly faces of four dear ladies, who sit opposite us at table, will be to me a life-time evangel. It is a luxury to do the slightest favor for them; for the sweet, "I thank thee," which always comes, would melt the heart even of a Boston progressive. The eldest of these ladies was brides-maid of Anna Dickinson's mother. And here let me say that the enterprising lady who lectures so piquantly, never swept street-crossings in Philadelphia, as the newspapers tell us. Her mother, previous to her marriage, was employed by a Monthly Meeting to teach a colored school in Maryland. Later in life she lived in respectable style, her daughters, Susan and Anna, being brought up after the most orthodox fashion, graduating from the high-school of their native city.

Susan Dickinson, an excellent woman, became a teacher in the public-schools there; but quite recently abandoned teaching to engage in writing Sunday-school books. Her sister Anna, now stopping at the Cliff House, is warm-hearted and charitable; receiving largely, but giving freely. She has departed from the faith of the fathers, in that she wears jewelry enough to sadden the hearts of the elders. Indeed, many of the Quakers here vary from the traditional mode of dress; the gentlemen almost entirely, and the ladies indulging in white or delicate shades of mauve and blue, while, now and then, a modest pin gleams out from a collar or neckerchief. One of the gravest of them says she never liked the ancient bonnet; and I find that this important article of feminine apparel varies, as one of the ladies says, according to the ability of the local milliner to get it just right. When I read the sweet hymns and tracts that one of these four Friends has written, and listen to the wit and wisdom of another, the pioneer of Sabbath-school instruction in her own city, and watch her as she rows in her little boat, distributing religious reading among the sailors and boatmen of Newport harbor, I am fully persuaded that these two, veiled in modesty, have all unconsciously touched the real woman question.

A little Philadelphian, who, with her sisters, writes Sunday-school books and stories for the young people, is saying to me, "The ocean is calling us." Her hands are full of pressed mosses and baskets of shells and pebbles. I expect the outcome of her season at Newport will be a novelette; for, just before sunset last night, I saw her lurking about some of the cob-webbed corners of this old town; and,

instantly thereafter came a dreamy light into her eyes. Hark! All the company are going down to the sea-shore. Let us go, too, friends.

THE BLACK TULIP.

FROM THE FRENCH: BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

X.

THE FIRST OFFSHOOT.

FROM the moment that Rosa withdrew, with the two bulbs pressed to her heart, from the presence of Mynheer Van Baerle, life became sweet to her, as it was full of interest to the prisoner. Evening after evening she brought him small quantities of earth, which was carefully deposited in a large jug, so skillfully broken that it did good service as a flower-pot. The combination of garden-mold with a portion of slimy clay from the river, made an excellent soil.

At the beginning of April, he planted his first offshoot in that jug; and Rosa Gryphus was taught all the mysteries concerning the cultivation of these Eastern bulbs. From this art, they extended their chat to other subjects, until it was surprising what a vast range their conversation at last comprised. One thing especially was almost as great a source of anxiety to the prisoner as his bulbs—the dependence of Rosa on her father. His own happiness was entirely at the whim of this man. If he found the Loevestein dull, or the atmosphere unhealthy, or the gin bad, he might one day leave the fortress, and take his daughter with him.

"And if we were separated," said he to the girl, "of what use would the carrier-pigeons then be? as you, my dear child, could neither read what I write to you, nor write your thoughts to me in return."

"Well," answered Rosa, who in her heart dreaded this separation as much as her companion, "we have one hour every evening; let us make good use of it. Teach me to read and write, I shall make the best of your lessons, believe me; and in this way we shall never be separated any more, except by our own will."

"O, then we have an eternity before us!" said Cornelius.

"Will you for ever remain in prison?" replied the girl, smiling. "After having granted you your life, will not his highness also grant you liberty? and will you not recover your fortune, and be a rich man? and then, when you are driving in your own coach, riding your own horse, will you still look at poor Rosa, the daughter of a jailer, scarcely better than a hangman?"

The prisoner tried to contradict her; but she pleasantly interrupted him by saying:

"How is your tulip going on?"

This expedient was always successful; as to speak of a tulip was to make Van Baerle oblivious of every thing else, even Rosa herself.

"Pretty well indeed," he replied; "the coat is growing black, the sprouting has commenced, the veins are swelling; in eight days, perhaps sooner, we may distinguish the first buds of the leaves protruding. And yours, Rosa?"

"Every thing has been prepared in the flower-bed as you described, and on a large scale. I am now only waiting for your further orders to put in the bulb; you know I must be behind-hand with you, as I have in my favor all the good air, the sun, and plenty of moisture."

"All true, all true!" exclaimed Cornelius, clapping his hands with joy; "you are a good pupil, Rosa, and you are sure to gain your hundred thousand guilders; and to-morrow we will begin to learn something besides the cultivation of tulips, even the reading-lesson. But what shall we read?"

"O," said Rosa, "I have a book—a book which I hope will bring us luck." And on the following evening Rosa returned with the Bible of Cornelius De Witt.

Then began between the master and pupil one of those charming scenes which novelists delight to describe.

The grated window, the only opening through which the two lovers, for such they really were, were able to communicate, although quite convenient for seeing each other's faces, was too high for reading a book easily. So that Rosa had to press the open page against the grating, holding above it, in her right hand, the lamp. But Cornelius hit upon the lucky idea of fastening the latter into the bars, so as to afford the girl a little rest, and enable her to follow with her finger the letters and syllables which she was to spell for Cornelius, who with a straw pointed them out to his attentive pupil. The light of the lamp fell upon the rich complexion of the Frisian maid, her blue, liquid eyes, and her golden hair under the head-dress of gold brocade, with her fingers held up, the veins showed that pale, pink hue, which in the living transparency of the flesh-tint, shines before the light. Rosa's intellect rapidly developed itself under the faithful teaching of her master; and when great difficulties arose, the sympathy of two loving hearts smoothed them away.

One evening she came a half-hour later than usual.

"O, do not be angry with me," she said; "it

is not my fault. My father has renewed an acquaintance with an old crony who used to visit him at the Hague. A good sort of fellow, fond of his bottle, tells funny stories, and is free with his money. It is only about a fortnight that my father has taken such a fancy to this friend, who is so assiduous in visiting him."

"Ah, so!" said Cornelius, shaking his head uneasily; "very likely some spy—one of those who are sent into jails to watch both prisoners and their keepers."

"I don't believe that," replied the girl, smiling; "at any rate, he is not spying after my father. The man came several times to the Breitenhoff, and, as I now remember, it was just about the time when you were confined there. When I left, he left too; when I came here, he came after me. At the Hague, the pretext was that he wanted to see you."

"See me?"

"Yes: but that must have been a mere pretext; for I heard him say to my father only yesterday, that he did not know you. Are you quite sure, Mynheer Cornelius, that none of your friends can interest themselves in you?"

"I have no friends, Rosa; I have only my old nurse, whom you know. No, no: with the exception of poor old Sue, I have no friends in the world."

"Then I come back to what I thought before; and the more so, as last evening at sunset, whilst I was arranging the border where I am to plant your bulb, I saw a shadow gliding between the elder-trees and the aspens. I did not appear to see him, but it was this man. He concealed himself, and saw me digging the ground, and certainly it was I whom he followed, and I whom he was spying after. I could not touch an atom of soil, or move my rake, without his noticing it."

"Ah! is he in love with you? and is he young and handsome?"

"Young! handsome!" said Rosa, bursting into a merry laugh. "He is hideous; crooked, nearly fifty years of age, and never dares to look me in the face, and his name is Jacob Gisel."

"I don't know the name," said the prisoner.

"Then you see it is not you, at all events, that he comes after. By the by, how is your tulip going on?"

"Imagine my joy, dear Rosa, when, this morning as the ray of sunshine fell upon it, and as I moved the soil gently that covers it, I saw the first sprouting of the leaves. This gave me greater emotion than the order of his highness, which turned aside the sword raised over me at the Breitenhoff."

"It is pleasant to hope thus, Mynheer; and I, in my turn, when shall I plant my bulb?"

"On the first favorable day I will tell you. But let no person help you, and do n't confide your secret to any one in the world. A tulip-fancier, by merely looking at the bulb, would know its value; and so, dear, be careful in locking up the third sucker you have in possession."

"It is still wrapped in the same paper in which you put it, and it lies at the bottom of my chest, under my point-lace, which keeps it dry. But, good-night, my poor captive gentleman." Here she listened uneasily, and presently whispered, "I thought I heard something!"

"Surely," said the prisoner, "it is like a step creaking on the staircase. It can not be Master Gryphus; he is always detected at a great distance."

"No, it is not my father, I am quite sure; but it might be Mynheer Jacob." And as Rosa said this, she rushed toward the stairway, and a door was heard rapidly to close before the young damsel had descended the first ten steps.

The following day passed without incident. Gryphus made his three visits, as usual; but came at irregular hours. The contrivance made by Van Baerle, by which to lower or raise his jug, was a sort of pulley, the strings of which he had ingeniously covered with moss, which often grows on tiles.

Gryphus, suspecting nothing, this device succeeded for eight days. One morning, however, as Cornelius was quite absorbed in the contemplation of the germ, which was peeping forth from the tulip, a gale of wind that was whistling round the prison, prevented his catching the sound of old Gryphus coming up the stairs. The wind seemed to shake the tower, and the prison door suddenly opened. Gryphus, with his hyena glare, saw some forbidden object in the hands of the prisoner, and pounced upon it with the speed of a hawk. His coarse, hard hand, the same which he had broken, grasped at once, in the midst of the jug, where the bulb was lying in the soil.

"What have you here?" he roared. "Ah! I have caught you!" and with this he grubbed in the earth.

"O nothing! nothing!" cried Cornelius. "O, my good Master Gryphus!" he implored in agony, like a bird robbed of her young. In fact, it was an ugly sight, this Gryphus digging up the precious treasure with his crooked fingers.

"Take care, sir; take care!" said Cornelius, growing quite pale.

"Care of what? Zounds! of what?" roared the jailer.

"Take care, I say—you will crush it, Master Gryphus."

And, with an almost frantic movement, he snatched the jug from the hand of Gryphus, and hid the treasure under his arm. Gryphus, more and more convinced that he was discovering a conspiracy against the Prince of Orange, rushed up to the prisoner and raised his cudgel; but seeing that he cared much less for his head than his flower-pot, changed his resolution of personal assault. Then he tried by force to wrest it from him.

"Halloo!" he cried, in a furious voice. "Here, you see you are rebelling."

"Leave me my tulip!" said Van Baerle.

"Ah, yes! tulip! we know well all these shifts of prisoners. Let go! let go!" repeated Gryphus, stamping his foot, "or I shall call the guard."

"Call whom you like; but you shall not have this flower, except with my life!"

Gryphus, thoroughly exasperated, plunged his fingers a second time into the soil, and threw out the bulb, which certainly looked quite black (whilst Van Baerle, happy at having saved the jar, never suspected that his adversary had really possessed himself of its precious contents.) Gryphus hurled the softened bulb, with all his force, on the stone floor, where it was soon crushed to atoms under his heavy shoe.

Van Baerle got a glimpse of the juicy remains of his darling, and seeing the work of destruction—while a ferocious joy gleamed over the jailer's face—he uttered a cry of agony, which might have melted the heart even of the ruthless turnkey who killed Pellisson's spider many years before.

The idea of striking down this miserable wretch, passed like lightning through the brain of the tulip-fancier. The blood rushed to his brow, and seemed like fire in his eyes, which almost blinded him. He raised the heavy jug in both hands, and would have flung it at the bald head of Gryphus, except for a suffering cry that reached him.

It was Rosa, who, pale and trembling, with her arms raised to heaven, interposed between her father and the prisoner, while the former broke out in a volley of the most terrible abuse.

"For shame, my father!" cried Rosa; "it is, indeed, a crime you have committed, robbing a poor prisoner of his only consolation, a tulip bulb?"

"Ah! is that you, little chatter-box," shrieked the old man, boiling with rage and turning toward her. "Do n't meddle with what do n't concern you; but go down as quickly as possible."

"Unfortunate me!" continued the prisoner, quite overwhelmed with grief.

"After all, it is but a tulip!" Gryphus resumed, a little ashamed of himself. "You may have as many tulips as you like; I have three hundred of them in my loft."

"The devil take your tulips; you are worthy of each other!" cried Van Baerle. "A hundred thousand million of them I would gladly give for the one you have just destroyed!"

"Ah, so!" Gryphus answered; "now there we have it. There was some witchcraft in that false bulb—perhaps some means of correspondence with conspirators against his highness. I always said they were wrong in not cutting off your head."

"Father! father!" cried Rosa.

"Yes, yes, it's better as it is now," repeated Gryphus, growing warm. "I have destroyed it, and I'll do the same again. Didn't I tell you, my fine fellow, that I would make your life a hard one, with your tricks?"

"A curse on you!" Cornelius exclaimed, quite beyond himself with despair, as he gathered, with trembling fingers, the remnants of that bulb in which he had buried so many joys and so many hopes.

"We shall plant the other, to-morrow, my dear Mynheer Cornelius," said Rosa, in a low voice, who understood the intense grief of the tulip-fancier, and who, with the pure sacred love of her innocent heart, poured these kind words, like a drop of balm, on the bleeding wounds of the poor convict.

A voice called to Gryphus from the stairway, just as Rosa uttered these consolatory words.

"Do you hear, father? Master Jacob calls you. He is uneasy."

"There was such a noise," said the jailer; "wouldn't you have thought this doctor would murder me? These scholars are always very troublesome fellows. Now, just lead the way, Miss," pointing with his finger to the stairway.

Left alone with his bitter disappointment, poor Cornelius muttered to himself: "Ah! you old hangman, you have murdered me. I shall not survive it!"

But Providence had granted him an equipoise for his grief in Rosa, else the unfortunate prisoner would surely have fallen ill. In the evening she came back, and her first words announced that Gryphus would henceforth make no objection to his cultivation of flowers. "If you only knew how his friend scolded him for his fine exploit in crushing the bulb."

Cornelius made no reply, but sighed so deeply that it might be called a groan.

"Had you only seen Master Jacob at that

moment, when he first heard of its destruction! His eyes were like two flaming torches, his hair stood on end, and he clinched his fist for a moment. I thought he would have strangled my father.

"You have done that—you have crushed the tulip? It is infamous—it is odious—it is a crime!" he said. Then turning toward me he asked: "But it was not the only one that he had?"

"Well, now! Are *you* mad?" cried my father. "What immense misfortune is it to spoil a tulip-bulb, when you may buy a hundred of them in the market of Gorcum?"

"Then, Mynheer, I made a blunder," continued Rosa, "for I replied incautiously, 'Perhaps some less precious than that one.' And at these words Jacob's eyes seemed to flash lightning; but he said, with a voice sweet as honey, 'So, then, my pretty Rosa, you think that bulb to have been a precious one?'"

"What do I know?" I answered, negligently. "Do I understand any thing of tulips? I only know that for our poor prisoner any pastime is of value; and this Mynheer Van Baerle amused himself with this bulb, which was cruelly taken from him."

"I shrugged my shoulders, turned back, and advanced toward the door, when something that I heard kept me back; for, in a very low voice, Jacob said to my father:

"We ought to know how he has contrived to procure this bulb; and you only need search his person to ascertain. There are usually three suckers to a plant; and no doubt we shall find them, if you take him down on some pretext or other, while I search his cell and you his person."

"Halloo! halloo!" cried Cornelius; "but this Mr. Jacob of yours is a villain, it seems!"

"I am afraid he is, Mynheer Van Baerle."

"Let me remember, Rosa dear," continued the prisoner. "Did you not tell me, that on the day when you prepared your border, this man followed you? that he glided like a shadow behind the elder-trees? that not one of your movements escaped him?"

"So he did, certainly," replied the girl.

"Well, then, it is not you that he is in love with, or you that he was after. He was after my bulb, and is in love with my tulip."

"How shall we make sure of this, Mynheer?"

"Go to-morrow into the garden, when Jacob may know, and follow you. Feign to place the bulb in the ground; leave the border, and watch him through the key-hole of the door."

"O!" said Rosa, with a sigh, "you are very fond of your tulips."

"To tell the truth," said the prisoner, sighing likewise, "since your father crushed that unfortunate flower, I feel as if part of myself were paralyzed."

"Now, just hear me," said Rosa. "Will you not accept the proposition of my father, and accept two or three tulip-bulbs, and along with them you may grow the third sucker?"

Cornelius reflected for a moment, evidently struggling against some vehement desire.

"No!" he cried at last, with the stoicism of a Roman of old. "No; it would be a weakness; it would be folly and meanness, if I thus gave up the only resource which we possess to the uncertain chances of bad passions, of anger and envy. No! Rosa. To-morrow we shall decide as to the spot where, according to my instructions, you will plant the bulb; and as to the third, watch over it as a miser over his first and last piece of gold—as the mother over her child. Some voice tells me that it will be a source of good to us. So watch it well, my child."

"Be easy," Mynheer Cornelius, said Rosa, with a sweet accent of tender gravity. "Be easy; your wishes are my law."

"And even if you should perceive that your steps are watched," continued Van Baerle, "and that your speech is exciting the suspicion of your father, or that detestable Master Jacob, do n't hesitate, dear Rosa, for one moment to sacrifice me, who only am still living through you. Sacrifice me; do n't come to see me any more."

Rosa's heart sank within her, and her eyes were filling with tears. "Alas!" she said, "I see one thing. I see," bursting into sobs, "that you love your tulips with such love as to have no room left in your heart for any other affection." And saying this, she fled.

The prisoner, after this, passed one of the worst nights he ever had in his life. And when, at about three in the morning, he fell asleep, overcome with fatigue, and harassed by remorse, the grand black tulip yielded precedence in his dreams to the sweet blue eyes of the fair maid of Friesland.

XI.

THE MAID AND THE FLOWER.

POOR ROSA, in her misery, never suspected the dreams that filled the anxious brain of her teacher. During the whole of that, to her, terrible night, the poor girl did not close her eyes, and, before she rose in the morning, her resolve was made to make her appearance at the grated window no more. In her pity and love for the prisoner, she resolved to continue with all dili-

gence, by herself, the reading and writing lessons; and thus be able to communicate to Cornelius tidings of his tulip, which was the most ardent desire of his heart. Therefore she applied her mind without reserve to the study of poor Cornelius De Witt's Bible, on the second fly-leaf of which was written the last will of his godson, Cornelius Van Baerle.

"Alas!" she moaned, as a tear rolled over her pale cheek; "alas! at that time I thought, for one moment, that he loved me!"

Poor Rosa! She was mistaken. Never had the interest of the prisoner been greater or more sincere than at this very time, when, in the contest between the flower and Rosa, the tulip had to yield to her the first and foremost place in the prisoner's heart. But Rosa did not know this. And so she treasured in her unselfish heart every word of the directions given to her, and progressed so rapidly in her studies that in eight days she believed she could write Van Baerle an account of his tulip. As for the poor convict, the blossom, although still a prominent and luminous object in his mind, seemed only now a marvelous combination of nature and art, with which he should have been happy to adorn the dress of his beloved.

During the hours of the following day he was haunted by a vague uneasiness lest the girl should not pay him the usual evening visit. Darkness closed in, the chimes of the fortress clock sounded in his cell—it struck seven, eight—it struck nine. The metal voice vibrated forcibly, like a dirge through the heart of Van Baerle. Then silence fell upon the prison. Cornelius put his hand on his heart to repress its violent palpitations; and still he listened. He had become so accustomed to the noise of her footstep, the rustling of her gown on the stairs, the familiar thought, "Here comes Rosa," that, missing it now, he felt as if incarcerated in a living tomb. Perhaps she may yet come, he said, within himself. It struck the half-hour—then a quarter to ten; and at last its deep tone announced, not only to the fortress, but to the whole town of Loeverstein, that it was ten o'clock. It was a long, sad night; and, when wearied out with waiting, listening, hoping, and despairing, Cornelius, at midnight, threw himself upon his hard mattress, he groaned, "Alas! I have deserved all this; she will come no more; and she is right. I should do just the same in her place."

At eight o'clock in the morning, Gryphus entered the cell, but Van Baerle neither looked at him, nor turned his head toward the door. At the second visit, the prisoner, contrary to all

previous habit, asked the old jailer, in a most winning voice, about Rosa's health, almost with a selfish hope that perhaps the daughter might be ill. Gryphus gave the laconic answer, "All's well!" At the third visit of the day, Cornelius changed his former inquiry.

"I hope nobody is ill at Loevestein?"

"Nobody!" replied the jailer, even more shortly, and slamming the door before the very nose of the prisoner.

Once more the prisoner was quite alone; it was seven o'clock, and as the evening thus closed in again, his despair changed to a brooding melancholy, in which the poor tulip was mixed up with other thoughts. It was just that week in April when the most experienced gardeners plant their bulbs, and he had said to Rosa, "I shall tell you the day when you are to put the tulip in the ground."

The weather was propitious; the air, although damp, began to be tempered by the first pale yet congenial sun-rays of this changeable month. How if Rosa allowed the right moment for planting to pass by? These two vexations, the grief of not seeing Rosa any more added to the misfortune of seeing his tulip fail for lack of proper care, made him leave off eating and drinking, and drove away also sleep.

The fourth day came. It was pitiful to witness Cornelius's dumb grief as he stretched his head through the iron bars of the window, at the risk of never being able to draw it back again, trying to get a glimpse of the garden spoken of by Rosa, who had told him that its parapet overlooked the river.

In the evening, Gryphus took away the prisoner's breakfast and dinner nearly untouched. The next day he ate nothing, and remained on his pallet from utter prostration.

"Well," said Gryphus, coming down from his last visit, "I think we shall soon get rid of our scholar!"

"Nonsense," said Jacob. "What do you mean?"

"He does n't eat, he does n't drink, he does n't leave his bed. He will get out of it like Mynheer Grotius, in a chest, only the chest will be a coffin."

Rosa grew pale as death. "Ah!" she said to herself, "he is uneasy about his tulip;" and, rising with a heavy heart, she returned to her chamber, where she took pen and paper, busying herself the whole of that night in tracing letters.

On the following morning, when Cornelius rose and tried to drag himself to the window, he perceived a paper slipped under the door. He pounced upon it, opened it, and read the follow-

ing words, in a very fair hand, which showed how much Rosa had improved in her short absence of seven days:

"Be easy; your tulip is going on well."

Although these few words from Rosa somewhat soothed the prisoner's grief, yet none the less did he feel the irony concealed in them. The girl was not ill, then; she was offended, and had thus voluntarily remained away. Cornelius had paper and a pencil, which Rosa had brought to him, and he thus answered the line he had received:

"It was not my anxiety about the tulip that has made me ill, but grief at not seeing you, my dear child."

After Gryphus had made his last visit for the day, and darkness had set in, he slipped the paper under the door, listening with the most intense attention; but he neither heard the footsteps of Rosa, nor the rustle of her gown. He only heard a voice, feeble as a sob and gentle like a caress, that whispered through the little grated window, "To-morrow."

Now to-morrow was the eighth day since the twain had seen each other. The following evening there was a little scratch on the grating at the usual hour of the Frisian girl's former visits, which the prisoner was not slow to heed, and Rosa stood waiting again for him, with her lamp in her hand. Seeing him so sad and pale, she said:

"You are ill, Mynheer Cornelius?"

"Yes, I am, Rosa; suffering in mind and body."

"My father saw that you did not eat, but remained all day on your pallet. I then wrote to calm your uneasiness."

"And, indeed, you have made marvelous progress in writing. I have answered your note; and seeing you return, my dear, I thought you had received it."

"Indeed, I not only have received it, but I have also read your note, and I have accordingly come to see whether there might not be some remedy to restore your health."

"Restore me to health!" cried Cornelius. "Have you any good news to communicate to me?"

The poor prisoner, as he said this, looked at Rosa, his eyes beaming with hope. She did not appear to notice the look; but said gravely:

"I have only to speak to you about your tulip, which I know is the dearest object to your mind."

Rosa pronounced these few words in as cold a tone as she was able to assume, which the prisoner felt most keenly, not suspecting what

lay hidden under such apparent indifference on her part.

"O!" he muttered. "Again, again! Have I not told you, Rosa, that I thought but of you; that it was you whom I missed and mourned; you, whose absence was worse to me than the loss of liberty—even the loss of life itself?"

Rosa smiled sadly. "Ah!" she said, "your tulip has been in such danger."

If this was intended as a trap, the prisoner showed himself caught, for he trembled involuntarily.

"Danger!" he cried, quite alarmed. "What danger?"

The girl looked at him with gentle compassion, feeling that what she wished was beyond the power of this man, and that he must be taken as he was, with his innocent foible.

"Yes!" she said; "you have guessed aright. That amorous swain, Jacob, did not come on my account. He came alone for the sake of the tulip."

Rosa saw the alarm expressed in her companion's face, and he divined from her own look the direction which her thoughts were taking.

"Pardon me, Rosa," he said; "I know the kindness and sincerity of your heart. To you God has given the thought and strength for defending yourself; but to my poor tulip, when it is in danger, the good Lord has given nothing of the kind."

Rosa continued, without replying to the excuse of the prisoner:

"On the day after my unfortunate blunder, I went down into the garden, and proceeded toward the border where the tulip was to be planted, watching all the while whether I was followed.

"And then?" asked Cornelius.

"And then the same shadow glided between the gate and the wall, and once more disappeared behind the elder-trees. I feigned not to see him, but stooped over the border, in which I dug with a spade as if I was about to put the bulb in. I saw his eyes glisten through the branches of the tree like those of a tiger."

"There, you see! there, you see, my Rosa!" cried Cornelius.

"Then, having finished my make-believe work, I retired behind the garden-door, to see what would happen. Finding that I did not come back, he sneaked forth from his hiding-place, and approached the border by a long round-about. Then he stopped, and, with a careless air, looked around him in every direction, scanning every corner of the garden, every

window in the neighboring houses, and even the sky. Thinking himself utterly out of sight, he plunged both hands into the soft soil, took a handful of the mold, and gently frittered it between his fingers for the bulb, which thing he repeated two or three times, until at last he suspected that he was outwitted. Then, with a motion of rage, he took up the rake, smoothed the ground, and walked back to the door abashed and rueful, yet affecting the unconcerned air of an ordinary visitor of the garden."

"O, the miserable thief!" muttered Van Baerle, wiping the cold sweat from his brow. "I guessed his intentions. But the offshoot, Rosa,—what have you done with it? It is already rather late to plant it!"

"The sucker? Why, it has been in the ground for these six days."

"Where? How?" cried the prisoner. "Good heaven! is there no risk of having it filched by that detestable Jacob?"

"You may make yourself comfortable, Mynheer; there is no danger of its being stolen, unless Jacob will force the door of my chamber. And it is not set out in water, as do the good ladies of the Hague their bulbs; but it is in a good sound stone jug, about the size of yours, with three parts of common mold, and one part sweepings from the road."

"Good, good, my Rosa! And now what is the exposure?"

"It has the sun now all day when it shines at all; but when it peeps out of the ground, I shall do as you have done, dear Mynheer Cornelius, put it out in my window, on the eastern side from eight in the morning until eleven, and in my window toward the west from three to five in the afternoon."

"That's it, that's it! You are a perfect gardener, my pretty Rosa; but this care of my flower will, I fear, take up all your time."

"Yes, it will," said Rosa; "but never mind. I consider the tulip my nursling for the time, and shall thus care for it as if it were a foster-child, until it develops into a full-grown plant."

"If it has been in the ground six days, you will to-morrow bring me news about it, as it is now time for it to show a leaf-bud."

"To-morrow, Mynheer! Ah, I have much to do. Perhaps I can not be able to come to-morrow. You have nothing to do but to love your tulips."

"To love my tulips, and to love you, Rosa." Rosa shook her head, and there was a long pause.

"Well," Cornelius at last broke the silence; "well, Rosa, every thing changes in the realm of nature: the flowers of Spring are succeeded

by other flowers; and the bees which so tenderly caressed the violets and wall-flowers, will flutter with just as much fondness about the honeysuckles, the rose, the jessamine, and the carnation."

"What does all this mean?" asked Rosa.

"It means, that you have abandoned me, Miss Gryphus, to seek your pleasure elsewhere. You have, perhaps, done well, and I must not complain. What claim have I upon your fidelity?"

"My fidelity!" Rosa exclaimed, her eyes full of tears. "My fidelity! Have I not been faithful to you?"

"Do you call it faithful to desert me, and leave me here to die?"

"But, Mynheer Cornelius, am I not doing every thing for you that can give you pleasure? Have I not devoted myself to rearing your tulip?"

"You are bitter, Rosa; and you reproach me with the only unalloyed pleasure that I have in the world!"

"I reproach you with nothing, Mynheer Cornelius, except perhaps, with the intense grief I felt when people came to tell me, at the Breitenhoff, that you were about to be put to death."

"You are displeased, Rosa, my sweet girl, with my loving flowers."

"No, Mynheer Cornelius, not displeased with your loving them, but sad to think you love them better than you do the friend that tends them for you."

"Look how my hand trembles, dear Rosa; look at my pale cheek. Can you not hear how tumultuously my heart beats? It is for you, sweet Rosa; for you, my love—not for the black tulip. Destroy the bulb, destroy the germ of the flower, extinguish the gentle light of that innocent and delightful dream to which I have accustomed myself; but do not fail to love me, Rosa. Love me, dear child, for I know that my heart is full of the purest affection for you. And now, as you know how to read!" here Cornelius heaved a deep sigh at the thought that to him, poor captive as he was, the girl owed the faculty of reading all the love-letters from indifferent sources which she might receive; then he added, "You will still come to me for the evening chat; and for three days the black tulip shall not be mentioned—or never spoken of again, if you wish it, Rosa."

"No, no!" the maiden said, laughingly, "I will not ask for impossibilities."

And saying this, she gave her warm hand to the prisoner, through the grating, who pressed it affectionately to his lips in a parting benediction.

SENSE-PROGRESS—AN APOLOGUE.

BY AUSTIN BIRRBOWER.

IN the earliest ages, somewhere in the beginning of the reign of Jupiter, men had only one sense—that of taste. In order to perceive any thing, it was necessary that it be brought in internal contact with them—in their mouths. With this limited nature, together with some aid given them by Jupiter, they seemed to get along passably well. Their pleasure was all in eating, and their knowledge all about the tastes of things. One thing was sour, another bitter, and another sweet; and besides these, they thought that things had no other properties. The taste was considered the noblest part of man, and the mouth his noblest organ. Their education was to develop this faculty, and the scientific among them became subtle in all manner of taste distinctions. They disputed on such questions as the difference between the taste of an apple at the core and at the circumference, and between the taste in the morning and in the evening. They knew the peculiar taste for each season of the year and state of the weather; and a great war once arose on the question of the taste at the age of thirteen and twenty-five.

In course of time, a report got abroad that Jupiter was about to confer a second sense on man. This received little credence, not because there was not sufficient evidence that Jupiter had promised it, but because the people thought it could not be done. It is impossible, said they, to have two knowledges. In knowing a thing now, we know what it is; if we had another sense we would then know it twice, which is absurd; or else there would be two things instead of one for every thing that we know. So the people were agreed that the thing was impossible, except a few persons who did not think on the subject so as to see the difficulties, and who might therefore believe any thing.

But Jupiter announced his purpose again, and this time so clearly that nobody could doubt it. He announced, too, that he would give it through the nose. The people now got together to protest against it. They considered all the ways that could be done, and every way had its objections. One thought that a thing could not taste very good in the nose, and that, moreover, we could not get any thing there very conveniently. The nose is too small to admit any thing larger than peas, so that it would, at best, only be a petty taste, for which our mouth is now amply sufficient. We should first have to chew our food in our mouth, and our experience is, that after a thing is once chewed it is

not pleasant to the taste a second time. One suggested that we would then, instead of eating bread, have to snuff up the flour as it comes from the mill. One thought it would amount to nothing, since half the time our nose is stopped up with a cold. "Yes," said another, "and we shall then be tasting continually; for if we have a sense in the nose, we shall taste the air that we breathe through it." And they all prayed Jupiter not to curse them with this new gift.

But the sense was given. And for several generations the people, and especially the scientific men, went about smelling every thing on the earth. They soon ceased, however, to smell most things, and settled down on a few favorites, such as flowers, fruit, and similar odors, although a few abnormal characters still thought that compost and horse-radish smelled as nicely as any thing else, and made it their religion to cultivate such liking. All the scientific discoveries were now sought in the department of smell. Quacks, too, were largely engaged in getting up smelling-bottles, and making ointments; and there was, for a long time, danger that the people would run to dissipation through this sense.

After a few thousand years, Jupiter announced that he would bestow a third sense on men, one that should perceive over the whole body; namely, the sense of feeling. This made a great commotion, and raised every body against it. If there is any other sense, they said, it must be either taste or smell. Now, what use have we for these anywhere else than where they are? It wouldn't do at all. And the people went to smelling the ground and tasting dirty water, and whatever their feet or hands came in contact with, and thought it would be of no use to have a sense for any of these things. "Why," they said, "we would have to be tasting or smelling our food before it is cooked, and even after we have eaten it, through the whole process of digestion. We'll have to be smelling or tasting all the time, in fact; for some part of our body will always be in contact with something, and so have smells or tastes." And they got to reflecting on the wisdom of their god, which put the taste and smell just where they are instead of where they might be; and could not only see no other place where it would be better for them, but no additional place where they could be added without harm; and they prayed Jupiter to let well enough alone. Or if he did bestow this new sense, they asked him to let it extend no farther down than the *œsophagus* on the inside, or the chin on the outside, and that they be allowed to have

at least one of their hands without the sense. Some one suggested that though he should put the sense all over us, he would yet not make all things sensible, just as now the air is not. "So we may not," they said, "taste nor smell the chairs when sitting on them, nor the shoes on our feet." And they prayed Jupiter to let nothing but roses and fruits and wholesome food be perceptible, so that this new sense, though it can be of no use, may be without great harm.

But the sense was given; and when given, was found to be useful. And the people now thought their nature was complete; "for have we not," said they, "one sense to perceive the thing when it gets near us (the sense of smell), another when it touches us (feeling), and another when it gets in us (taste)? There can, therefore, be no more senses; both because our nature is capable of no more, and because the things have no other properties to be known.

But Jupiter next announced that he would give a fourth sense (hearing), by which men should perceive things at a distance. But this, they thought, could be of no use, though it might do much harm. Their philosophers argued that this new sense must be something like smell, because it can't be like feeling, since for feeling contact is necessary, whereas this new sense is to perceive things afar off. Nor can it be like taste, because that requires the thing to be within one; still nearer than for feeling. It must, therefore, be something like smell. Now, our sense of smell is, for many reasons, strong enough. Scents are found every-where, and at no great distances apart; so that if we smelled further there would be always something disagreeable smelled. We can now smell a dead horse half a mile, and can smell our neighbors' chimneys and the city sewers which are always smoking, so that if this sense was stronger we could not live in cities at all; and in the country even, we should have to move our houses to greater distances from the barn-yard, and we could not raise swine nor goats. Some one then discovered that it need not necessarily be like the smell, because the feeling also perceives at a distance, as heat. But they thought this would be no better, because there would then have to be great fires, from which we would have to keep at a great distance; so that if every thing was perceptible by this sense, we should have to keep ourselves at a great distance from every thing.

"Jupiter evidently meant," they said, "to destroy the race by sending such another fire as destroyed the race once before, according to the legends." And they called on all the people

to assemble, and petition against it. "Your horses and your houses," they said, "will be surrounded with a great heat, or else a great stench, so that you can not approach them, and you can not approach each other. A story runs," they said, "that we shall, with this new sense, perceive even his thunders, of which we have been told, and so be enabled to perceive things up in the heavens. By this we shall certainly be consumed." And the people cried out the more against it, except a few women who were curious to know what was in the heavens. But many did not believe this last announcement at all. "For how could we," they said, "being here, smell or feel things so far away as the heavens? We should then have to feel all the things that are between, and all the things on the earth, even to its extremities; for they are not so far off as the heavens." And the new announcement was brought into disrepute until again revived by the discovery that we already feel something just as far off; namely, the sun; because the warmth that we feel every day is from a body millions of miles away.

The people now got confused in their ideas, and felt somewhat resigned to their fate, yet feared that whether the sense of hearing be something like feeling or smell, it will doubtless bring greater confusion. Yet so curious were they that on the day that it was announced to be given, all the people went out and elevated their noses toward the heavens for the new revelations, each anxious to have the first perception. Some vowed that they smelled the stars, and others that they smelled the music of the spheres, that had been spoken of, and that the smell was like to new-made cheese. A heated controversy arose between the two rival scientific parties, one of which held that it would be like the sense of feeling, and the other like that of smell. And the first would not blow their noses, nor the last uncover their bodies for the impression. As the contest was waxing strong between these two parties, lo! the sound broke in upon them through their ears—the place where they had least expected it. Yet the rival scientific organizations, we may add, did not break up, the contest having been too strong. One party still insisted that hearing was more like smelling, and the other that it was more like feeling; and there were still the nose-hearing and the body-hearing schools for that generation.

After many generations Jupiter again announced his intention to bestow a new sense on mankind—that of sight—by which they could perceive things at a greater distance; not things in commotion merely, as those that give off

sound, but all those which, when near, we can feel—as tables, trees, cattle, and mountains. The announcement was ridiculed by the learned, and feared by the people, who prayed against it. It is impossible, said the learned, to perceive things at a distance—things that we have no contact with. Jupiter must mean either to transport us to them (very quickly perhaps), or to bring the things to us in some way. It could not be the first, since it is evident that we can't be at different places at the same time, though he says that we shall see many things at once. And it could not be the latter, since we are told different persons can see them at the same time. Now, it is evident, in that case, that they would have to be present to those different persons at the same time; whereas we know it is impossible for a thing (as a chair or mountain) to be in different places at the same time. So the scientific world were satisfied to disbelieve it; for it was clear to every body that the thing must either come to us or we go to it. It was suggested by some that this conclusion was too rash, since we already perceive smells and sounds at a distance, even though the carcass or the thunder does not come to us, nor we go to it. And the people were divided, some saying that we could not have such strong smell and at the same time smell different things; because when near a carcass, we can not smell a rose at a distance. And so with hearing. When we are near a great sound, as a cannon, we can not hear small sounds, even if near us, much less if afar off.

Jupiter next made another announcement, which satisfied all that the new sense would be given; so that, now satisfied as to the fact, they set about to see how it must be, and whether it would not be best to prevent it with their prayers. It must, they said, be either like smelling or like hearing; those being the only ways possible to perceive at a distance; and all agreed that it could not but breed confusion; for, they said, we have now so many sounds ringing in our ears, that we can not have quiet half the time. Just think of the noise a baby makes. Now, imagine a dozen children in a house, all making a noise, not only when crying, but continually. How could a crowd of people get together, if not only those that are speaking, but all the rest, are heard. And if, moreover, dogs and horses, and tables and houses, all are to be heard, there will be constantly a deafening confusion: the more so because every thing, far and near, is to be perceived by this new sense. Some thought, however, it might be good, because, if they perceived every thing, they would not stumble against

any thing as now, and would be able to know where their lost sheep and cattle are; and that, if they should lose a knife, it would of itself tell where it is. Not so, said others; but if things afar off, as well as those near, are perceived, we shall be afraid of stumbling against mountains, and rocks, and houses, at a distance; for it will be impossible to tell where the things are; for, even now, when we hear only a few things, we are confused to know where the sounds come from. And it will be no better if it is like smell, said others. A thing must smell very strong to be smelled afar off. It is plain, therefore, that if we get closer it will not be endurable. If hartshorn, which smells well enough a foot off, knocks a man down when near the bottle, what must it be to get near a mountain? "Yes," said a reckless fellow, "strong smells are always bad smells." He was for praying against it.

They concluded, at last, however, to ask Jupiter to bestow it for trial on a few of their citizens. Jupiter expressed himself willing to grant their request. They then selected two criminals, who had been condemned to death for teaching that sound comes from bodies that are themselves not sound, having pretended, among other things, that there is a difference between a bull and the noise which he makes (bellowing), whereas the people said a bull must be a loud noise itself, as we actually know it to be.

The sense was bestowed on these criminals, and after the first bewilderment, in which they saw men as trees walking, Jupiter cleared up their minds without putting them to long experience, and they expressed themselves well-pleased with the sense. "Tell us," said the people, "is it hearing or smelling?" "It is neither," they answered. "That can't be," replied the people; "for then it must be either taste or feeling;" and they were for putting them to death for deceiving the people. "It is not like any of our other senses," said they. "It is through the eyes that we perceive." And the people were still more enraged; but some felt around them to find out definitely where their eyes are. "Jupiter must mean," murmured they, "to cover our whole faces with senses. How could a thing get to the eyes without passing near the nose, so as to be first smelled? The senses will evidently confuse each other; or how can it come from behind without being first perceived by the ears? Instead of putting more senses in front, he had better put some in the back of the head," thought some. "Which eye is it?" asked others; "for we have two." "Both!" was the answer. "That can't be," said they; "for then there would appear twice

as many things as there are." "That is very undesirable," said others; "for if we shall see every thing, and if also every thing is to be doubled yet, there will be an immense multitude always before us." "Is there not a great noise and confusion?" asked some. "Is there not a great stench?" said a doctor of philosophy, who had lately discovered over one thousand new species of smells. "What can you perceive that we can not perceive now?" asked an economical legislator. "We can," they said, "not only see every thing that we feel, but we can perceive the whole of a thing at once, and many different things at the same time. We can see a whole house from top to bottom, and can see whole mountains, and flocks of cattle far in the distance." "Do you mean," said they, "that you can perceive those things so far away?"

"How does a mountain appear?" inquired some naturalist, who had lately had a controversy on the matter. "It is a high, long range, with here and there peaks and green foliage," was the answer. "But be more definite," said they; "is it like thunder, or like loud talking?"

"You spoke of green," said one; "what is that like?"

And after the man had described it for two hours, the people were divided as to whether it was like the sound of a trumpet, or the smell of corn-stalks? "We can perceive the sun," said one of them. "That can we also," said the people; "and there is no need of perceiving it any stronger than now," for it was then dog-days.

"We see not the heat, but we see the source from which, as from a stove, all this heat comes." "How big is it?" asked a little boy. "What is it like?" said others. "About as big as a plate—and appears like a brass plate." But they ridiculed the man. "Such a little body," they insisted, "could not give off so much heat, especially if it were so far away?" "It can't be like a plate," said others, "because a plate is cold. Could a cold stove give off heat?" In short, they found the men's answers so ridiculous, that they concluded them to be insane, and put them in a lunatic asylum, and then prayed Jupiter not to send the scourge of sight on the people, as it would introduce great confusion into their ideas, as the examples which they have just had abundantly prove.

But the sense was given, and was found to be good; and with the knowledge derived from it, and from those given before, we remain to this day, still uninformed as to what other senses we are capable of, and as to what properties things have besides those known to us.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

BY REV. J. MILTON AKERS.

MOUNT CARMEL is not a single, round-topped peak, rising in lone majesty, like Tabor, but a long ridge, branching off from the northern end of the mountains of Samaria. It runs in a north-westerly direction, and terminates in a bold, high bluff, the projecting top of which overhangs the Mediterranean Sea, whose rolling billows and restless tides wash its base. It is about eighteen miles in length, five in breadth, and rises two thousand feet above the sea. It is sometimes called 'The Park,' or 'fruitful field.' 'The excellency of Carmel,' is spoken of by Isaiah, in connection with 'the glory of Lebanon.' The withering of its foliage, with the shaking off of its fruits, is made a type of national desolation.

"Tradition points out the place where this vast company of people were convened. It is called, to this day, El Murakah, 'the sacrifice.' Upon a rocky projection overhanging the plain, amid thickets of evergreen, is a terrace of natural rock, where the ruins of an old building are scattered about in every direction; great hewn stones are seen, indicating the existence, at some former time, of a great superstructure. These ruins mark the place of 'the sacrifice,' while a fountain of water near by, probably furnished the twelve barrels of water with which Elijah deluged his offering."

The people began to arrive at the place appointed, wild with conjecture as to the cause and as to what would be the result of this strange coming together; for the prophet had given no idea of the object he had in view, farther than what might be inferred from the language in which he made this demand of the king. Crowd after crowd gathered on the mount, till the cities were depopulated, and all the country was forsaken of its inhabitants. Prominent among the many thousands of Israel there congregated, was the weak-minded and idolatrous Ahab and his court, and Jezebel's eight hundred and fifty priests. Elijah had given the king an especial demand for them, and they were there in their priestly robes.

A great issue is to be met, and a great question settled. A question infinitely more important than any of "those questions which the Phœnicians and Philistines, Jews and Gentiles, Assyrians and Persians, Crusaders and Saracens, Turks, Arabs and Franks, had ever settled by the sword on the plains below." The priests did not know that the hollowness of their pretensions and the deception of their idolatrous rites were to be exposed. They were

not aware that their religion was to be put to the test. Idolatry was so strongly entrenched behind kingly authority and public sentiment and practice, that they never for a moment supposed that both it and they would be subjected to an impartial and decisive test. The question, whether Jehovah or Baal were God, was to be settled.

Beautifully bright and clear the morning of the appointed day dawned over the Syrian hills. Never before had the sun arisen, or looked upon a scene of such intense and thrilling interest. From his quiet retreat, unattended save by his servant, and without ceremony, the prophet ascended the mountain. He wore no priestly robes; his mantle was simply thrown loosely over his shoulder. The people instinctively opened to the right and left as the sturdy and venerable prophet approached, thus forming an avenue through which he marched, "the observed of all observers," to the center of the vast multitude, where, climbing upon a mass of rock, he addressed the people in that lucid, nervous, incisive style for which he was so remarkable. His address was that of a master, and the thrilling proposition there made will be of the deepest interest to the Church of God, in her conflict with error, through all time. He said: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." This was a master-stroke for which the people were not prepared. It was timely and honest. No one could object to it. Hence, "they answered him not a word." Instead of the fierce and fiery denunciations which they probably expected to hear, and for which they were prepared, it was a proposition to which their most acute priests, lawyers, and logicians could take no exceptions. Like the Jews, when asked by Christ concerning the baptism of John, they were speechless. Having exhorted them to follow the true God, whether Jehovah or Baal, he then proposes a test to settle that most important of all questions. That vast concourse of people listened with breathless silence while the prophet continued: "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them, therefore, give us two bullocks, and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and call you upon the name of your gods, and I will call upon the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God."

This brief but telling speech of the prophet worked a wonderful revulsion in the minds of

the people. Its transparent honesty pleased them; and although the priests of Baal frowned and looked the disapproval they dared not speak, the vast concourse of people, like the thunder of many waters, answered, "It is well spoken."

Any refusal to accept a proposition so fair and satisfactory would have convicted them of dishonesty at once, and have secured their dismissal from the priesthood. Elijah imposed no test upon them which did not rest upon himself as well. If one man could make such a proposition—a proposition involving something so miraculous—certainly a company of eight hundred and fifty men ought not to object. They knew Baal could not answer by fire; but the people would not allow them to decline. The public sentiment, on which they depended so much, was thus used by Infinite Wisdom to goad them on to ruin. Any chance for trick was forestalled by the wary prophet, in saying, "Put no fire under," and by the curious eyes of the great multitude around them.

The interest deepened as the priests of Baal laid their sacrifice upon the altar, and began to cry out, "O Baal, hear us." From morning until noon their monotonous prayer was repeated, but no fire descended. Then Elijah mocked them with ironical encouragement, saying, "Cry aloud, for he is a god; he is talking, or pursuing, or on a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awakened." As the day wore on, they became more violent in their actions and louder in their cries; and they leaped upon the altar, and cut themselves with lancets and knives. The faith of the people in Baal declined with the sun. To all their cries, prayers, and blood, there was no answer. They had failed. Exasperated at being compelled to make the trial, and more by the evident disfavor with which the people looked upon them since their failure, they were loud in their predictions that Elijah would fail also.

As the time of the evening sacrifice drew near, Elijah called all the people unto himself; and he took twelve stones, and rebuilt the altar of the Lord that was broken down. Though the tribes were separated, and there were two kingdoms, and though strifes and enmities had grown up between them, Elijah recognized no division; there were still twelve tribes, and there must necessarily be twelve stones in the altar. He built the altar, and dug a trench about it, put the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces, and then laid them in order upon the wood. Then he ordered twelve barrels of water, probably from the fountain already mentioned, to be poured upon it till it was thoroughly wet,

and the trench about it was full. The people were amazed at this strange and unlooked-for proceeding. They thought it improbable enough that any god should answer by fire, and he was making its ignition and consumption more difficult by drenching it with water. The priests of Baal fairly ground their teeth with impotent rage at this additional indication of the prophet's fairness and honesty. They knew that they would have resorted to jugglery if they could; but they felt that this was a sure indication of the prophet's success and of their complete overthrow.

The sun was fast declining toward the blue Mediterranean as Elijah gathered the people still more closely around him; and their excitement reached its highest point as he concluded these extraordinary preparations. With breathless silence, eight hundred and fifty idolatrous priests, Ahab and his court, and the gathered thousands of Israel, await the result. Elijah is not a mitered priest—will God hear his prayer? Carmel is far away from the place God hath chosen to record his name, and has never been sanctified with ark, tabernacle, or temples—will Jehovah now vindicate his name, and answer by fire? What an awful moment was that to the prophet of God! His own life, the glory of God, the truth and purity of religion, and a nation's salvation, were all staked upon the result. Can this one man succeed, where such a host have failed? "O Elijah! darest thou now open thy lips?" He was calm. His hand was steady, his limbs trembled not, nor did a muscle of his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance move. It was the calmness of an all-conquering faith in God. As the hour of evening sacrifice arrived, he approached the altar, and, while he kneeled, with his hands spread upward toward heaven, the vast multitude stood, breathlessly awaiting the result. "With calm and reverent utterance, the man of God breaks the death-like silence:" "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." The prophet had hardly concluded his prayer, and was still upon his knees before the altar, when, quick as the vivid lightning starts from the cloud, streams of fire fell on the dripping wood and sacrifice, consumed them, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. Awe-struck and confounded, the people gazed at this miracle of human faith and Divine power

till the sacrifice was consumed. An invisible and mysterious presence seemed all around them; and they felt that that place was wonderfully near heaven; and, falling on their faces, they said, "The Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God!"

The triumph was complete, and the vindication overwhelming. The Lord had answered by fire; Baal not at all. The utter helplessness and worthlessness of Baal was most satisfactorily demonstrated. In the light of that demonstration, the people saw the stupendous deceptions and frauds which the priests of Baal had practiced upon them; and the outraged and indignant populace, at the command of Elijah, took them all, and, leading them down to the brook Kishon, crimsoned its diminished but still crystal waters with their blood. The spot where those idolatrous priests were slain by the sword of Elijah ought to have been an abiding *souvenir* to Israel of the existence of God and of his hatred to idolatry.

FASHIONS AND THE CHURCH.

BY EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.

FASHION! The fashionable world! What do these terms mean? There is more in them than many who preach, and write, and talk about them, ordinarily suppose—more of good and of evil, more of piety and of peril. Fashion! It is one of the great battle-fields, on which the Seed of the woman and the serpent, the Church and the world, are struggling for the mastery.

Carlyle says: "There is a philosophy of clothes as well as of laws." Neither in tailoring nor legislating does man proceed from mere accident, but the hand is guided by the mysterious operations of the mind. These considerations of our clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inward, even to our heart of hearts, it tailorizes and demoralizes us, fill me with a certain horror of myself and mankind. Clothes have made men of us; they now threaten to make clothes-screens of us."

One of the Greek fathers defines woman as *ζών φιλοκοσμον*—a finery-loving animal. Whatever of truth there may be in the definition, it is not confined to one sex; for, although woman's instincts may incline her more to ornament and show, and man's to trade, adventure, and wealth; and although the prevalent styles in his apparel are more simple, and less changing, yet some of the stronger sex have kept pace in the chase after fashions with the vainest of the fair. "We can not point to a

single excess or caprice," says a philosophic writer on the "Art of Dress," "which has appeared on the beautiful person of woman, that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly body of man. We have had the same effeminate stuff; the same fine laces; the same rich silks and furs, and the same costly jewels. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery."

Perhaps there is no question on which the thoughts of one-half of the world are so much engaged as personal decoration. And, although fashion claims to be regulated by immutable principles of taste and beauty, there is nothing in which there is so little that is fixed, and so much that is always changing, as this same fashion. What if our languages and laws were to be as often and capriciously altered by self-constituted language and lawmakers? Would it not confound again the tongues of the "whole earth," stagnate business, and end the eras of grand epics, orations, and dramas, and almost human progress?

But the peculiar evil to be lamented is, that this fluctuation, and the accompanying expenditure of treasure, time, thought and feeling, occur so largely in the Christian Church, and serve to corrupt and weaken it. Many of the followers of Christ are among the foremost in following, also, these fleeting fashions; and with a devotion which leaves but little visible difference between them and the world. It seems to be a question with some whether personal adornment comes at all into the department of ethics; whether it has any relation to the principles of the Christian religion; and whether it is not an impertinence for the pulpit to have any thing to say or do about it. It is taken to be purely a personal matter, in which the fashion-makers, and not the moralists, are umpires, and the fashion-books, and not the Bible, the guide. It is true that dress is a personal matter. It is a form of speech, a hieroglyph of character, and a public profession of one's faith. "To a proficient in the science of dress," says an English writer, "every woman walks about with a placard, on which her leading qualities are advertised."

Old Dr. Fuller sketches an outline of this subject, which comprises about all that can be said upon it in respect to health, taste, and morality. "Clothes," he says, "are for necessity; warm clothes for health; cleanly, for decency; lasting, for thrift; and rich, for magnificence. Now, there may be a fault in their number, if too various; making, if too vain; matter, if too costly; and mind of the wearer, if he takes pride in them." These words are

suggestive, as well as comprehensive. They are judicious, practical, and Christian. The only objection likely to be brought against them is, that they are behind the times.

Miss Lucy Love-of-admiration, a member of the Church of the Holy Apostles, is quite certain that these ideas will not suit the taste of the present day, and that the newest styles must be the best, because the most attractive. She is not so particular *what* they are, if only they are the latest, and she is the first in them. She is lavish in gold and pearls and costly array, beyond her means, though she is not sure to be tasteful in their arrangement. She is bent on making a sensation; but the sentiment she awakens, and which she mistakes for admiration, is rather astonishment at the magnitude and gorgeousness of her attire. It is not that drawing toward her by captivating manners, intelligent conversation, and personal attractions, which constitute woman's real charm, but only a vapid, if not debasing, adulation. Her dress is every thing; she is nothing but "a meaningless dazzle." In preparing for church, for a levee, or any social entertainment, this young woman expends more time and thought and feeling on her toilet, before the mirror, than in gathering from her intellectual storehouse viands and spices, if she has laid up any of these, for the feast of reason, or in clothing her spirit with the graces of humility and love. She does not seem to perceive any thing, in this devotion to dress, incongruous with her Christian covenant and profession; and some things in the current religious literature foster the illusion. She has just now been reading out of a Christian moralist: "Did God make the diamonds to be hid in the rocks? Does the oyster secrete a substance that is fatal to piety?" From another she has read: "Let the women delight our eyes like a picture, be harmonious as music, and fragrant as flowers, that they may fulfill their mission of grace and beauty."

"How can women thus delight the eye, and fulfill this mission," asks Miss Lucy, "if pearls and diamonds do not dangle from her ears, glitter on her neck and arms, and sparkle on her brow, and if she does not glide before our senses in the exquisite loopings and foldings and flounces of fine laces, and rustling silks and satins?" In what does such a cultivation of grace and beauty differ from refined selfishness, elegant gratification, life in an enchanted garden? Surely woman's real mission is not this, but, like that of her divine Lord, a work of love in a world of the poor and sick, the sinful and suffering.

Miss Critical is not a fashionable woman. She belongs to a plain country Church, and is something of a censor and moralist. She scrutinizes rather closely the weaknesses of good men and women, who have been eminent as self-denying workers for Christ, though she is quite lenient in her judgments of the luxurious and fashionable. She thinks there is danger of hypocrisy in those who talk so much about Christian simplicity, and of vain show in some who practice plainness of dress and economy for charity's sake. She fears there may be a want of Christian feeling in the Church toward Miss Love-of-admiration, Mrs. Follow-the-fashions, and Mrs. Show-off; but she does not seem at all impressed with the lamentable worldliness of these sisters.

She says it is right and consistent for a woman to wear a thousand-dollar camel's-hair shawl and a two thousand-dollar diamond, provided she has the means of paying for them, and does not neglect any of her duties. But could she thus as well perform her duty of self-sacrificing love to Christ, and of sympathy and benevolence toward her fellow-men, when a hundred-dollar shawl, or even a less expensive one, and no diamond, would have served as perfectly for health, comfort, comeliness—for every purpose except show? Those Christians whose consciences are troubled at the sight of such things on earth, she imagines, will have their visions and tastes clarified before they see the pearly gates and golden streets of heaven. She says it was no more an offering to the Lord for Lady Dressingham to sell her jewels and give the avails to the poor, and for the diffusion of the Gospel, than it is for Lady Dash-ton to wear hers; that an heir of glory may inclose as much sin in one gown a year as in six or sixteen.

Just here, Mrs. Charitable, who belongs to St. Paul's Church, and lives in Agape Lane, queries with Miss Critical whether it is quite fair to imply that there really was as much sin in Lady Dressingham's one plain dress a year, which met her convenience and all her needs, as in the sixteen of Lady Dash-ton, who expends the time and care and cost of purchasing, fitting, and wearing a new dress every three and a half weeks. She asks her if a Christian woman gains nothing in likeness to her self-denying Master, when, from love to him, she passes from the sixteen a year down to the one, and devotes the surplus of care and cost to Christian charity? Is it as common for women to purchase costly dresses and jewelry, and wear them from love to Christ and their neighbor, as it is to do this from vanity? Are our

city or country young women who have a passion for display, as well trained in home duties or as thoroughly educated as if they gave less time to fashion and more to domestic and mental culture? Mrs. Charitable has just received a letter from a country clergyman, who says: "I think the time devoted to frills and flounces and embroideries a far greater waste than even the money expended in the purchase of materials. I have recently heard of a young woman who spent a hundred hours in embroidering a single Winter garment, because she was not able to hire it done. Such things lead to this result. Many of our young women, although not always tasteful in their style of dress, are yet better milliners than musicians, and better seamstresses than housekeepers. The æsthetic and literary culture is often sacrificed to the clothes-screen; and instead of being well-developed, physically, mentally, and morally, they are simply 'well-dressed'—a term which means fashionably dressed. They wear highly decorated masks, but within are ignorance and frivolity."

Mrs. Clara Kalon lives in "a brown-stone front," in Floral Place, out of Fifth Avenue. She belongs to the Church of St. Mary of the Alabaster Box. She is not much of a philosopher, and never writes on the fashions or reads the fashion-books; yet, as her eyes are always open, she sees and knows a good deal about them. She admits the legitimacy, the necessity of fashion; for every thing that has outward expression must have form, mode. She claims for it, besides a regard for health and decency, convenience and comfort—prime requisites in costume—ideas of taste, elegance, beauty; and that these are appropriate in every rank, from the monarch to the peasant. 'She holds these as elemental educating ideas; and that they may be not only unselfishly cherished, but made to contribute to the social and moral elevation of the wearers, and, through them, of the Church and the world. Her feeling about the beautiful and the ornamental in apparel, is like God's concerning the fragrance and the music and the precious stones with which he has filled the earth, and the beauty of which he has been so lavish in nature; for he has "made every thing beautiful in his time." She feels that these sartorial adornments should be stimulants of spiritual beauty and educators in benevolence. Therefore she regulates her attire by the general principles which govern the great Architect and Decorator; namely, that external ornament is in order to internal beauty; that the lower is a means to the higher, the material to the moral and spiritual; and when decoration

and diamonds fail of this, they are a waste; ordinarily worse. What an English writer says of Sir Joshua Reynolds's female costume, in his portraits, is true of hers: "Not a bit of it appeals to any of the baser instincts; there is nothing to catch the vulgar or attract the vicious. All is pure, serene, noble, and benevolent."

"Make it certain," she says, "that these pearls and diamonds and this costly array are not the buddings of a love of display, and that they do not foster it in the observers; let me be sure that my use of them will not tempt any of my neighbors into extravagant rivalry; that I am rather called to whatever luxuries I allow, as a means of good, at least not forbidden them—and I shall feel more than safe as to my Christian character and influence."

This true woman regards dress as a means, not an end; an intrusted talent for beneficent uses, and not for personal gratification or display; that the dominancy of Fashion, and her incessant changes, work immense injury in the Church and to society at large. She believes that if the Divine ideas of ornament and economy, of harmony and simplicity, of beauty and benevolence, could become regulative ideas in the attire of Christian men and women, it would inaugurate a new era in the Church. She is not a naturalist, but she can see without much study that God did not make diamonds "to be hid in the rocks," nor pearls to be "fatal to piety," any more than he created one of the trees in the garden of Eden to tempt men to sin, or gave them food to make them gluttons; though pearls and diamonds by their abuse have often stunted piety and made men selfish and vain. She is not a professed expositor of the Scriptures, but she understands enough of Biblical symbolism to perceive that the walls of the celestial city are not made of literal pearls and precious stones, but of truth; nor the streets of real gold, but of godliness; and that it is those who take most delight in making a display of these glittering treasures on earth whose vision will need to be clarified before they see the pearly gates. She thinks the apostle must have meant something when he wrote: "I will that women adorn themselves, not with gold, or pearls, or costly array." She does not claim to know exactly how much there was in it, but believes it can not be that these are as appropriate for Christian women as simpler attire.

Just where rich silks and satins, gems and jewels, lose their Christian value and pass to the side of the world, can be decided, she says, by no anti-fashion societies or Church canons

or committees. It must be determined by each one's spiritual instincts and perceptions. The finer one's moral sensibilities, the more one breathes the atmosphere illumined and warmed by the cross, the more trustworthy will be the decision. Those who study most carefully the principles and the model of the Christian life are so demonstrably on the Christian side in these matters, and with such a peculiar satisfaction, that they are not often troubled with doubts as to neutral territory or border lines. She has come to the conclusion that generally the fashions are a foe to progressive Christian womanhood, as tobacco-growers, brewers, and distillers are to progressive Christian manhood. So whatever the fashion-makers may decree, Mrs. Kalon follows her own sense of propriety as to what is becoming to her person and suitable to her age, and, most of all, to her character and influence as a disciple of Jesus. She has nothing to do with "tinselery or trumpery." Although among the affluent, her garments are not always rich or new. They are cheap when cheapness will answer every good purpose; but they are always appropriate and tasteful.

She is never in the fashions exactly, nor out of them exactly; but just so in and out, that no one who meets her at church, or at a friend's, or on the street, thinks of fashions, or scarcely of attire, in the one strong impression made of unity, personality, propriety. You no more think of analyzing her dress than the pure air, so wonderfully composite yet simple, that refreshes you, or the colors which make up the sunlight that cheers you; and she herself is scarcely more conscious of her external garb than of the circulation of her blood. It is in perfect harmony with her character, and expresses it almost as naturally as does her face. It was not born with her, though it seems so much like nature; but it was baptized with her and consecrated to Christ as really as are her life and her affections, and makes a part of her benign influence. All is genuine. There are no false pretensions, no duplicity or shams or shoddies of any sort, in it or in her. Her head is erect and in the right place, and there is nothing on it but her bonnet, and the adornment which nature gives to every woman. And if, like the grateful Mary, she should wish to break her alabaster box over the feet of her Lord, and to wipe them, it would be with her own hair.

She stands firmly, for her boot-heels are neither high nor toppling. She walks naturally, for her skirts are not cumbersome or trailing. She breathes freely, because her lungs have room for the fullest action; and she bends

easily and reclines gracefully, because she is not cramped by steel stays or stiffenings. She is not, in any sense, made up as an article of luxury, but is just what God made woman for, a companion and comforter. Her dress may not attract, but she does. Her whole garb is so fitted to her, and not she to it, that it impresses others unconsciously as a part of her own beautiful Christian womanhood.

She never studies to please the public eye; she has neither time nor disposition for that. It is simply Christian ethics and Christian aesthetics applied to dress. Yet she is pleasing, and the pleasure she imparts is pure, stimulating, and helpful, a womanly woman's Christian influence, that illumines so many dark things in life, sweetens so many that are bitter, and makes strong for truth and virtue so many that are weak.

Mrs. Christiana Thoughtful is a neighbor of Miss Love-of-admiration, Mrs. Follow-the-fashion, and Mrs. Show-off, and attends the same church. She does not talk as much as some, but she thinks a good deal, and is inclined to "prove all things" in the fashionable as well as in the religious world, and to hold fast only that which is good.

She has been recently inquiring into the origin of the fashions—who invents them? who introduces them? who are the foremost in following them? and what companionship has one who keeps up with them? "I have been wondering," she says, "whether the fashionable church-goers, who, in the magnificence of their attire, rival theater and opera goers, do not both get their styles from the same fashion-makers in Paris, 'where,' according to Taine, 'a woman ceases to be a woman when she ceases to be a doll'—Paris, that caterer for dainty pleasure-lovers and the luxurious; the metropolis of *modistes* and courtesans, of sensuous beauty and delights; where the gospel of fashion and the senses is the ruling evangel. I have been wondering whether they do not both run to the same extreme in costliness and caprice, and whether it is not about the same feeling that prompts this in both—the love of admiration and display. I have pondered whether church-goers in such guise are not in this as really conformed to the world as theater-goers, and whether there is not something worse than mere fancy or fashion in the 'tight fit of the dressmaker,' when medical authorities ascribe to it the blighting of so many in the early bloom of womanhood. Is there no distinguishable difference between pride and humility, worldliness and godliness, that they must rustle in the same forefront of fashion, and the same

elaborate, ever-shifting, often deforming decorations."

Miss Love-of-admiration. "There is a great deal said and written nowadays, I know, about dress and fashion, and especially about dressy, fashionable women in the Church. Our rector preached on the evil of these things, last Spring; but I do not see that the women dress any less for it. Indeed, some of our rich, elderly Church-members, and some not rich, know when the new fashions come out, and, for aught I can see, are as eager to be the first in them as I am, and like to be admired as much."

Mrs. Thoughtful. "If Christian women, young and old, would think more about Christ's love for the world, and what it cost him to redeem it—more about the chasm between the rich and the poor, made by the fashions—they would not be so afraid to be a little behind them. If they would reflect that the expensive church-dress of good women, by encouraging costly styles, increases the burdens of those who do not like to stay away from God's house, yet can ill afford to follow, even at a distance, the example of their wealthier sisters; and that many, on this account, weak through pride in this direction, as the others are in that, keep themselves altogether from public worship. If they would reflect that these fashions, and the gorgeous quarter-million, half-million, and million-dollar church edifices and operatic church music, make religion cost so much that the rich and the poor can not meet and hear the Gospel together, and that the great working-classes, which the Church must reach, or fail largely in her mission, are shut out by the high pew rents; and more still, that fashionable Church members and church edifices and church music, demand fashionable ministers; and that all these tend, among the wealthy upper classes, to a fashionable Gospel, they would be willing to be quite out of fashion, and to forego admiration if more humility and love would forfeit it.

"If they would think down to the bottom of what is so fickle and fluctuating, down to the real motive, and be honest with themselves, what disclosures might be made! what dissent, what protest, what rebellion even, might be roused against this despot, whose decrees are so often against comfort, convenience, health, and reason! The head-dress called *chignon*, in some form almost always in vogue, although of reputed French origin, was found by the missionaries on the heads of the half-nude Zulu women in South Africa, and the Karens of India, decades before it was christened in Paris for civilized Europe and America. Is it health, comfort, comeliness, or any real good that leads

so many Christian women to adopt and endure it? Every true woman, in her secret soul, confesses that it is inconvenient, burdensome, and of no use whatever except to generate brain disease.

"Why is it that so many Christian women wear it? It is the fashion; the world wears it. Why those long trailing skirts that sweep the dusty streets or bedraggle in the mire? Is it not for the same reason as the long prayers and broad phylacteries of the Pharisees? 'Verily, they have their reward.'"

Mrs. Clio. "In glancing at the history of the subject, my eye lately fell upon an Act of the English Parliament, passed in 1700, prohibitory of these attractions, especially against obtaining husbands under such false pretenses: 'That all women, of whatever rank, profession, or degree, who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending parties, shall be null and void.'"

Miss Critical. "Are women alone in this worldliness and vanity? Do not men also think about the fashions, and follow them, and change them, and for the same reasons? High-heels, long-toed boots, ugly bell-crowned hats, diamond rings and pins and seals, and gold-headed canes? Why do men say so much about such things in the women, and keep so silent as to their own sins in the matter? Do not women dress mainly to please men?"

Elder Thoughtful ventures a reply. "Perhaps it would be better if women dressed more to please themselves, and with more direct reference to convenience and their work, as we do, and with a little more regard to economy. I have just been reading what a distinguished American traveler and scholar says on the subject: 'Our women are the handsomest on earth, and also among the most extravagant; but they would be no less dear to men if they were a little less ornamental and not quite so expensive, besides making it easier for young people to marry and live in their own homes, instead of hotels.'"

"Of course, there can be no difference between female love of show and the vanity which leads a man to indulge in diamond rings or pins or seals, and other extravagant fineries. These things do not make him any more a man of rank or intelligence, or any better worker in the

Church, or more skillful in his own business. What, then, are they for except the sparkle and display? Man, equally with woman, has his conflicts with vanity, as well as ambition and love of money. Each needs the other's sympathy and help. Neither gains by flattery; neither loses any thing by that judicious criticism which assumes that sensible simplicity is better than ornamented dullness or foppish empty-headedness, and is worth more in the market.

"I was seventeen years old," he continues, "when I left a country store and came to the city in search of a place. Anxious to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time upon my toilet, and, when it was completed, surveyed myself with no little satisfaction, glancing approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my pretty cane, which I had purchased with direct reference to this occasion. My first day's experience was not encouraging. I traveled street after street, up one side and down the other, without success. The next day I started again. Toward noon I entered a store of an elderly gentleman, and stated my errand. 'No, sir,' was the answer, given in a crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I felt, for he added in a kindlier tone, 'Are you good at taking a hint?' 'I do n't know,' I answered, and my face flushed painfully. 'What I wished to say is this: if I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring upon his finger, and swinging a cane.'

"For a moment mortified vanity struggled hard; but common sense got the victory, and, with rather a shaky voice, I thanked him, and beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I was out of sight, I slipped the ring into my pocket, and left the cane where it still is for aught I know. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner."

Miss Critical. "It is not just to ascribe all this expenditure of time and money, and display of finery, to vanity. There are some grains of beauty in the fashions that explain and warrant them, if the votaries are able to pay for it."

Mrs. Kalon. "Beauty! What is beauty but the harmony and melody of art and nature, unity and variety, truth and goodness, for the improvement and blessedness of those whom God made in his own image? No being loves beauty so much as he who made it, and there is no artist like him. The real mission of decorators is to unite truth and goodness in beautiful and blessed uses. But how much do the fashion-mongers subserve this end?

"Beauty in the fashions! Beauty of what? Of gems and jewelry, of furs and silks and satins? Nature, and the manufacturer and jeweler, give all their charm to these. Beauty, added to the Divine molding of the female countenance by the fashion-mongers when they paint it, and sometimes set a face of sixty in the raven, ringlety surroundings of sixteen! Beauty, added to the wonderful symmetry of the female figure which they overload, debilitate, malform, and sometimes indecorously expose, through their cupidity, or the vanity of their victims!

"'Able to meet the expense' of the fashion-mongers' beauty? Not a few are drawn into it who are not able. Young women on good wages lay out for dress and jewelry all their surplus earnings, and when hard times come, and work fails, they have, it may be, no food or fuel, and are obliged to sell their fine things if they can, or beg of the town or from door to door! Some make debts, in keeping up with the fashions, which they do not pay, yet go on expending, until their husbands or fathers resort to embezzlement of intrusted funds as a means of meeting this extravagance, and become defaulters, and fail as the price of this fashionable beauty. But is it worth what it costs? a mere outward adornment that lasts for so short a time; that takes so much from charity, often from honesty, to pay for it. Less than three years ago, a gorgeous wedding took place in Trinity Church, New York, followed by the most magnificent and dazzling reception, at which the city authorities and the nobility of the Metropolitan ring were largely represented. Among the bridal-gifts were forty silver sets, one of which contained two hundred and forty separate pieces. There were fifteen sets of diamonds, a single one of them costing forty-five thousand dollars, and a cross with eleven diamonds as large as peas. The presenter of the cross is now a fugitive, in whose track justice is in slow but sure pursuit. The donor of an elegant frosted silver iceberg was not long after shot like a dog on the steps of a New York hotel, and died as the fool dieth. The father of that most fashionable bride, the king among princes in knavery, the defiant plunderer of millions from the public trusts he had sworn to protect, has been turned out of his sumptuous Fifth Avenue palace for an abode in a humbler mansion, where he is put to a safer public service. Verily, there is a beauty in retributive justice; yet, to the guilty, how terrible!"

But who thinks this fashionable array is beautiful? The men! Some, perhaps, when their wives and daughters regard it as indis-

pensable to a position in society, and some others, with whom gold and garniture are more than social riches or intellectual and moral beauty; but not all. Not the earnest workers for Christ, and helpful lovers of their neighbor, who value woman for her companionship, and not for her millinery or her jewelry.

The women, the Christian women, many of them, who are drawn into this fascinating form of worldliness, often hesitate, sometimes mourn over it as a humiliating bondage, yet lack the resolution to break away. It oppresses them in a tax on their time, which they feel they ought not to pay. It burdens them with anxieties and annoyances in purchasing, and fitting, and altering, as the ever-changing fashions necessitate. It disheartens and demoralizes them, because it makes them worldly in spirit, as well as in form. It is not in this class generally that the visitors to Christ's poor and hungry, and sick and sorrowing, are found. Perhaps they are, some of them, as often at the theater as the church, and feel more at home there than in the prayer-meeting. Writes a careful observer: "I have seen a woman, who professes to love Christ more than the world, clad in a dress costing a hundred and fifteen dollars; bonnet, thirty-five; velvet mantle, a hundred and fifty; and jewelry, eight hundred,—all hung on one frail woman. I have seen her at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes at the story of their sufferings, and, when the contribution-box came round, take from a costly, well-filled porte-monnaie, twenty-five cents as her offering. Ah, thought I, 'dollars for ribbons, and pennies for Christ!'"

Mrs. Agatha Evangelin, who is expecting to go on a mission to India, has been making some inquiries as to the influence in this respect of Christian women at home on those whom the missionaries abroad are laboring to win to Christ. She has found a tract, which she thinks ought to be in every Christian family in the land—No. 38 of the American Reform Tract Society's publications. It was written in 1831, at Maulmain, in Burma, by Rev. Adoniram Judson, addressed to female members of Churches in the United States:

"In raising up a Church of Christ," said Dr. Judson, "and in laboring to elevate the minds of the female converts to the standard of the Gospel, we have always found one chief obstacle in that principle of vanity, that love of dress and display (I beg you will bear with me), which has, in every age and in all countries, been the ruling passion of the fair sex, as the love of riches, power, and fame, has character-

ized the other. That obstacle lately became more formidable through the admission of two or three fashionable females into the Church, and the arrival of several missionary sisters, dressed and adorned in that manner which is so prevalent in our beloved native land. On my meeting the Church, after a year's absence, I beheld an appalling profusion of ornaments, and saw that the demon of vanity was laying waste the female department. At that time I had not maturely considered the subject, and did not feel sure what ground, if any, I ought to take.

"I confined my efforts, therefore, to private exhortation, and with but little effect. Some of the ladies, out of regard to their pastor's feelings, took off their necklaces and ear ornaments before they entered the chapel, tied them up in a corner of their handkerchief, and, on returning, as soon as they were out of sight of the mission-house, stopped in the middle of the street to array themselves anew.

"In the mean time I was called to visit the Karens, a wild people, several days' journey to the north of Maulmain. On one Karen lady I counted between twelve and fifteen necklaces of all colors, sizes, and materials. Brass belts above the ankles, braids of black hair tied below the knees, rings of all sorts on the fingers, bracelets on the wrists and arms, fancifully constructed bags inclosing the hair, and suspended from the back part of the head—not to speak of the ornamental parts of their clothing—constituted the fashion of the fair Karenesses. The dress of the female converts was not essentially different from that of their countrywomen. I saw that I was brought into a situation that precluded all retreat—that I must fight or die. . . .

"I considered the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. I opened to 1 Timothy ii, 9, and read these words of the inspired apostle: 'I will, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.' I asked myself, Can I baptize a Karen woman in her present attire? No. Can I administer the Lord's-supper to one of the baptized in that attire? No. Can I refrain from enforcing the prohibition of the apostle? Not without betraying the trust I have received from him. Again, I considered that the question concerned not the Karens only, but the whole Christian world. I considered the state of the public mind at home. 'But what is that to thee? Follow thou me,' was the continual response, and weighed more than all. I renewedly offered myself to Christ,

and prayed for strength to go forward in the path of duty, come life or death.

"Soon after coming to this resolution a Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ? It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel; I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read her the apostle's prohibition. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace—she wore but one—and then, with an air of modest decision that would adorn beyond all outward ornament any of my sisters whom I have the honor of addressing, she quietly took it off, saying, 'I love Christ more than this.' The news began to spread—the Christian women made but little hesitation.

"At length the evil which I most dreaded came upon me. Some of the Karen men had been to Maulmain, and seen what I wished they had not; and one day, when we were discussing the subject of ornaments, one of the Christians came forward, and declared that at Maulmain he had actually seen one of the great female teachers wearing a string of gold beads about her neck.

"Lay down this paper, dear sisters, and sympathize a moment with your fallen missionary. Was it not a hard case?

"On arriving at Maulmain, and partially recovering from a fever which I had contracted in the Karen woods, the first thing I did was to crawl out to the house of the patroness of the gold necklace. To her I related my adventures, and described my grief. With what ease, and truth too, could that sister reply, notwithstanding the necklace: 'I dress more plainly than most ministers' wives and professors of religion in our native land. This necklace is the only ornament I wear; it was given to me by a dear mother, whom I expect never to see again [another hard case], and she begged me never to part with it, but wear it as a memorial of her.' But to the honor of my sister be it recorded, that as soon as she understood the merits of the case, and the mischief done by such example, off went the gold necklace. Her example united with the efforts of the rest of us at this station, is beginning to exercise a redeeming influence in the female department of the Church.

"But, notwithstanding these favorable signs, really nothing is yet done. And why? This mission and all others must necessarily be sustained by continual supplies of missionaries, male and female, from the mother country; your sisters and daughters will continually come out to take the place of those who are removed by

death, and to occupy numberless stations still unoccupied. And when they arrive they will be dressed in their usual way, as Christian women at home are dressed. And the female converts will run around them and gaze upon them with the most prying curiosity, regarding them as the freshest representatives of the Christian religion from that land where it flourishes in all its purity and glory. And when they see the gold and jewels pendent from their ears, the chains encircling their necks, the finger-rings and the crisping-pens, they will cast a triumphant glance at their old teachers, and spring with fresh avidity to reload their necks and ears, and arms and ankles. And thus you, my dear sisters, sitting quietly by your firesides, or repairing devoutly to your places of worship, do, by your example, spread the poison of vanity through all the rivers and mountains and wilds of this far-distant land."

These are plain and tender words of a man who knew well whereof he affirmed. He had been twenty years a laborer in those dark lands and understood perfectly what would help and what would hinder the good work. The case of the Karen convert was a difficult one, and the course adopted would probably be regarded by most at home as radical and unscriptural; but may it not have been there and then most judicious and wise? Did she surrender, to her injury, a particle of her Christian liberty? Did she not act prudently in reference to her own former ruling passion, and charitably toward the weakness of her sister-converts? Or the missionary sister who laid aside her mother's gift for Christ's sake and the Gospel's—did it not please the Master and help on his work? But if the Christian women in Asia and Africa need to ponder this question, surely Christian women in England and America equally need to do so.

Woman's work in the Church; her influence on the world,—who can adequately estimate their value? Woman! the first in the sin, and to lead the world away from God; it is her seed that is its Redeemer, and it is she who is to have a transcendent agency in bringing it back to him. The donation which the Master eulogized as of amplest proportions—"all her living"—was a woman's. The deed of which he said, "Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, it shall be told as a memorial," was a woman's. She who was latest at the cross on the evening of the crucifixion was first at the sepulcher on the morning of the resurrection; the first to whom the tidings were announced by the angels, and to whom the risen Lord first made his appearance.

What is fashion or style or display to her,
when Christ's love draws her, and the world
calls for her as a worker?

OFF SHORE.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

THE breezes die away;
The sun-flakes melt like snow;
Over the forest and over the lake
The dusky shadows their weird way take,
And noiselessly come and go,
With none to say them nay.

Out of the darkening wood,
From its sacred depths secure,
A strange rare perfume ceaseless blows,
Like the pulsing breath from the heart of the rose—
The quintessence of all things pure;
And a voice says, "It is good."

Softly, divine-like bliss
Settles on all the place.
The waters dimple and break no more,
And sounds are lost half-way from shore;
While the sun bends low o'er the face
Of the earth, for his parting kiss.
With the calm, indifferent gaze
Of some marble divinity,
I seem to stand from these things apart;
But no bridegroom, strong in his passionate heart,
Holds half the love that I
Have borne for them all my days.

And now I earnestly long
To touch the outreaching shore;
To follow the path that the moonbeam's hand
Has traced in silver over the land;
And, glad as never before,
Wait for the night-bird's song.

What mysteries lie concealed
In the wood, you can never know,
Till you walk through its somber, silent deep
In the dead of night, when all are asleep,
And the heart beats fast and slow
For the awful presence revealed.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. FLORA BEST HARRIS.

HUSH and hark!
The sea is dark;
The wild winds leap,
Like lions at play,
On the cowering deep;
And it shudders and strives to shrink away,
Then proudly rises and stands at bay.

Look and mark!
The skies are dark;
The petals of light,

In the flower-like spheres,
Are hidden from sight.

They have crowned the brows of myriad years—
Are they quenched to-night in the angels' tears?

Twelve is the clock, and the world is drear;
But the heart of the good ship hath no fear;
'T is stanch and strong as the forest-kings,
Of which she is born, and her airy wings
Are free as the bird's that follow her flight—
Which of the twain shall flee the night?

Four is the clock, and the low, gray clouds
Seem a-weaving the seamen's shrouds;
And the rising surge of the whitened waves
Moaneth over their waiting graves;
While stern as fate, and cold and stark,
Something gleams through the outer dark—
Gleams and glares. Hath it life and breath?
Nay, 't is a frozen doom—'t is death,
That rends the timbers with sudden throe;
And the pitiless sea creeps up from below,
Then rushes and roars, half-drowning the shriek
Of souls that hear eternity speak.

A frenzied man, with a frenzied crew,
Leaps into a boat; but, through and through,
A horrible tremor thrills his brain,
And shakes his heart with a sudden pain:
"My wife! my children! back! back!" his cry
Seemeth to pierce to the startled sky.

"I will die with them—O God!" he speaks
With blanching brows and with blanching cheeks.
He gaineth the ship and a martyr's crown,
As, struggling for life, she plunges down;
And the awe-struck tars arise, as the goal
Draws nearer and nearer a hero-soul;
But the angels, looking from paradise,
Veil for a moment their beautiful eyes.

The shining feet of the morning haste
In a track of light o'er the foaming waste,
And over the gloom of the tossing spars,
She drops a cluster of golden stars;
While the sea is twining his rarest gems
Into the lost one's diadems:
And the ship is anchored—her sails are furled
In the silent port of a shadow-world.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me,
The morning light may break!

CAPTAIN JACK.

BY ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

THAT is a good title for a Western story, is n't it? It is suggestive of wild life on the plains, of wonderful trappers and hunters who massacre every Indian they meet, and of Indians who cheerfully submit to be massacred when they are met. I like that title, and will write a story about it too.

Now, during our late "Indian unpleasantness," I saw a newspaper statement claiming that Captain Jack was of Kentucky origin, and that his name was not Jack Modoc, but Murdock or Burdock, or some other vegetable. I thought the subject would bear further discussion; that is, I might prove from my beautiful pocket-edition of the "Patent-office Reports" (illustrations by Nast), and such other authorities as I might secure before the abolishing of the franking privilege, that Captain Jack was a lineal descendant of "Lo, the poor Indian;" in fact, was the lowest and poorest Indian of the whole lot. But, strangely enough, no one doubted what I thought of proving; and what is the use of proving what no one doubts? And so it was given up, and a valuable historical paper, doubtless, lost to the world.

Therefore be it known unto you, O gentle reader, that the Captain Jack of this story is not the Captain Jack of the lava-beds. By no manner of means. My Captain Jack never scalped any body; never visited the great father at Washington, nor shot with bow and arrow for pennies at a county fair. He knew nothing of these accomplishments. He was simply a great, strong, good-natured, easy-going, generous-hearted man, innocent as a child, and believing only good, and not evil, of his fellow. Why he was called Captain Jack, I do not know; his real name was Henry Jackson. People gave him the title, however; and, like Patrick Henry, I "bow to the majesty of the people," and will call him that too.

He had his faults, had Captain Jack—and who has not?—but they were faults of a generous, self-sacrificing nature. Every body knew him; and every body, on occasion, would ask his assistance without reserve. He would give it, too, willingly. Was there a log-rolling or barn-raising to come off? Captain Jack, with his ingenious skill, was the man sent for. Did some one require a doctor from the city? He was ready to go. Was there some sick neighbor to be watched through the night, or some rare herbs to be secured from the wood, or squirrel for invalid appetite? Captain Jack was the one to do it all. No matter for his own work;

he dropped it immediately to serve others. Ingenious, skillful, and full of expedient, he was aggregated wealth to the community, but of no particular value to himself.

Somewhat, Captain Jack did not succeed very well in his own affairs, whatever account he was to others; and often the flour-barrel at home was empty, with no means to replenish it, while most of the time he and his family were poorly clad. Not but that the captain had work enough. He was a blacksmith—a good one too; and his shop was surrounded by a perfect barricade of old wagons, agricultural implements, and the like, sufficient to keep him busy for weeks, and all under promise of being "finished in a few days." But Captain Jack seldom finished any thing that would accrue to his own interest. He meant to keep his promises about work; but somehow he did n't. There were so many interruptions. "Mrs. Jones's bucket was down in the well," and they "wanted him to come and get it out;" or "Deacon Shaw's cow was sick," and he "must come right off and see what was the matter;" and so on. The captain would always go, no matter how busy he was, and tug and toil until the bucket was out of the well, or the cow cured, and then gratefully accept the meagre thanks as ample equivalent for the labor performed. And even when he remained at his shop, and completed his work, ten chances to one if he got paid for it. If the customer asked credit, the captain's generous heart could never refuse, albeit he might not have a dollar in his pocket, nor know where to get one; and that would probably be the last of it. Poor, trusting Captain Jack! he could never thereafter muster courage to ask for his dues; and he was continually subject to imposition.

Now it came to pass, in the process of time, that the people of Willow Gate concluded to have a picnic—a Church picnic. Of what denomination was the Church? Well, that would be hard to ascertain. There was only one church in the village, and that was supplied sometimes by a Presbyterian minister, sometimes by a Methodist, and sometimes by a Baptist. In fact, any one who could preach the simple Gospel was welcome. And on communion Sabbaths the people all sat down to the Lord's table together; and I suppose they never thought of asking each other whether they had been immersed or sprinkled, or whether they believed in falling from grace or in the final perseverance of the saints. Such a simple, rural people as they were, and so ignorant of theology! But they had the Rock, Christ Jesus, to stand on; and that was sufficient.

Well, they concluded to have a picnic and a Sunday-school celebration at the same time, and a day was set for the occasion. For a week beforehand there was an immense amount of washing, baking, and cooking generally done at Willow Gate; and all the Tommys, Jimmys, and Nancy Elizas in the village were learning pieces to be recited at the eventful time.

Amid all this, Captain Jack was no uninterested spectator. Whatever interested the Church was of interest to him. He was a thorough church-goer. Every Sabbath, rain or shine, he was found at his place, listening with rapt earnestness to the sermon, or weeping great tears over the old, old story of the cross; and now he was all alive for the picnic. Even had he felt no interest, he could not remain idle. It was Captain Jack here, and Captain Jack there; he was always in demand, and no committee could get on without him. To be sure, the captain was only a subordinate, although he did the most of the work; but then is n't that the way the world over? Is not most of the world's work carried on in the same way—a humble few doing all the drudgery, while Mr. and Mrs. Vainglory come in at the eleventh hour to act as conspicuous figure-heads and take the honors?

But while the captain was thus busy, he was troubled in his inmost soul. How was he to manage it so that his wife, his family of six little tow-heads, and himself, could go to the picnic? That was the question. The picnic was to be held twenty miles away, and therefore included a railway excursion. That would cost considerable money; more money than Captain Jack had, or knew how to secure; and then his little daughter Annie was to be one of the performers, and was to speak a piece. O, how the captain wished to hear her; he "jest knew she'd beat the hull on 'em!" If Annie went, of course she must have a white dress and pink sash, like the other girls; but how to get them, and pay the car-fare for the whole family? The captain thought over this problem, scratched his head over it, and whistled, yet with no benefit resulting from his intellectual exercise. He opened his heart one evening to Susan—that was his wife—and asked her opinion.

"I do n't know, Susan, how we are going to do it; I really do n't."

"Do what?" asked Susan, looking up from the small jacket on which she was sewing a patch.

The captain hesitated a little. In fact, he stood somewhat in awe of his wife's tongue. She was altogether different from himself; a busy, energetic, go-ahead woman, the main-stay

of the family, and her strong character and continual rebuke were of great benefit to the captain, although he knew it not.

"Well, Jackson, what is it you can't do?" she questioned again in her sharp way, as she noticed his hesitation.

"Why—that picnic!" answered the captain, in a troubled, perplexed way. "I haint got the money, an' I do n't see how we can go."

"Haint got the money!" and Mrs. Jackson's eyes flashed with scorn. "Well, why haint ye got it? Half the town is owin' ye for work done, an' if ye was half a man ye'd get the pay before ye was a day older. There's Dr. Murphy, 'Squire Amos, and Colonel Depew—all rich an' spreadin' themselves like some kind of a green tree—why do n't ye ask them?"

"But, Susan—"

"There's no buts about it. They're all owin' ye, an' they'll keep owin' an' imposin' on ye, year in an' year out, till ye spunk up an' stop it. If 't was me, I'd have the pay to-morrow, or know the reason why. It's a burnin' shame that they can ride round in their carriages while ye can't even raise money to take yer family to a picnic."

Now the captain had frequently heard similar energetic expressions, and occasionally they took effect, and he would be possessed with something of his wife's spirit. But, generally, when he got out from under her influence he was the same easy, good-natured, vacillating captain that he ever was, and as ready for imposition. This time, however, her words had a more lasting impression, and on the morrow he ventured to ask Dr. Murphy for "that little bill." The doctor was surprised at the outrage. He "generally paid his debts, he did," and he "did n't want to be continually dunned;" and he rode indignantly off, leaving the poor captain standing in the street, feeling somehow he had committed the unpardonable sin. And there the effort at collecting began and ended. The captain was completely demoralized, and, although afterward he saw a number of people who were owing him, yet he dared not speak to them on the subject. But, fortunately, as he returned to his shop he found the minister waiting with a wagon to be repaired. Now, although ministers are poorly paid, yet generally they are good pay, and the captain went to work with alacrity. It was considerable of a job, taking all the afternoon and most of the day following; and when it was finished the captain received for his services the sum of seven dollars.

That was all the money he was able to secure for the picnic. It was sufficient to get the white dress and the sash for Annie, and, by close

economy, it would purchase a few provisions and the car-tickets for his family; but no stretching could make it include his own fare. It was a serious trial to Captain Jack when he discovered that! He did so wish to go, and to be thus disappointed was really too bad. But he said nothing to Susan. That worthy lady supposed he had money enough for himself and family, and made her preparations accordingly, and he allowed her to think so until the day of the picnic. He knew that course would prevent unpleasant remark the meanwhile. But on the morning of the picnic, when, instead of getting ready for the excursion, the captain took down his gun, Mrs. Jackson opened her eyes.

"Now, Jackson! what's the meanin' of this? Aint ye goin' to the picnic?"

It cost the captain a severe struggle to evade telling the truth; but he wished his family to think he remained away from choice.

"No use of spilin' their fun with my troubles," he thought; so he answered as calmly as he could: "Well—no; guess I won't go to-day. Thought I'd go out in the woods awhile, and mebber I'd get a rabbit for supper. If you and the children go, it'll do well enough."

"Goin' a huntin', eh?" and Mrs. Jackson assumed a high note of severity. "Well, I do think if there's any thing small in this world it's to see a great hulks of a man, too lazy to work, a trampin' round all day with a gun on his shoulder an' two big dogs at his heels, an' then comin' home at night with only a poor miserable little rabbit to show for't. If ye won't go with us, decent-like, ye'd better stay in the shop an' get an honest livin', an' let the poor creetur's of rabbits an' squirrels live too, as the Lord intended they should."

The poor captain waited to hear no more. A great something came up in his throat, and he hurried from the house; then whistling to his dogs, he moved with long strides to the distant woods. Once under the shadow of the great trees, he made his way to a clump of bushes near the railroad, where, without being seen, he could watch the excursion-train go by. As it passed he saw the happy faces of friends and neighbors, saw the waving of handkerchiefs and tiny flags from the windows, and when it passed away up the track until his straining eyes could catch no farther sight, he turned, rested his head between his great hard hands, and—shall I say it?—wept bitterly.

Yes, the captain cried like a child! You may call it foolish or weak, and maybe it was. But the captain's was a self-sacrificing nature, easily wounded in his feelings. He was so bound up

in what interested others, so fond of helping in every important enterprise, and had so desired going to the picnic, that to be deprived of the privilege was indeed a great trial. His pleasures were but few, and those always included some help or happiness to others. If he had been more selfish, perhaps he would have succeeded better in a worldly point of view.

But the captain did not indulge his grief very long. That would be useless, he thought. If he could n't go, why he could n't, that was all; and as he was out for the day, he would have a good long stroll of it. He would go over to Bickley's Hill, and see how the strawberries were coming on. Just as he arrived at this conclusion, a crashing was heard in the bushes, and presently a very heavy rifle, on the small shoulder of Johnny Stone, came into view.

"Halloo, Captain! out a huntin', eh? Thought ye'd gone to the picnic?"

"O, I could n't go very well," answered the captain, ruefully. "But why did n't you go, Johnny?"

"Me? I did n't go for the same reason Jack did n't eat his supper; I had n't the money," replied Johnny, somewhat irrelevantly. "I'm glad, though, I came across you, 'cause I'll go 'long, if you've no objections."

The captain had "no objections;" in fact, he was glad to have company, even though it was only little Johnny Stone. The boy's presence would serve to dispel gloomy feelings, he thought; and the two went on together. The captain felt in no mood for shooting; he had come out to get away from himself, and he carried his gun lazily over his shoulder. As for Johnny, he was for popping away at every bird and squirrel he saw. Fortunately for the birds and squirrels, however, Johnny's gun was a rifle, or he might have done some execution. But as it was, his single ball always flew wide of the mark, although at each fire he would persist in running forward to pick up the game, but never finding any to pick up.

"You ought n't to shoot at the birds, Johnny," said the captain, after several of these abortive attempts. "It's wicked to kill the birds, 'cause they aint good to eat noways; an', besides, they catch worms and things."

"Do they?" questioned Johnny, stopping short, and looking up in surprise. "Why, I did n't know that. Now I just know what ails our canary-bird; he's been sick two days, and we did n't know what was the matter. But I'll give him some vermifuge as soon as I get home; that'll fix him."

The only reply elicited was a peal of laughter from the captain, in which Johnny reluctantly

joined, although he did not in the least comprehend such untimely merriment. But the captain explained the mistake, however, and the two moved on again. After that they visited Bickley's-Hill, and examined the prospect for strawberries; then, turning their steps down toward the creek, they passed into a narrow, dark ravine, where Johnny declared there was a cave that needed exploring. But, somehow, the cave could not be found, and they turned back to the woods again, where a great tree invited them to stop and rest, and eat the lunch they had brought with them.

"I wish," said the captain, looking around him, and at the same time making an immense inroad on a piece of corn-bread, "I wish I had some water to wash this 'ere down with. Tell ye what, Johnny, let's go over to Bickley's, an' get a drink of buttermilk."

"Well," responded Johnny, at once acquiescing.

But the Bickley family were not at home when the searchers for buttermilk arrived. They had gone to the picnic. However, the captain and Johnny passed down the foot-path to where the little log spring-house nestled coolly among the trees; and, fortunately for them, they found the latch-string out, and easily effected an entrance. They found no buttermilk; but from the earthen vessels resting in the running water, the captain selected one containing skim-milk; and that answered just as well.

"Now, that's what I call refreshing," he said, wiping his lips as he and Johnny emerged from the spring-house and crossed the small clearing. "Milk is jest good enough for any body; and I never could see why folks'll keep drinkin' whisky, when they can get plenty of milk. Now, there's old John Gilbert; he—"

But Johnny did not wait to hear the captain's moralizing; for, just then, a squirrel started along the ground, and he followed in hot pursuit. The captain came after more leisurely. He found Johnny at the foot of a large tree, or stump rather; for the top had been broken off some ten or fifteen feet from the ground.

"What ye lookin' at, Johnny?" he asked.

"Why, at the squirrels; just see 'em up there."

"There does seem to be a lot of 'em," remarked the captain, glancing up at the tall stump, and seeing a number of squirrels playing about its top. "Should n't wonder if there was a nest of young ones in there somewhere; and that makes me think I promised Tildy (that's Widder Burns's little girl), I'd get her a young squirrel the first chance. Tell ye what,

Johnny, you climb up! Mebbe we can catch one or two."

"All right," responded Johnny; and, kicking off his boots, he began the ascent.

It did not take long to reach the top; for Johnny was an expert climber. "The old stump is holler up here," he said, "and I'll have to get down inside a little ways." And, suiting the action to the word, he began to lower himself in the hollow tree.

"Hold on a minute, Johnny," called back the captain. "If the tree is holler clear down, I'll go back to Bickley's, and get an ax and cut a hole at the bottom. Jest you stay where you are."

So Johnny remained within the stump, his head just above its top, while the captain ran to get the ax. Fortunately, that implement of industry was near the wood-pile, and he soon returned with it. Then, throwing off his coat, he began his work. The captain was an experienced ax-man, and the great chips flew merrily, until presently there was a hole sufficient for him to insert his head and shoulders.

"Now, Johnny," he called from within the tree, "you rattle 'em a bit up there, and I'll catch 'em down—"

The captain did not finish the sentence. There came a "rattling," sure enough. At that moment Johnny's hold on the decayed wood gave way, and, suddenly and unexpectedly, he descended with the speed of an arrow, right astride of the captain's neck.

"Ugh!"—and the captain sat down hastily on the outside of the tree, while Johnny went through the same maneuver on the inside. And then came a pause. Johnny looked out affrighted from the hollow stump, while the captain gazed at Johnny as though he had just come from the moon.

"My sakes!" exclaimed the captain, breaking the silence first. "If that do n't jest beat any thing I ever heerd on."

"Tell ye, it was a stunner!" echoed Johnny, climbing out. "Thought I was going clear through. I do n't believe in such rotten old trees nohow," he added ruefully. "And this must be an awful old one too. Must have growed way back in the epizootic age that our schoolmaster tells about."

The captain did not reply. He felt no great interest in geology just then; but he knew his hair and clothing were abundantly supplied with specimens, and he only wished to get clear of them. Fortunately, neither was injured by the mishap; and, as it was getting late, they concluded to give up squirrel-hunting, and go home.

"Most time for the picnic folks to be comin' back," said the captain, as they drew near the railroad.

"Yes, and I hear the whistle, too," answered Johnny. "Let's go down and see 'em go by."

The two then hurried forward, Johnny a little in advance. As the latter reached the bank that overlooked the road, he turned around with a cry of alarm:

"Look there!"

In a moment the captain was by Johnny's side, and his face changed to ashy paleness. Down on the track, placed there by some miscreant, was a quantity of ties and heavy timber, and but a short distance away was the return excursion-train—thundering on to sure destruction.

There are some natures in whom there is a heroism we little suspect; natures whom we have hitherto viewed, perhaps, with contempt, or at least with pitying indifference. And yet, sometimes, under extraordinary circumstances, these same natures have developed a heroism so grand and so noble, that it has at once lifted them to the pinnacle of our admiration and respect. But had it not been for such circumstances, they would have lived through unappreciated lives, and gone down unhonored and unsung.

Of such was our friend Captain Jack. He took in the situation at a glance; the obstruction on the track, the steep precipice on the one side, the high, frowning bank on the other, and the train rushing around the curve with its freight of happy life—his wife and children among them. No longer was he the easy-going, vacillating man—no—but resolute, determined, reliant. With as earnest a "God help me!" as he ever uttered, he sprang down the bank and began tearing away the obstruction. He had no time to spare, and he seemed endowed with a giant's strength as he hurled the heavy timber on either side.

On came the train. The engineer saw the peril, and sounded "down brakes!" and reversed his engine; but it was too late. The train could not be stopped in time. Already it was within a few rods, and still the captain worked with the energy of despair! O, if he could but save them! No thought of his own life, that were worthless now, if its sacrifice could save others. His hands were torn and bleeding, but he ceased not his efforts. Tie after tie, piece after piece of the heavy timber did he cast aside, and only one remained. The engine was now just upon him, and its hot breath seemed like devouring fire. With failing strength and failing sight he raised the last

piece, staggered feebly across the track, and then—

And then the train swept swiftly by, and a poor, mangled, bleeding body dropped by the road-side. As soon as possible the cars were stopped, and an anxious party hurried back. No merriment, no sound of laughter now, as the senseless yet—thank God!—breathing form was placed on the cars and borne back to the humble home. Captain Jack was a hero now! Death would have been in every house, had it not been for him. The entire community knew that; and earnest were the prayers, and unremitting the exertions to save his life. God heard and answered, and the captain lived; but not the strong man of former days. He was a cripple for life.

"I do n't know what we're goin' to do, Susan, I really do n't," he said one day, as he sat by the open door. "I do n't see how we're to get a livin' now, unless, may be," he added, reverently, "the Lord will provide."

And the Lord did. That very day there came to the captain, through the post-office, an official letter from the president of the railroad, containing a note of thanks, a check for five hundred dollars, and an appointment as ticket-agent at the village station—a position the captain could readily fill—and with a fair salary attached thereto.

And here may I leave our hero—a hero, indeed!—sitting in his little office through the days that were to come. Poor, trusting, honest-hearted Captain Jack!

Whate'er his faults—yet this I ken,
He'd die to save his fellow-men.

• MARY SOMERVILLE. •

BY CHARLES W. CUSHING.

SECOND PAPER.

WHILE in London, 'Mrs. Somerville became intimately acquainted with Charles Babbage, the celebrated author of the ninth "Bridgewater Treatise," and was much interested in his famous "Calculating Machine." "Nothing," she says, "has afforded me so convincing a proof of the unity of the Deity as these purely mental conceptions of numerical and mathematical science."

But notwithstanding these broad views of truth, and these clear conceptions of the most profound problems of science, she was exceedingly modest and even timid. To use her own

"*Personal Recollections*, from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville; with Selections from her Correspondence." By her daughter, Martha Somerville. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

language, which I always prefer to do, she says: "Timidity of character, probably owing to early education, had a great influence on my daily life; for I did not assume my place in society in my younger days; and in argument I was instantly silenced, although I often knew, and could have proved, that I was in the right." "The only thing in which I was determined, was in the prosecution of my studies."

She was very happy in London, and well might be; for aside from her opportunities for study, she was moving continually in the society of the most brilliant men. The Rev. Sydney Smith, Rogers, Thomas Moore, Campbell, the Hon. William Spencer, Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Melbourne, etc., were among those whom she met almost daily.

In 1823, she buried her eldest daughter. In the midst of this great grief, all the sweetness and strength of her character came to light. In writing to her father, she says: "We are in deep affliction; for though the first violence of grief has subsided, there has succeeded a calm sorrow not less painful, a feeling of hopelessness in this world—which only finds comfort in the prospects of another—which longs for the consummation of all things, that we may join those who have gone before. To return to the duties of life is irksome, even to those duties which were a delight when the candle of the Lord shone upon us. I do not arraign the decrees of Providence, but even in the bitterness of my soul I acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of God, and endeavor to be resigned to his will. It is ungrateful not to remember the many happy years we have enjoyed; but that very remembrance renders our present state more desolate and dreary—presenting a sad contrast."

While her husband held his place at the army medical board, he was also appointed physician to Chelsea Hospital. They were obliged, on account of this, to leave their comfortable house in London, and to remove to a Government house at Chelsea. This removal from their charmed circle of friends, though quite an advance pecuniarily, was, nevertheless, quite an affliction to Mrs. Somerville. The loss was partly made up to her, however, by constant intercourse with Lady Noel Byron and Ada. She was also very intimate with that most charming of Irish women, Maria Edgeworth. We find in one of the letters of this brilliant woman the following description of Mrs. Somerville: "She is the lady who, Laplace says, is the only woman who understands his works. She draws beautifully, and while her head is among the stars her feet are firm upon the earth. Mrs. Somerville is little, slightly made, fairish

hair, pink color, small, gray, round, intelligent, smiling eyes, very pleasing countenance, remarkably soft voice, strong but well-bred Scotch accent; timid, not disqualifyingly timid, but naturally modest, yet with a degree of self-possession through it which prevents her being in the least degree awkward, and gives her all the advantage of her understanding, at the same time that it adds a prepossessing charm to her manner, and takes off all dread of her superior scientific learning."

But in the midst of all her literary pursuits, her own family was never for a moment forgotten. She says, "Keenly alive to my own defects, I was anxious that my children should never undergo the embarrassment and mortification I had suffered from ignorance of the common European languages." So in this, and every other particular, she was keenly alive to every need of their condition.

About this time she was greatly delighted with an excursion to the Continent in the company of Sir James Mackintosh. Referring to his brilliant conversation, she says: "When at Brussels, we visited the public garden. That evening his conversation was so brilliant that we forgot the time, and, looking around, found that every body had left the garden. On coming to the iron-barred gate, we found it locked. Sir James and Somerville begged some of those who were passing to call the keeper of the park to let us out; but they said it was impossible—that we must wait till morning. A crowd assembled, laughing and mocking, till at last we got out through the house of one of the keepers of the park."

In 1827, she was surprised by a letter addressed to her husband by Lord Brougham, which showed the esteem in which she was held by such men. After an introduction, in which reference is made to the "Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge," he says: "Of the two subjects which I find it most difficult to see the chance of executing, there is one which, unless Mrs. Somerville will undertake, none else can; and it must be left undone, though about the most interesting of the whole,—I mean an account of the 'Mecanique Celeste.' The kind of thing wanted is such a description of that divine work as will both explain to the unlearned the sort of thing it is—the plan, the vast merit, the wonderful truths unfolded or methodized—and the calculus by which all this is accomplished, and will also give a somewhat deeper insight to the uninitiated. In England, there are not now twenty people who know this great work except by name. My firm belief is, that Mrs. Somerville could add two ciphers to those figures."

This she undertook with great diffidence. "Thus suddenly and unexpectedly," she says, "the whole character and course of my future life was changed. I rose early, and made such arrangements with regard to my children and family affairs that I had time to write afterward. Nevertheless, I was sometimes annoyed when, in the midst of a difficult problem, some one would enter and say, 'I have come to spend a few hours with you.' However, I learned by habit to leave a subject and resume it again at once, like putting a mark into a book I might be reading." Her daughter says: "My mother had a singular power of abstraction. When occupied with some difficult problem, or even a train of thought which deeply interested her, she lost all consciousness of what went on around her; so that any amount of talking, or even practicing scales and *soffeggio*, went on without in the least disturbing her." This strong mark of a great mind was not only of great advantage to her, but was the occasion of some amusing incidents.

Notwithstanding all her interruptions, she completed the work in due time. Sir John Herschel wrote to her in regard to it: "I have read your manuscript with the greatest pleasure, and, I will not hesitate to add, with the highest admiration. What a pity that La Place has not lived to see this illustration of his great work! You will only, I fear, give too strong a stimulus to the study of abstract science by this performance." Her husband received a letter also, from Dr. Whewell, in which, among other strong expressions of commendation, he says: "When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field which we mathematicians have been laboring in all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground, and betake ourselves to poetry." Whereupon he sends a sonnet on the occasion.

In 1835, when at the age of fifty-five, she received a letter from Sir Robert Peel, announcing to her that he had advised his majesty to grant her a pension of two hundred pounds. When Lord John Russell was prime minister, one hundred pounds a year was added to this. Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville received an invitation from Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, to visit the university. The arrangements were made by Professor Sedgwick, the geologist, and a charming letter was received from him. The week they spent at Cambridge was one of great honor and satisfaction.

Her health failed at this time from overwork, and she was obliged to seek change of air by going again to Paris. No sooner had they

arrived than Arago and Lafayette came to visit them. La Place was dead; but all the living great, including Biot, Dr. Milne Edwards, Monsieur and Madame Gay Lussac, MM. Ampère and Becquerel, Mr. Fenimore Cooper, etc., gathered around her, and paid her the honor and attention of which she was worthy. While in Paris she lost her mother, who died at the age of ninety. Mrs. Somerville was now in better health; "but still so delicate," she says, "that I wrote in bed till one o'clock." After a rapid tour in Switzerland, she returned to Chelsea, when the "Connection of the Physical Sciences" was published. The second edition of the "Physical Sciences" went through nine editions, and was translated into German and Italian. "The book," she says, "went through various editions in the United States, to the honor, but not to the profit, of the author. I must say that profit was never an object with me; I wrote because it was impossible for me to be idle."

After the publication of the "Mechanism of the Heavens," she received a letter from M. Poisson, advising her to complete the work by writing a volume on the form and rotation of the earth and planets. This was undertaken and completed, embracing the "Analytical Attraction of Spheroids, the Form and Rotation of the Earth, the Tides of the Ocean and Atmosphere, and small Undulations." This being done, she wrote a work of two hundred and forty-six pages on "Curves and Surfaces of the Second and Higher Orders."

All these works were held in very high estimation. Miss Joanna Baillie says, in a letter to her: "You have done more to remove the light estimation in which the capacity of women is too often held than all that has been accomplished by the whole sisterhood of poetical damsels and novel-writing authors." In a letter from Mrs. Marcet, announcing that she was elected honorary member of the "Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle de Genève," a very high compliment is paid to her true womanliness in the following language: "You receive great honors, my dear friend, but that which you confer on our sex is still greater; for with talents and acquirements of masculine magnitude you unite the most sensitive and retiring modesty of the female sex; indeed, I know not any woman, perhaps I might say any human being, who would support so much applause without feeling the weakness of vanity." Such words of praise seem almost immoderate; and yet when we find her in correspondence with such men as Lord Rosse, touching the most intricate questions concerning

the power of the telescope, and with others upon questions of equal moment, we shall feel that the language is not too strong.

When Mr. Bowditch, of Boston, died, his son wrote to Mrs. Somerville, requesting her to write an elaborate review of his "Commentary on La Place's *Mecanique Celeste*," to be published with his biography. She did not undertake the work, but was highly sensible of the honor. She says: "I have always been in communication with some of the most distinguished men of the United States. Washington Irving frequently came to see me, when in London." She mentions the names of several of these men, such as Admiral Wilkes, Captain Maury, Mr. Dana, the Silliman family, etc.

In 1839, when at the age of fifty-nine, she began her work on "Physical Geography." She was now in Rome, and she says: "I wrote every morning till two o'clock; then went to some gallery, walked on the Pincio, dined at six, and in the evening either went out or received visits at home.

Soon after, we find her at Florence; and then at Bellagio, on Lake Como. But while absorbed in science, she did not lose interest in more common things. She took great pleasure in attempting to paint the enchanting sunsets, which, she says, "Turner alone could do justice to." She was greatly delighted with the flora on the Campagna and the Alban hills, and with the strange and beautiful birds which sung amid the trees. Behind their house was a stone threshing-floor, which, during the vintage, they had swept, and lighted with torches; and the grape-gatherers came and danced till long after midnight, to the great amusement of her daughters, who joined in the dance.

At the age of sixty-one she writes to her son: "I have been writing so hard, that after I had finished my day's work, I was fit for nothing but idleness. The reason of my hurry is, that the scientific meeting takes place at Florence on the 15th of September, and I hope to have a safe opportunity of sending home some MSS., which it has cost me hard work to get ready, as I have undertaken a book more fit for the combination of a society than for a single hand to accomplish."

From Sydenham, while on a visit to her son in England, she writes to her daughters: "Yesterday I had a great deal of scientific talk with Sir John Herschel. I think now, as I have always done, that he is by much the highest and finest character I have ever met with; the most gentlemanly and polished mind, combined with the most exalted morality, and the utmost of human attainment."

Though now sixty-four years of age, she writes of her visit to England and Scotland with all the glow of a young girl.

At the age of sixty-five she made some curious experiments upon the effect of the solar spectrum upon the juices of plants and other substances. Sir John Herschel writes to her in regard to this: "I pray you go on with these delightful experiments. I am going to take a liberty, and that is to communicate your results—in the form of an 'extract of a letter' to myself—to the Royal Society. You may be very sure that I would not do this if I thought that the experiments were not intrinsically quite deserving to be recorded in the pages of the '*Philosophical Transactions*,' and if I were not sure that they will lead to a vast field of curious and beautiful research."

Her modesty is shown by the fact that while she was preparing to print her "Physical Geography," Humboldt's "*Cosmos*" appeared; and she at once determined to put her manuscript in the fire, and was only prevented by her husband and Sir John Herschel, who advised her by all means to publish it. She also received a commendatory letter from Baron Humboldt, and a very highly appreciative letter from Professor Faraday.

Returning to Florence, we find her deeply interested in the struggle between Austria and Piedmont. As in every case, she espoused the cause of the Liberals. In this she showed herself quite a politician. "We were keenly interested," she writes, "in the alliance between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Italy, in hopes the Quadrilateral would be taken, and Venice added to the Italian States. We had a map of Northern Italy spread on a table, and from day to day we marked the positions of the different head-quarters with colored-headed pins." "All her sympathies were with the Italian cause. She lived to see this great revolution accomplished, by the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome as King of Italy."

In 1860, her husband died at Florence, after three days' illness. This sudden event covered her with grief.

A year after, at the age of eighty-one, she began a new book, upon "Molecular and Microscopic Science." She says: "I seemed to have resumed the perseverance and energy of my youth, and began to write with courage, though I did not think I should live to finish even the sketch I had made." The following Winter she had a severe illness, but from which she seems to have recovered in the Spring.

When at Spezia, in 1865, she heard of the death of her only son. "This event," writes

her daughter, "which took from my mother's last years one of her chief delights, she bore with her usual calm courage, looking forward confidently to a reunion, at no distant date, with one who had been the most dutiful of sons and beloved of friends."

In her old age she became interested in the question of woman's suffrage. "The British laws," she writes, "are adverse to women; and we are deeply indebted to Mr. Stuart Mill for daring to show their iniquity and injustice. The law in the United States is in some respects even worse, insulting the sex by granting suffrage to the newly emancipated slaves, and refusing it to the most highly educated women of the Republic." Her zeal continued unabated, too, for the education of women. She says: "The French are more civilized in this respect than the English, for they have taken the lead, and have given the first example in modern times of encouragement to the high intellectual culture of the sex."

In her eighty-ninth year she writes: "I must say that no one ever met with such kindness as I have done. I never had an enemy. The short time I have to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved children, and those who were and are dear to me on earth, I think of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God. We are told of the infinite glories of that state, and I believe in them, though it is incomprehensible to us; but as I do comprehend, in some degree at least, the exquisite loveliness of the visible world, I confess I shall be sorry to leave it. I shall regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful coloring; the earth, with its verdure and flowers; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. . . . I can not believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery; it would be contrary to the attributes of God's mercy and justice."

She continues: "I have still the habit of studying in bed from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock; but I am left solitary, for I have lost my little bird, who was my constant companion for eight years. It had both memory and intelligence, and such confidence in me as to sleep upon my arm while I was writing."

At ninety, she refers with great satisfaction to the visit of the astronomers who had been in Sicily, observing the eclipse. Her interest in

science had not abated in the least. She wrote to Mr. Spottiswoode for some books, and on receiving Serret's "*Cours d'Algèbre Supérieure*," "Tait on Quaternions," etc., she says: "I got exactly what I wanted, and I am very busy for a few hours every morning, delighted to have an occupation so entirely to my mind. I thank God that my intellect is still unimpaired." At this time she received Darwin's "*Descent of Man*," which she analyzed with keenness. The whole of this discussion interested her very much.

In 1872, she says: "I am now in my ninety-second year, still able to drive out for several hours; I am extremely deaf, and my memory of ordinary events, and specially of the names of people, is failing; but not for mathematical and scientific subjects." "I am still able to read books on the Higher Algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and even to solve the problems. Sometimes I find them difficult; but my old obstinacy remains: for if I do not succeed to-day, I attack them again on the morrow."

She continues: "Though far advanced in years, I take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. I regret that I shall not live to know the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transits of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalize the name of Dr. Livingstone."

Her narrative closes with these significant words: "The Blue Peter has been long flying at my foremast; and now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired, and, although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy."

Mrs. Somerville died in sleep, at Naples, on the morning of the 29th of November, 1872.

As we review her life, it fills us with amazement, and almost with adoration. Such a life is a gift which it is difficult properly to estimate. Mrs. Somerville was, in most respects, the model woman of history; and it is her chiefest glory that she was a real woman. In the midst of all her honors and attainments, she never for a moment lost sight of those characteristics

which are the glory of every woman. If this article shall succeed in bringing this noble life more prominently before the young women who read the REPOSITORY, so that they will make it a careful study, until they are imbued with her spirit and actuated by her lofty purpose, the object of the writer will have been attained.

WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

BY E. O. HAVEN, D. D.

THE most hopeful sign of the times is the rapidly increasing influence of women. It is idle, and usually insincere, to maintain that, because of the potency of invisible forces, therefore women should be contented with domestic activity alone, and surrender all the power that comes from organization, to men. There are certain stock illustrations on this subject, used so often as to have dropped the metaphor and become mere cant. "Man holds the reins, but woman drives;" "There is a power behind the throne;" "The mainspring of a watch is of more value than the hands." This may all be true, but the hands of a watch are made significant by machinery, monarchs often do much mischief in spite of the power behind the throne, and a suitable distribution of mainspring and hand-power is desirable.

It has come to pass in these latter days, in a few countries—not many—that the two sexes enjoy substantially equal advantages in that fundamental part of education, acquiring knowledge. Women, as well as men, are taught to read. The key of erudition is put into all hands, and the doors fly open impartially before all who turn the lock. Books show no preference of sex. Thought is free. Even the privilege of theoretical training, instruction in schools, is impartially offered. This is a modern and a Christian outgrowth. It never grew in any heathen land. Christianity itself was not sufficiently developed to produce it till lately, and it has reached its bloom only in a few of the most advanced Protestant sections of the Church. Now it begins to bear fruit. It is no longer a house-plant, it grows in the fields. In the old fable, the dragon's teeth, when sown, sprang up armed men. In these modern times, the teachings of the world's great thinkers spring up in troops of mentally caparisoned men and women.

The only safety of a despotism is, that the people be unorganized, untaught, unarmed. The sure produce of ambition and activity is education. Those who object to the activity of women outside of the kitchen, the drawing-

room, and the parlor, should discourage all education of girls except in the culinary art, needle-work, and power to amuse. The consistent devotees of the old and heathen practice do maintain this theory. Sound thought and familiarity with the life-work of great minds and warm hearts—so unfortunately are the minds of both males and females constituted by the Creator—beget a desire to imitate Christ and his noblest followers, and make the world wiser and better.

It is the will of God, as facts declare, that the outward condition of the world should improve with the mental and moral condition of its inhabitants. Flowers are more numerous and more beautiful than ever before. The best never "waste their sweetness on the desert air." More varieties of grain and fruit are known than in "the good old times." Grass is greener. The wilderness blossoms. Alkali soils array themselves in groves and fruits. "Bad lands" disappear from the map. Perhaps even the climate improves. Wolves and buffaloes fly before, and thunder-storms follow, the railroads. Science, as well as Christianity, points to a Millennium.

It is true that women have their domestic duties to perform, and so men have their multiplied labors, in shop and factory, on the water and on the earth and under the earth. "Adam delves and Eve spins." But neither men nor women are placed in this world simply to live and work. Over and above the nervous and muscular energy and the mental exertion requisite to maintain an equilibrium, or keep from falling, all have a certain amount of talent and opportunity to employ for the common welfare. Certainly it ought to be so; and in God's own time—that is, when men and women are fit for it—it will be so. This excess of energy, by which the world ought to advance, has usually been wasted, often perverted, and is never wisely used except under the guidance of intelligence and stimulated by Christian zeal.

But it is too late now either to advocate or oppose the increased influence of woman. One might as well ask the laboring men of America to be like the boors of Europe in the Dark Ages. After a field is plowed and manured, and the seed sown, it is unnecessary to pray that the plants may grow, and certainly unwise to wonder or fret because they do grow. We have passed the age of choice and preparation; what is needed now is guidance or cultivation.

Here there is a liability to radical errors. The first great mistake will be a division where there ought to be union. The bent spring recoils. We see this in a tending to a

separation of men and women into distinct if not rival bodies, in the establishment of female schools instead of entering the schools already existing, and in the establishment of female societies to accomplish the end already sought by existing societies. The Bull of Pope Paul III, in 1530, established schools "for instructing boys and ignorant persons"—excluding girls and women. This was the practice till a genuine Christianity taught the world better. These societies, by their exclusion of women from their councils, and sometimes from their benefits, compel the establishment of other societies, which tend to distract where there should be co-operation and union. What a misfortune it would be to have male Churches and female Churches! And yet it is no more unreasonable than to have a male missionary society or a female missionary society. It was an error to require the men and women to sit apart in congregations assembled for the worship of God. Still greater would be the error for the two sexes to act apart in the great enterprise of the world's evangelization.

We do not object to such things as a temporary phase in human development; but the wisest and best minds must never lose sight of the fact that they are temporary and occasional. They must not and can not be general or universal. Expedients expire; principles are imperishable.

God has so constituted the sexes that each is best when it most esteems the other. Therefore it is that so many of the best of women, and also of the best of men, justly recoil from those extreme notions, which seem incompatible with God's great plan, to secure a unity through a diversity, by employing together in harmony the two great and equal divisions of humanity in bringing about the perfection of the race. Undoubtedly each part will spontaneously select its own sphere—but not separated—together in Church and in society they will work. To hold a just balance, in our minds, between the reformers who seek their end by the destruction of the peculiar character and peculiar power of women, and those who seek it by the non-action of women, requires a sound judgment and great skill.

The wisest plans are usually those which grow—not those which are made. Action, pressing in upon old forms, crowding out abuses, and introducing new vitalities, finally produces the greatest strength and the most marvelous symmetry. The introduction of girls into the schools prepared the way for female teachers, and, lately, for the appointment of women as professors in some colleges, and in the public-

school system as trustees and managers. Thus gradually, without violent change, capability will create for itself a machinery. They are the wisest friends of improvement who are prompt to seize upon all such opportunities to convert thought into life. We see this principle illustrated in the workings of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the youngest institutions of the Church, and yet established with the hope of magnificent and permanent results.

Education was the very first subject to receive attention, both by the Primitive Church, and also by the Methodist denomination. But till lately, no educational organization has attempted to exert an influence over the entire field of the Church. Local bodies of trustees, seeking local ends; Conferences, and, in a few instances, associations of Conferences, have united in the establishment of schools, and in the formation of societies to aid needy students. Hence have arisen, in some instances, overlapping of interest and rivalries; in no instances, however, degenerating into opposition, but always courteously and with Christian co-operation recognizing each other's claims. Still the strong do detract from the influence of the weak, and there is inevitable crowding of interests in some sections, while in others there is neglect. Consistency seemed to require a general organization, which should survey the whole field, and endeavor to produce harmony of action, to stimulate the neglectful and strengthen the feeble. To effect this, the General Conference of 1864 determined to recommend the whole Church, in the coming Centennial of 1866, to rise above local interests, and call into existence a connectional educational power. By instruction of the General Conference, the entire Board of Bishops, together with twelve chosen ministers and twelve eminent laymen, selected from all parts of the country, met in committee, and, after a long deliberation—all being present—unanimously recommended the establishment of a Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be an incorporate and perpetual body, to receive and employ whatever benevolent individuals and societies might intrust to them for the promotion of Christian education. They also recommended the people to remember this Board in their contributions. The next General Conference ratified this action; and now the Board having become organized, and received certain trusts, it will and must abide, so long as the Church itself exists. No institution of the Church has had a more formal and honorable origin, and whether its influence and means of

power grow slowly or rapidly, it is impossible that it should not abide and increase. It consists of six ministers, two of whom must be selected from the episcopacy, and six laymen, chosen one-third by each successive General Conference.

The contributions to this Board during the Centenary celebration of 1866 were small—made chiefly by a few Sunday-schools and some benevolent men and women. The Sunday-school collections amounted to nearly fifty-seven thousand dollars, and the General Educational Fund collections amounted to about nine thousand dollars. These funds were invested; slight additions have been made, and now both together amount to just one hundred thousand dollars. This the Board choose to regard as an endowment, and will not consent to have the principal imperiled; but use so much of the income as may be necessary to defray all expenses, and the remainder for the assistance of needy students. If any fund is intrusted to the Board for educational purposes, it can all be appropriated according to the exact terms of the trust. By means of the surplus of income over expenses, and by contributions, it has begun its work, and is now aiding about forty students, usually at the rate of one hundred dollars a year, and hopes soon largely to increase the number.

The Sunday-school Children's Fund is as yet the chief element of its strength. This fund adds to its income annually the contributions taken in the Sunday-schools on "Children's-day," the second Sabbath in June. (See Discipline, paragraph 371.) This fund knows no distinction of sex, either in its contributors or in the recipients of its benefactions. The girls and the women are invited to contribute, and young women as well as young men may share in the proceeds. It is not evident that the originators of the plan designed this liberality. Perhaps "they builded better than they knew." Be that as it may, this is the temple as we find it. The poor widow may cast in her two mites, or one, if she has but one to spare, and the poor widow's daughter as well as son, if worthy to receive aid, shall not be passed by. It is true that as yet we are aiding only two or three young women; but it is simply because while hundreds of worthy young men have asked for assistance, only about a half-dozen young women have applied. Of course the Board can not help indiscriminately, nor as yet but a small fraction of those who need and deserve assistance. Its design is, in this department of activity, to strengthen the moral and Christian force of the Church by helping to a higher education needy young men called of God

to the ministry, and needy young Christian women intending to qualify themselves to be teachers in our mission-schools, or to labor in the evangelizing of the world.

Not long since, an intelligent Christian lady, having casually heard of this provision of the Board, made inquiries into the subject, the result of which was, to make her will, directing that seven thousand dollars, the greater part of her property, should be added to this fund, and the income of it be used to educate needy students who intend to labor as teachers or missionaries among Africans or Chinese. May it be long before the money comes to the Board; but when it does, it will be invested, and the income all be applied and forever to that work. Many others will undoubtedly sooner or later start their donations on some such perpetual career of usefulness. It might be directed to a particular school; it might be confined to orphans, and be far more efficient than in the establishment of an orphan asylum; or, what is far better, its appropriation could be left to the goodly judgment of the Board.

Thus far, in the appropriation of small sums to help needy students, the principle of a loan, rather than a gift, is recognized, and the recipient is expected to make proper efforts to return the same to the Board after completing the school education. This is done largely to enable the recipient to maintain the highest self-respect, and the instances will be comparatively few where it will not be deemed a pleasure on the part of the recipient to do this after entering upon the work of life.

Popular education, and especially the education of women, is a child of Christianity. To imbue our schools with the Christian spirit is the demand of the hour; and to aid needy students to fit themselves for the highest usefulness is at once a pleasure and a duty.

THE DEACONESSES' INSTITUTION AT KAISERWERTH.

BY MRS. SUE M. D. FRY.

PART II.

WE mentioned two classes of deaconesses, and have specified most of the departments in which the nursing sisters are trained at Kaiserwerth, and diverged from the stations there to several large institutions in other countries. Let us now speak of the Instructing Sisters. The two classes reside, however, in the same mother-house, and have some of the same training, and generally work together. The one predominates in the edu-

cational establishments; the other, in poor-houses, hospitals, etc. No deaconess is ever sent out from the establishment alone; at least two go together. When two of the same kind are not required at any one place, two others go, live and have meals together, and mutually strengthen one another in their weaknesses.

The Instructing Sister, who occupies only the first sphere, is prepared for her work in the infant school and seminary at Kaiserwerth. Those desiring to enter the second sphere, that of higher education, are also trained in the asylum and highest departments of the seminary, for deaconesses. These sisters must, like the nurses, either before or after their educational training, spend some time in the care of sick children, in the kitchen, and in all household work necessary to a well-conducted family. Through these Instructing Sisters it is hoped to assist the higher classes in the education of their daughters. Complaints are numerous as to the injudicious methods pursued in most young ladies' schools. And even in Germany are these words used: "And how important is this matter! If the nation is to improve—and that surely is to be desired—it must have better mothers; and for this end the education of the future mother must be better."

Since the first opening of the institution, they have trained teachers for infant schools. Since 1843 they have also trained them for superior girls' schools. More than one thousand have been thus prepared and sent out; yet they have infinitely more applications than they can supply. Many of the women thus educated do not become deaconesses. They pay for their tuition, and go out independent of the institution. But the number of instructing deaconesses is on the increase. A part of their training is given by deaconesses in the seminary, the rest by male teachers. Some of them are well versed in the Greek and Latin languages, and forty teach the Arabic. They, like Margaret Blarer, highly cultivated, and well acquainted with Greek and Latin, as well as in the art of poetry, yet know no greater pleasure than to serve the Savior, in fervent humility and self-denial, in the care of the poor, the sick, the young, and those who, for the sake of their faith, are helpless and homeless.

Their first grade of infant-schools can hardly be called such. Entering the yard of that department at Kaiserwerth, we found swings and play-houses, and, on a long covered porch, little chairs, more swings, and toys. Here the little folks play when the weather is bad. The rooms inside were fitted up with closets for dinner-baskets, storage of books, clothes, slates, and

toys. Not many books can be used, however, unless they be picture-books. There were some cradles for the younger ones, and beds for others, who take an afternoon nap. Many of the working class of people are utterly unable properly to care for their children during the day. They are obliged to go out from home to earn bread for the family, and have no one with whom to leave them. These infant schools receive all such. If the oldest of the flock is not of an age to be trusted to take them, the mother carries them all to the school on the way to her day's labor, and calls for them again in the evening. The sister and her assistants care for all their wants. If the family are very poor, dinner is given gratuitously, and all necessary clothing. It is simply a nice, comfortable home, where the little toddlers are kept all day, fed, put to sleep, taken out walking and to play, amused, and taught with slates, pictures, and playthings. What a blessing to the babes, who but for this provision would be left at home alone, to suffer from fear, cold, and hunger.

There is always opportunity for such a school in every place, no matter how small. This enables them the more easily to adhere to their plan of always sending two workers together. If a parish deaconess or nurse is asked for, an Instructing Sister can surely find little folks to care for. Of course this is only the lowest grade of their work of instructing, yet who shall say it is of the least importance.

Of their foreign schools, let me mention the one at Smyrna, opened in 1853, on the pressing demand of trading merchants, who were anxious to remove their daughters from the proselyting influence of Roman Catholic schools. They began with fourteen scholars, and now number more than two hundred; among whom are Germans, Swiss, Dutch, Swedes, Italians, more than forty English, and nearly one hundred Greeks and Armenians. The germ of a Protestant Church was planted, and nurtured by those who opened the school; and now a congregation is gathered, and a clergyman appointed. We may not pause to mention others.

The orphan asylum at Kaiserwerth is a home for well-disposed orphan-girls of clergymen, schoolmasters, and some others. They are educated somewhat according to their several capabilities, and with a view, we understand, to fitting them for deaconesses. But no compulsion or undue influence is used; and they become so only upon their own express desire. They are divided into families, each under a deaconess, as an adopted mother. We saw a class of them taking a lesson in vocal music. One was the daughter of a missionary.

Among the many orphanage establishments in other places, the one at Beyroot is perhaps the largest. It was opened in 1860, to educate one hundred and thirty Maronite, Greek, and Protestant orphan-girls, whose parents were murdered or put to flight at the massacre at Lebanon in that year. Many of their pupils are already teachers in Beyroot, Damascus, Alexandria, and other places, scattering the good seed all over the East. The school now numbers three hundred—mostly taught in the Arabic language.

Besides the departments already mentioned as being at Kaiserwerth, there is also a kind of preparation school, into which girls are received before they are old enough to become probationers for the deaconess's office, which can not be until they are eighteen. These receive, in addition to elementary and religious instruction, a solid, practical knowledge of gardening and the dairy, and housekeeping and domestic work. You will see their opportunity when I tell you the farm numbers two hundred acres, and that they keep thirty cows. These girls are also divided into families, and are indeed a little community within themselves as much as if far removed from others. Their house is separate from any other, and was the most attractive to me, perhaps because built against an old windmill now used as a place of storage for the institution. It is a picturesque place. The old windmill towers above the modern structure at its base, keeping guard, as it were, over the young beings committed to its care; the yard, sloping to the Rhine, where, in the Summer-time, a number of bathing-houses accommodate the sisters, who take as much of this delightful recreation as they choose. Up the Rhine, the old imperial castle; down the river, white sails; and all about, the little villages nestled among oak, beech, and fir-trees. Entering, we found a score of red-cheeked, red-armed girls standing about a wash-tub larger around than a hogshead, with their hands in foaming suds, rubbing linen. They were as jolly a set of girls as you could find in an American boarding-school, which is saying a good deal. In the Summer they go from here to Salem, six or seven miles from Kaiserwerth, near Ratingen, "at the foot of the woody hills through which the beautiful stream of the Anger flows, forming the lovely Anger-vale." Here is a farm-house, bought as a residence for the weak, sick, or old sisters, only for the Summer, however. The married farm-servant lives here, and cultivates the land; and here the young probationers come to work in the garden and the dairy. The aged sisters also have a garden,

and many cool walks leading to the woods and the "sweet peaceful valley below."

But in the Winter-time, they flee to the

HOUSE OF REST,

where they are nursed by the sisters, and strengthened for new efforts; or their last days made comfortable and pleasant. In this building are rooms for the sick and disabled sisters, as well as for the aged; and a church-room opening out into the chapel, so they can hear the sermon, and sing and pray with the congregation. Behind the building is a nice garden, stretching out to the Rhine, for those who are well enough to enjoy it.

Among the buildings I must not forget to mention the new mortuary, a plain brick edifice, floored with tessellated marble. The pulpit, of pure white Italian marble, is a present from a lady. The one large window, of German glass, illustrates Bible scenes. The pulpit, and stone bier which stood in another room, are the only furniture, if such they can be called. The house was just ready for use, and was beautifully white, cold, and suggestive.

In the center of the mother establishment is a neat little chapel, rebuilt and enlarged a few years ago, for which purpose King William I made them a present of eight thousand thalers. It is both beautiful and comfortable.

All of the buildings are of brick or stone, plain and substantial. But one or two were built for a special purpose, but have been bought, and remodeled, and enlarged, as needed.

Their living and domestic rooms were scrupulously clean, as indeed all were. They were cheerful and home-like, so far as rooms can be, without carpet. There were flowers and vines in the windows, and pictures on the walls. In the seminary department, the book-shelves, tables, and clothes-racks looked much as we are accustomed to see them anywhere, and as we like to see them look—as if they were used and enjoyed. Young hands and hearts evidently had had something to do with the pens and pencils, books and notes, the wraps and the overshoes; not very orderly, but very convenient.

The provisions for bodily sustenance are certainly ample, and fully up to the regular customs of these people. Coffee at seven o'clock A. M.; breakfast at ten; dinner of soup, meats, vegetables, and wine or beer, at one; supper at five, and tea at seven P. M.

There are in all more than two thousand deaconesses, five hundred of whom are at Kaiserwerth. They conduct one hundred and fifty-nine establishments abroad. There are also

over fifty stations that are parent institutions. Two hundred of the number at Kaiserwerth are probationers.

No doubt you are thinking by this time that we have given something (and it is a very little of such extended work) of the beginning, progress, and present state of the work, without saying any thing of the creation and obligations of these deaconesses. This is the cornerstone; but, having seen something of the superstructure, we may be better able to appreciate the solid foundation upon which it rests.

The office of deaconess was introduced into the Protestant Church, as already stated, in the year 1836, by the Rhenish-Westphalian Deaconesses' Association. In order to be admitted as a probationer for the office, the candidate must have a thorough knowledge of God's Word, and a ready use of, and love for, the same. She must have an experimental knowledge of the sinfulness of the human heart, and a personal experience of the grace of Christ; and must not only have an honest report before men, and what the apostle requires of deaconesses (Acts vi, 3), but must have proved her conversion for some time past, by the adornment of a "meek and quiet spirit," etc. Such a testimonial is required from her pastor. She must have no tendency to melancholy or low spirits, as the opposite disposition is so necessary in nursing the sick and poor. She must have good health—this to be certified by the parish doctor or other medical authority. The age must in general be over eighteen and under forty. Some exceptions are made. She must have had some practice in common household occupations, must be able to read and write German correctly, and understand arithmetic. The request for admission must be accompanied by a short memoir of her own life, written and indited by herself, a passport from the civil authorities, and the written consent of her parents or guardians. No perfection is expected in the requirements mentioned; only a certain natural qualification for the life, a hearty willingness to undertake cheerfully any thing that may be required, and an earnest endeavor after growth in Christian graces.

The term of probation is from six to twelve months, and may extend to two years. They are supplied with caps, collars, and aprons, and are expected to bring with them a few dark dresses for week-days, and at least one simple dark-colored gown for Sunday, their underclothes, a Bible, and hymn-book. If they do not become deaconesses, they pay for their board and instructions upon leaving. If deemed fit for the office at the end of their probation,

they promise to remain in the work five years; they then receive a salary of three and a half pounds yearly, and the deaconess dress, consisting of a dark-blue gown, blue apron, white cap and collar. If they lose their health, or become aged in the service, they are provided for by the institution, having a home and all needed attention in the House of Rest. Any having fortunes of their own, continue in full possession of the same.

Less than one-half of those who are received as probationers become deaconesses. If their parents or guardians require their return home, they are at liberty; or duty to relatives or friends, who may have any claim upon them; or their own wish, frees them from further training or connection with the institution. If a probationer chooses to marry, she is expected to ask the advice of the inspector or mother of the house, and to give three months' notice before leaving her post.

Only unmarried women and widows are admitted to the office. Many, after having become deaconesses, leave the work; duty to families or friends, or their own marriage, may prevent their service. This is considered no discouragement to the work, but only a fulfilling of higher obligations, and no loss of results; for, by their training, they are supposed to be the better prepared to be good wives and good mothers. These women are thought to be particularly well qualified for ministers' and missionaries' wives. Of course, among so large a number a few prove unworthy.

In regard to the obedience required, we quote from their own authorities: "It is not in any way different from that which is required from missionaries by their committees. . . . No other obedience than that which thousands of other Christians show those set in authority over them, according to the previous engagement, freely entered upon on both sides, in accordance with the Word of God." It is expected that they are imbued with such a missionary spirit as to be willing to be sent wherever there is the greatest need, without consulting flesh and blood.

They take no vows whatever, only the simple agreement mentioned, which, you see, may be set aside at the wish of the candidate or friends of the same. They endeavor to avoid all the errors of, and even any resemblance to, the sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. That some of the women of the High Church of England seem to have an ambition to make their life and labors resemble as nearly as possible the nuns of the Church of Rome instead of the apostolic deaconesses, is considered a

great mistake and misfortune. "They are ashamed of the name of deaconess, and rightly so: for they are ashamed of the apostolic justification by faith alone, without merit of works, which was the glory and joy, the might and strength of the apostolic deaconesses, and—God be thanked!—is also that of all the deaconess institutions of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, France, Sweden, and North America."

She does not bind herself to celibacy nor poverty, nor blind Jesuitical obedience. Having served her probation, and been counted worthy, she is set apart for the work by a service of consecration, prayer, laying on of hands by the pastor, and a hymn of welcome, and the deaconess hymn, commencing:

"Thou source of all my joy!
Jesus, my Heavenly Friend,
Make it my sweet employ
Thine own to feed and tend."

But I feel that I can not close this hasty sketch of a work which would fill a volume, without mentioning one other establishment of peculiar interest at Berlin—a Protestant Home for Maid-servants, founded in 1854. As the name indicates, it has for its special object, the care of maid-servants, of whom there are in Berlin alone no less than twelve thousand. Respectable maid-servants, when out of employ through no fault of their own, are received and instructed in such kinds of work as they may be deficient in, and in religious matters. They are expected to pay a small sum for their board. When at service, they are visited by the deaconesses and encouraged to be good servants and good Christians. They generally spend Sabbath afternoon at the Home, where religious services are held. Many of them are thus helped to live religious lives; and the Home being too far away for many of them, they have themselves secured another room in a place more easy of access for worship Sunday afternoon, and several other rooms in different parts of the city are being, and will be, opened for like purposes. A school in connection with the Home trains young girls for nurse-girls; another gives a practical training of one year in all kinds of maid's work, and at the end of that time secures them suitable situations. A third school trains older ones in all household work and domestic economy. I know some ladies are exclaiming, "I wish we had such an institution as that in America!" It does seem, that so long as the world stands, at least a part of the human race must earn their bread through the sweat of their face; and there can be no reason why they should not be prepared to make life a success, even in this department. Not

only does their own health, happiness, and future well-being depend upon their physical and spiritual training, but the health and happiness of those they serve. And I suppose we may add their spiritual life as well; for perhaps no phase of domestic life is more trying to the Christian graces than the present one of domestic service. Near five thousand maids have been received at different times in the Home at Berlin. Many of them have been strengthened and encouraged in a religious life, and very many better prepared to support themselves by serving others better. The queen is a patroness of the institution, and the king gave it a donation of twenty-three hundred thalers.

THE TWO LIVES THAT WE LIVE; OR, THE ACTUAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MISS FRANCES A. FISH.

THE literature of every country has some beautiful legend concerning man's first home, and man every-where has an ideal garden, after which he is trying to mold and fashion the earth. The grassy lawns, the gardens filled with fruit and flowers which surround his home, indicate that there lingers about him the remembrance of a far-away paradise; but, however unceasing his endeavor to bring the earth back to its pristine beauty, thorns will spring up, rank weeds will grow:

"It blossoms not like unto that garden
Planted with the trees of God;"

nor blooms with flowers

"Which in another climate grow."

Nations have an ideal government, toward which they are aspiring. Constantly are they tearing down the old and building up the new; each advance only opening a wider field for development and improvement: so that which seemed in the past to be the complete structure, proves, in the light of the present, to be only the vestibule. "Ever approaching, never reaching," is the key-note of the universe, and all the world takes up the refrain.

Did you not believe, when a child, that the hills which girted your home touched the sky? And did you not resolve that, when you should get old enough and strong enough to climb their rugged sides, and stand upon their summits, you would touch the golden clouds? And when the years and the strength came, standing upon their lofty crests, did you not see the heavens lift like the mists of the morning, and the earth stretch on and on, to other hills, which would require more years and more strength to reach? And has not this been the

experience of your life? Full many a journey through the wilderness we take, thinking to reach the promised land of our hopes, but find only a mountain, from whose summit we view it afar. It seems strange that our actual living should be in such contrast to that which we picture to ourselves, that the things which we hold in our hands should lose their value, and turn to common stones, when, in the far-off distance, they seemed priceless gems. Yet there is no period in our lives, from childhood to old age, that finds us living in the castles which our fancies reared; no time, and no place, in all our history, when we can say: Now am I satisfied; here will I rest. Not now, but then; not here, but yonder,—is our daily experience.

We can but ask the question, Whence comes this unsatisfiedness, this unrest of spirit? Do our souls so outgrow ourselves? Are they so far-sighted that the things which we attain unto seem poor and commonplace, compared with those which lie beyond? Or is distance the great magician that turns all to gold? It is an old and somewhat trite saying, that idols are the world's masters. By them, all are controlled. When Flamingo, the sculptor, was asked by a friend, who saw him continually polishing an image, what perfection he would have, he exclaimed, "Alas! the original is in my head, but not in my hand." The half-finished work of painters, found in galleries of art, the revisions and alterations made by the poets, even in their masterpieces, show that their copy was possessed of perfections which they in vain essayed to transfer to canvas and parchment.

The spiritual and the ideal can not become incarnate without partaking of the infirmities of the flesh. There is a sense in which we all are artists: each of us would mold and fashion our character after an ideal, which to us is without spot or blemish—ever receding from us as we strive to approach it, yet ever beckoning us to follow on. Often we grow weary of our strivings, and discouraged on account of the vast distance between us. There seems to be so much in this life to keep us from rising. Daily are we constrained to say with Paul: "What I would, that I do not; what I would not, that I do." Is this restlessness, this incompleteness, of which we are conscious, something to deplore, something to mourn over, or shall we regard it as the sign of our immortality? Could we be satisfied alone with the beauties and charms which the earth affords, our eyes would never behold the glories of the firmament. And so, could we be satisfied with

the intellectual and spiritual attainments of this life, we should never seek to fathom the mysteries and behold the glories of the invisible.


The soul is not earth-born; its nativity is in the skies; it is imprisoned here. This world is not the end of our hopes. The heavens and the earth shall pass away; and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, whereon man shall find his lost Eden. There shall be a nation, whose Ruler will be the God of nations, and upon whose banners will be inscribed, Justice, Mercy, Truth, and Peace. All the good and beautiful, which we aspire after, but only catch glimpses of here, we shall find in full fruition there. For it is written that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into our hearts the things that God hath prepared for us. Then we shall run, and not be weary; we shall walk, and not faint; and, overtaking our ideal character, throughout the vast cycles of eternity we twain shall be one.

INGRABAN.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY H. EDWARD KREHBIEL.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE SHADOWS.

N the next day Walburg walked with her guide toward the forest. Behind her, Gertrude called sadly across the meadows:

"Bow, foliage, and bend low, grass; for a free maiden is about to depart from the sunlight."

In the thinned-out wood, above the village, herds of cattle were grazing. The cows came out from among the trees, and gazed curiously at the maiden; the herdsman, too, came to the pathway, extended a greeting, and asked whither she was going in the early dawn.

"To the mountains," replied Walburg, softly, while the man shook his head.

An inquisitive calf trotted after her, and placed its nose against her basket.

"Away, Brownie!" said she; "for the path I am to travel would be dangerous to you. You are at peace with humanity, all are compelled to respect you, though you are but a yearling; and if a stranger injures you, he must atone heavily for it to your master. But he whom I seek is poorer than you; for any one may cool his hot rage upon him unpunished, and he wanders about unprotected by justice." She grasped her basket tighter, and hurried after the guide.

For fully an hour they journeyed along the babbling brook, until they arrived at the place where the last marks were cut into the border trees, and the tracks of the wood-wagons ceased.

Here began the wilderness, which was never trodden save by the huntsman, the timid traveler who journeyed over the mountains, and the lawless robber who wandered over the earth without a home. In front of them arose the wild forest; primitive trunks overhung with long, drooping ivy and moss glittered with a silver-gray sheen, like mammoth pillars supporting the high leafy roof. Deep shadows covered the ground; over the twisted, gnarled roots and fallen trunks extended the mossy coverlet, and broad fern-leaves spread themselves in the twilight. Wolfram doffed his cap as becomes the huntsman when he steps under the wild forest-trees, and Walburg bowed a reverent greeting to the towering monarchs.

"Freely do ye, powerful ones, grow upward toward the high heavens. Upon your leafy tops ye feel the sunshine and rain, and the spring from the rock bathes your feet. Grant me the boon that ye bestow upon us strangers when we approach you in awe—the forest fruit as food, soft moss as a couch, your branches as a covering, and your trunks as a bulwark against the enemies."

Once more she turned toward the light, and then boldly entered the shadows. For another hour Wolfram led her between the trees, over hill and vale. Finally he halted upon an elevation before a gigantic beech-tree, and said in a suppressed tone:

"This is the tree."

He carefully pushed aside the fern-leaves, removed a piece of bark which covered the opening, and pointed into the hollow. Then he carefully surveyed the neighborhood from the borders of the summit; no one was in sight.

"It is not yet the time for his arrival; but be assured he will not remain away to-day. He expects to receive his horse."

The maiden's heart beat violently as she saw one giant trunk after another, until the most distant seemed to inclose her like a massive wall.

"Here we part, Wolfram; return to the manor, and leave me here to meet him alone."

"How dare I leave an unarmed woman under the wild growth?" asked Wolfram, displeased.

"Yet go, faithful one; what I wish to say concerns us alone, and none other must hear it. If you wish to befriend me, return again at noon to-morrow, and ask the tree how I fare. It is my wish, Wolfram, and you will pain me if you act otherwise."

Wolfram extended his hand.

"Farewell, Walburg; I would not depart did I not know that the other will not tarry long."

He descended the knoll so long as he was

within sight of the maiden; then he threw himself upon the ground.

"Here will I wait until I perceive his form, so that one will be near her who knows the customs of the forest."

Walburg sat alone under the tree. She folded her hands, and gazed upward, but caught no glimpse of the blue sky; nothing save leaves and branches. Deepest silence reigned among the gray trunks, and the shrill cry of a bird seldom sounded from above. There was a rustling along the nearest tree; a squirrel perched upon a branch opposite, nodded its little head, and looked at her with its round eyes, while it daintily nibbled at an acorn held between its fore-paws. Walburg greeted the little animal, and addressed it:

"Well do your ear-tufts and proud tail become you; be friendly to me, Red-hair, for I have no evil intentions regarding you, and if I could assist you in storing acorns and beech-nuts in your pantry, I would gladly do it. Yet you are richer than I; for you live high up in the lofty tree-halls, while we children of men walk with difficulty over the roots. I am troubled with anxiety concerning one whom you can easily spy as you whisk through the tree-tops. If you see him upon his way, go before him and lead him to me."

The squirrel nodded its little head quaintly, dropped the nut, and scampered up the trunk.

"The little fellow obeys me," said Walburg, smiling. She became aware of rapid steps, heard her name pronounced, and saw the outlaw, who hastily approached, threw himself upon the moss beside her, and grasped her hand.

"Did you indeed come?" he cried; and, in the exuberance of his joy, his voice failed him. "I have always secretly hoped again to see you, and daily have I wandered over the moss, as though bound by a spell to the tree."

Walburg lovingly stroked his cheeks and hair. "So pale your features, tangled your hair, and your body so wasted? The forest was hostile to you, you poor shadow, which avoids the sunlight; for your appearance is worn, and your eyes stare wildly upon the child of your friend!"

"It is weird and unnatural in the forest, and the solitude is terrible to the outcast," answered Ingram. "The roots grasp his foot, the branches tear his hair, and the crows on high discordantly discuss whether he will become food for them." He hastily arose. "Yet I do not know whether I should rejoice that I see you: you come from the priests, and will return to them, to bring them the glad message that you found me in wretchedness and misery."

"I was with the priests, and I come to you," replied Walburg, solemnly. "I went from the homes of the Christians for the purpose of caring for you, if I am able. I have forsaken mankind, and chosen the wild forest, if you will have me."

"Walburg!" cried the outlaw; and again threw himself upon the ground at her side. He threw his arms around her, laid his head upon her breast, and sobbed like a child.

Walburg held his head between her hands, kissed his matted locks, and soothed him in the quiet, comforting tones of a mother: "Be calm, wild one; though your fate is hard, you have one who will help you bear it. I, too, grew up near the wilderness, and near the robbers of the borders. Patient courage will save the oppressed. Seat yourself opposite me, Ingram, and let us converse considerately, as we were wont to speak at the hearth of my father."

Ingram obediently seated himself; but he held fast to her hand.

"And do not press my hand so familiarly," admonished Walburg, "for I have communications to make to you which the lips of a maiden do not love to speak."

But Ingram interrupted her. "Before you speak, hear me." He picked up a pebble from the moss, and threw it behind him. "Thus do I cast away that which separated us; and do you, too, Walburg, forget what offended you in me. Think not of the Sorb bonds, nor of the ransom by the stranger; and, I implore you, do not disturb me by harsh speech; for, now that I see you before me, and perceive your fidelity, I feel so happy that I will care little for banishment and peace. You are very dear to my heart; and now that you have come to me, I wish to think of none but you, and of the bliss of your presence."

The veil which covered one-half of the maiden's face moved. "But first see, Ingram, whom you love. We praise the wooer who first views what he would secure." She threw back the veil. A vivid scar extended across her cheek; one-half of her face was unlike the other. "This is not the Walburg whose cheek you once did stroke."

He saw the countenance before him which had frightened him when he raised his sword against the bishop. She looked searchingly at him; and, when she saw his astonishment, she again veiled the cheek, and turned away to hide her tears.

Ingram drew nearer, and gently touched the other cheek. "Let me kiss this," said he, trueheartedly. "I am alarmed; for strange does

the scar look upon your face; but I know that you received it when I was a fool, and the men and women will not honor you less because of it."

"You speak honorably, Ingram; but I fear my appearance will become wearisome to you if you compare me with others. I am a proud woman; and if I become your wife, I desire to have you alone for life and death: for that is my right. I will also tell you of what is in my heart. When I still looked like other maidens, I had hoped to call you husband; and if you do not become my lord, none other on earth shall take the place, even though one might desire it. But a short time ago I heard a voice, which urged me from within to vow myself to another Lord, the God of heaven, who himself bore the mark of wounds. They have placed half a veil over me; and whether I shall entirely veil my head, at some future time, is a question which has caused me the greatest solicitude in many an hour of anxious thought."

Ingram sprang up. "Much evil do I wish the priests; for they have turned your thoughts from me."

"No, they did not," quickly retorted Walburg. "You do not know those whom you upbraid. Be seated again, and listen quietly, for confidence shall be between us. If you stood before me, surrounded by good fortune, I would probably conceal my heart from you; and if you desired to woo me through my nearest relations, your courtship would be a tedious one, because of the scar; for I could hardly trust your constancy. But now I see that you need a friend, and that your life is in great danger; and the fear for you has become overpowering in me, and I have come to you, so that you may not become savage, among the beasts of prey, nor, if I can prevent it, die in the forest: for I know, and you know, that I belong with you in times of trouble." She removed the veil. "Henceforth you shall see me as I am. I will not conceal my face from you."

Ingram again threw himself down by her side, and embraced her. "Do not trouble yourself for my safety or happiness; I care little for either, if you do not say what I wish to hear, that you came to me because you love me."

"I will betroth myself to you," said Walburg, softly, "if you will do the same to me."

Exultingly he raised her to her feet. "Come with me where the mild sun shines, that we may speak the holy words." But when he looked into her eyes, beaming with love and tenderness, and looking so earnestly into his face, his demeanor was transformed—dread care fell upon his heart, and he turned away.

"Truly," he cried, "I am worthy to dwell with the wolves since I wish to expose the daughter of my dead host and friend to the horrors of the wilderness. I have forgotten who I am. Now I see around me gray wood and rank weeds, and hear above me the cry of the eagle! I have ill conducted my own life, but I am not a mean man, and do not wish to abuse the fidelity of a woman to her own destruction. Go, Walburg; what I felt was but a happy dream!"

He leaned against a tree, and groaned. Walburg held fast to his arm.

"I am standing unharmed at your side, and rely upon the mighty protection of Him whom we call Father, and upon the spear and sword of my hero, to whom I firmly hold."

"I was a warrior; now I am an abandoned shadow. It is hard, Walburg, to avoid fire and smoke; still harder to flee from the sight of every traveler, or to expect a combat without enmity and wrath only because the other strikes at the outlaw as at a mad dog. But it is harder than bodily want and murder in the dark recesses of the forest, cowardly to hide one's head, and to live a life without fame, like the vermin, under the trees. Such idleness is insupportable, and the only help will be a speedy end in a sword-fight. Go, Walburg, and if you wish to show me your love, tell one who was once my man, to lead to me a bridled horse, that I may seek my last revenge."

He cast himself to the ground, and buried his face in the luxuriant moss.

Walburg felt a deep anxiety for the prostrate one; but she forced herself to speak courageously. Sitting at his side, she smoothed his tangled locks.

"You act as though there were none in the country to care for your welfare. Many who have been deprived of peace have again recovered it after the resentment had passed away. It grieved many that sentence was passed upon you. Lord Winfried himself pleaded with the count in your behalf."

"Do not tell me that for comfort," interrupted Ingram, angrily; "such suits are repulsive to me, and hated every favor of the priest. From the first day on which I saw him, he desired to guide and direct me like a servant; he desires cunningly to use you and me to serve his purposes. When I heard of my sentence, I thought better of him than ever before, although I hated him; for I thought he had at least the manliness to revenge himself upon his enemies. But his compassion is the most insupportable of all, for I want him to hate me."

Walburg sighed. "How can you reproach

him? He practices only that which his faith commands: to do good to his enemies."

"Perhaps you too, Christian maiden, come to me to do good according to your faith, and inwardly you despise me!"

Walburg gently tapped upon his head.

"Your head is hard, and your thoughts unjust," and she again kissed his brow. "It is not the bishop alone who is well-disposed toward you: the new Frankish count expressed his regrets to Bruno; he lauded your sword, and lamented your absence in the next sword expedition against the Slaves. For, listen, hero of the Thuringians, it is said that, after the harvest this Fall, an army will be ordered to move against the Wends."

Ingram started up. "Ha! that is good news, Walburg, even though they have excluded me, unfortunate one."

"Hear still more," continued Walburg; "the great Prince of the Franks, as they say, has himself taken the field against the Saxons, and every-where the heroes are preparing for a new strife."

"You will drive me mad! Do you think that I can live separated from my companions in arms when they are gaining honor?"

"I am thinking that you must be in their ranks, and am here for that purpose—"

Ingram looked upon her in astonishment; but a ray of hope fell upon his soul, and he asked:

"How can you aid me to this?"

"I do not yet know," replied Walburg, courageously; "but I hope good things for you. I shall go to the count, and if he is not able, to the Frankish prince himself, in the foreign country, and I shall plead with our own country people. I will go from court to court, and beg for you; they may now favor me because they need your sword."

"You faithful maiden!" cried Ingram, transported.

"And yet you would prevent me from helping you, foolish man," admonished Walburg, softly; "for you decline to accept my vow. How can a maiden speak for you before the strangers if she is not betrothed to you?"

Ingram raised his hand, and cried:

"If I live and ever again wander light-hearted across the meadow, I will attempt to thank your kind intentions."

"Now you speak as I love to hear you," said Walburg, joyfully, "and, as my future husband, I shall now deliberate with you as to how we can secure better fortune for ourselves. Keep me with you here in the forest, or wherever else you please, so long as I am a comfort to you;

and when you think it advisable, send me into the country to care for your affairs as your future housewife. The people will believe me if I tell them that I come as your bride, and it will do Ravencourt good to have a mistress to keep order. Your servants have run away, and need not return; for I alone wish to be mistress in the house."

Ingram nodded assentingly, and she went on. "I perceive, too, that the cattle need attention, and I will procure a maid-servant for you—upon this I will consult with Bruno, who is a discreet man. I will also hear his advice how to recover your station for you; this you can not do without incurring a heavy penalty, and this you must pay, even though it cost you a portion of your estate, either from near your manor, or the inheritance from your loved mother, in the valley." Ingram sighed. "It was a heavy sentence which they called out against you, that you should have place where you would be seen and heard by no one; but they may place a mild interpretation upon the harsh words. Nor will the Christians look for you until you again become visible among the people, even though you should tarry in Ravencourt, or in the desolate home of my loved father, to which I would gladly return. These are my thoughts; now tell me yours."

"My thought," cried Ingram, "is, that I will have a good wife, if fate will again allow me to dwell in the light, and a housekeeper who more ably cares for the right than her lord."

"How we shall get out of our difficulties, God alone knows; but I trust in him and thank him that I have found you in the forest, and learned the disposition of your heart."

She bowed her head, and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Ingram sat quietly by her side and listened to the petitions which she murmured. Afterward, when she sat beside him with hands folded, and a smile upon her lips, he gently touched her arm and said, pleadingly:

"Come, Walburg, let me lead you from the shadows into the sunlight."

Walburg turned to him. "Does the scar make me very ugly?"

"I no longer see it," replied Ingram, honestly.

Walburg sighed. "Perhaps you will become accustomed to it. But tarry awhile, my hero; as you now are the sun must not see you. He does not love to shine through rents in the garments, and your tangled hair ill becomes a bridegroom. Take off your jacket, and meanwhile visit a spring and adorn your head as is fitting." She opened her basket and took out needle and thread. "I have brought all sorts of things which can not be found under the

trees, but are necessary if one wishes to please others."

She hurried him away, and busily mended the rents in the brown woolen cloth. When he again ascended to her, she broke off the last thread, and assisted him to don the jacket and brush off the moss.

"There! now you please me; you stand under the trees completely transformed; and now, Ingram, I am ready to follow you wherever you lead." She gathered up her materials, and when he attempted to take the basket, she restrained him. "That does not become a warrior; you must only carry me when strength deserts me. Give me your hand for support."

Thus they silently walked side by side over the mossy ground to the top of a large rock which reared its head between the trees. The trunk which had once stood upon it, had fallen, and in its place waving grasses, meadow roses, and tiny bluebells bloomed in the sunlight. She pressed his arm and sought to conceal her emotion with a smile.

"Hold, Ingram, and hear the last! I will become your bride at this hour; but the daughter of your friend will only become your wedded wife when my uncle asks the marriage question in the circle of our relations; for we must honor the customs, even though we are alone. Till then a knife, which you once gave me, lies between us." She placed her hand in her garment and drew forth the keen blade she had drawn against herself in the hall of Ratiz. "Think of the knife, Ingram, when you do not see my cheek."

"Evil is the knife!" cried Ingram, displeased.

"It is a faithful monitor," said Walburg, and beseechingly grasped his hand. "It shall admonish you that you may honor your wife during your whole life."

Ingram sighed; but at once raised his head, and said:

"You think as becomes my wife."

Both stepped into the light and spoke before the sun of heaven their names, and the words of betrothal which bound them to each other for life or death. When Ingram, according to the custom, wished to bind the woman by a token, and looked around to break off a twig to bind around her arm, she said, softly:

"I have concealed in your pocket the firm band which binds me to you."

He grasped the hard girdle of the knife which he had handed to her when in peril, and when he embraced her after the betrothal she felt how his strong frame heaved with excitement, and saw that the sun lit up a pale and sorrowful countenance. For a long time she held him

thus, and her lips moved. But the next moment she said, cheerfully:

"Sit down, Hero, while I prepare the betrothal meal; for that is an honor and privilege of the bride of which she will not suffer herself to be deprived. If we lack other guests, we will invite the little forest birds if they are ready to sing us a joyful strain from their high perches."

She gently forced him to eat of the fare which she had brought with her, and spread the dainties before him as before an invalid. She also recounted to him the journey from the Sorbs, told him of the diligence in the court of the steward, and of the wreath of wild Gertrude, until he again smiled cheerfully upon her.

The sun began his descent from the meridian, and Ingram looked upward toward the heavens.

"I perceive my lord is thinking of the departure," said Walburg, "lead your forest bride wherever you choose. So renowned a huntsman as yourself certainly has a tree-hut somewhere to which I will give a stately air."

"The lair of the wild animal concerning which you inquire is underneath the rocks," replied Ingram, seriously; "I casually found it, and none alive save myself and another knows of its existence. It is far from here, and I would lead you into it with reluctance; but it may be well if you know the refuge."

"Come!" cried Walburg, "I dread to see your eyes wander about so restlessly while I converse with you."

Again they entered under the roof of shadow upon an unbroken path, from the leafy forest into a wood of pines, over hills and valleys, through chasms and running brooks. Suddenly Ingram stopped, threw himself upon the earth, and drew Walburg with him.

"Hard by, a border path leads over the mountain," he murmured.

In the next instant Walburg heard the sound of men's voices, and saw two armed horsemen ride by, a few rods distant. When the sound of the voices and clattering hoofs had died away, and Ingram arose, he was pale as death, and the cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"They were horsemen of the count," said he, hoarsely.

Walburg gently wiped his brow with her handkerchief.

"Patience, Ingram. The day will come when they will bow low before you in greeting." But deep in her heart she felt the bitter disgrace of the outlaw.

They continued their journey in silence. Often Ingram stopped, listened attentively, and peered

anxiously about. At last they pressed downward through a dense forest of leafy trees from which towered but a few lofty trunks. As Walburg toiled down a steep declivity, densely covered with bushes, Ingram stopped.

"Here is the place. Fear not, Walburg, and trust in me."

She nodded to him and he bent aside the branches of the underbrush, and pushed aside a stone slab; before him yawned a dark opening.

"Narrow is the path which leads into the depths of the earth; here is henceforth your dwelling, Wolf's-bride."

Walburg drew back with a shudder, and made the sign of the cross.

"After you are accustomed to it, you will laugh as I do," said Ingram, assuringly, but no laugh escaped him.

"I will go ahead, and hold your hand; bend low your head, so that the rock may not wound you."

He pushed into the opening, and dragged her along. For quite a distance she felt her way down a gradual descent through the blackness of night.

"It is a terrible road leading down to the death-hell!" sighed she; but he dragged her onward.

"Now stand still here, and I will get you a light."

He let go her hand; she stood upon an uneven floor; the rocky walls at her side were gone, and, horror-stricken, she groped around her in the empty darkness. A spark glowed for an instant, the light flared up and ignited a heap of brush-wood. By the light of the lurid flame she saw around her a vaulted cave. The jagged edges of the rocks glittered like silver and red gold. Before her the floor descended obliquely to a black surface of water which covered the background of the cave. The smoke circled upward along the glittering sides of the rocky cavern until it disappeared in the gray twilight, where, through a cleft in the high roof, a pale glimmer of daylight entered. Between the gleaming rocks, the black water, and the glowing flame, Walburg sank upon her knees, and pressed her folded hands before her eyes.

"Fear not, Walburg," said Ingram, comfortingly, "even though the rock is cold and the water deep, the rocky house is a safe retreat."

"This is the dwelling of the heathen gods," murmured Walburg, trembling. "In such caverns, the people say, they slumber during the storms of Winter; and perhaps they abide here now in order to conceal themselves from the Christian God, and it was wrong for you and me to penetrate into their night."

Ingram cast an uneasy glance around him, but shook his head.

"If they dwell here, I have not yet found them, though, like yourself, I trembled when I first entered the place. And again, at other times I have lain here beside the flaming fire, and in the blackest darkness, and, in my ravings, I have called upon all the holy gods to come and help me. But, Walburg," he whispered, "none heard me. I thought the rocky hall belonged to the goddess of men, Frija, for the wise men say that she graciously reigns in the mountains, and sometimes takes mortal men up to herself. And when I was cast out and despairing, I fancied she had granted me the favor of her cave, and, although my hair arose in terror, I called her name and invoked her, prayed and vowed myself to her service, yet she did not come. The flames glowed as now, only there was a whirl in the water, and I saw a huge water-snake moving about. In it I beheld the goddess, threw myself upon the floor, and heard the rushing of the serpent just as now."

He pointed to the water. Walburg uttered a piercing shriek, for a large serpent twisted its body about in the stream and lifted its head above the surface.

"Fly, Ingram!" implored Walburg; "I know, and it is written in the Holy Books, that such a creature meditates evil to all mankind."

"They say," replied Ingram, in an undertone, "that it brings treasures; but I have not yet found any gold here. Once the serpent came out and coiled itself among the warm embers; then I thought it certainly was the mistress of the cave. But, girl, I do not believe it any longer. For once I saw a mouse moving along near the edge of the water and the serpent darted forward and swallowed the mouse, and then lay upon the shore with swollen body."

"Do you know who the mouse was?" inquired Walburg, in terror. "Many an evil spirit wanders about in the form of a mouse."

But Ingram shook his head, and replied:

"I think it was a forest-mouse, like many others. Since then I do not greatly fear the serpent; and even though it should have great powers, they are not for evil, for we dwell together in peace. And to confide all to you, Walburg," he continued, dejectedly, "I no longer believe that the gods of men care very much for me. I did not succeed with Hilla, the white woman, when I ventured to enter her hut."

"Unhappy one!" cried Walburg; "did you go to the sorceress whom they call a witch? She offers sacrifices to the spirits of night, and

all will become wicked who have dealings with her."

"So you Christians say. Yet I will not deny that hers is a sad life, and her works are evil. For the dark work which she wished to begin for me, she demanded a living child!"

"But you refused?" cried Walburg.

"I thought of you," continued Ingram, hesitatingly, "and that I had journeyed to the Sorbs to release children, and did not return to her. Since then, I live like one whom the super-earthly beings no longer protect; for they, too, have little regard for the outlaw. I only confide in one high mistress," he continued, mysteriously, "the Woman of Fate, who hovers over the waters with her sisters; and I think it will be better if I implore her aid in the valley over which she rules."

"Do you speak of the water-woman at Idis Brook?" asked Walburg, timidly.

Ingram nodded. "Since primeval times she has been favorable to my race, and a legend gives the reason. If you wish to hear it, listen; for this is the hour in which I may confide my secret to you." He threw another bundle of fagots upon the fire, which crackled and blazed up anew, drew the frightened maiden to his side upon a mossy seat, and began with great solemnity: "Ingo was the name of the ancestor from whom I am descended. He was a hero of Thuringia, and beloved by the daughter of his chieftain, whose father had betrothed her to another; and when the hero had slain his enemy on the battle-ground, he was outlawed, and wandered about, a restless giant. Once, while riding along a little stream—they say it was Idis Brook—he saw a savage otter attacking a swan. He killed the otter, and, when seated under the ash-tree upon the height shortly afterward, the mistress of the brook arose from the form of the swan, sang over him the fortune-bringing Runic rhymes, and endowed him with a charm which would render him invisible in the presence of his enemies, and grant him victory over them. By the aid of the charm, the hero entered the castle of the chieftain by night, and bore away her whom he loved. He erected his castle above the brook of the goddess; there he dwelled in power, the inhabitants of the valley served him, and none of his enemies could conquer him. But once the little son of the hero took the charm from the chest, hung it about him, and wandered into the forest. Then the enemies of my ancestor overpowered him, and burned him and his companions with the castle. The boy alone escaped. From him I am descended."

"Do you know, Ingram, whether the gift really brought good fortune?" asked Walburg.

"How can you doubt it?" cried Ingram, displeased; "it is the secret tradition of my race, and I still preserve the charm, the heritage of my ancestors."

"Do you carry with you what comes from evil powers?" cried Walburg, in terror. "Let me see it that I may know, for this also is my right?"

"You stand under the cross," replied Ingram, "and I do not know whether you are favorable to the charm, and it to you; yet I will not conceal it from you to-day." He tore open his dress, and exhibited a little pocket of worn-out skin, which hung from his neck. "This token is as true and holy as any thing on earth. Look: you can still see that it is made of otter-skin. My father carried it at times, and my mother gave it me. When I rode out after the children, I did not place it in my clothing; and for this reason, I fear, the Sorb became my master. On my return, I bound it around me."

"And on the same evening you lost the peace!" admonished Walburg.

"I lost it," replied Ingram, gloomily. "Perhaps the charm does not preserve the peace; for my ancestor was also an outlaw when it was bestowed upon him."

Walburg thus learned, with secret horror, that the man whom she loved was under the influence of evil powers. The flames flared up, and cast a shower of red sparks about the cavern; the jagged rocks glistened again, and down in the watery depths whirled the hellish serpent.

"Who is warming his limbs here so boldly?" cried a wild voice from the entrance; "I smelled the smoke over all the mountain!"

Out of the rocky entrance shuffled a gigantic form clad in a dark dress of skins. The face was bespattered with blood, and the crimson drops trickled from his arms as the monster approached the fire. Walburg started up in terror.

"I see two. Are you mad, Wolfsfriend, to bring a wife to your home in the bowels of the earth?"

"You have chosen an evil hour, Bubbo, in which to force yourself upon our presence," retorted Ingram, vexed; "and threats ill become you when you yourself are in need of assistance; for I see that you have escaped from a severe combat."

"I slew the bear; then his mate seized me, and we rolled together from the rock. It was my good-fortune that she was under, and paid the price of the fall for me. I dragged myself with great difficulty to this place, where I hoped to meet you," replied Bubbo, and clumsily seated himself upon the moss.

"Search for his wounds, that I may bind them up," suggested Walburg, who had been given new courage by the distress of the other, and brought forth the ever-ready basket.

"Is it you, Walburg?" growled Bubbo. "My arm is broken, and my body full of gashes. Bind up the arm with bark splints, and pronounce your blessing if you can; for I fear that my brown ones will rejoice over this fall."

While Ingram drew water from the underground stream, and hurried out of the cave to get bark and moss, Walburg prepared the bandage.

"I never thought that my veil would be bound about your wounds, Bubbo," said she, pleasantly.

"It is not the first time that you bandage me," replied the forester, with as much politeness as he could command. "And if any one is to share our secret, I am glad it is you, although I think you unwise for leaving the village for these cold rocks."

When Ingram returned, Walburg, with his assistance, bound up the arm in splints, and bandaged the other wounds.

"I would be glad if you could hand me a drink," said Bubbo. "The water below there is clear and cold."

The maiden dreaded to go down to the water. She took a flask from her basket, and filled a small wooden goblet. "This is a drink Lord Winfried taught us to make; it alleviates acute pains. It will first render you careless, and then weary; and for the present that is the best for you."

"I would praise the drink of your bishop, but it vanishes, because of its scarcity, in the descent," sighed Bubbo, handing back the goblet. "But I do not deny that it is better to receive a draught from his stores than a curse."

"You know him?" inquired Walburg.

A prolonged growl was the answer. "Why should I not know him, when he commends me? For, during the last moon, when he rode with the count's horsemen over the mountains to the Frankish villages, the spearmen made the sign of the cross as they passed my hut; but he said: 'Here we will stop!'" Bubbo laughed loudly. "The horsemen stared in astonishment, and spoke to him in low tones; but he replied, 'Here lives my friend.' They hammered a long time at the door," he continued loquaciously, "although I was on the inside. When I at last opened the door, the bishop said to me: 'We will not trouble you by staying; I only wish a drink of water, and to know whether I can be of any use to you.' When we were seated alone before the hearth,

I reminded him of an old promise that he would teach me some of his skill. And he said: 'I am always prepared. What do you desire?' I replied, 'Gold; I wish to gain or find it.' He answered: 'Good; I will show it you.' And he took from his leathern bag a parchment in a wooden case, which they call a book, and opened it. I never before was so much astonished in my life, for the Runic characters written upon the white leather were of gold! They dazzled my eyes, and I was alarmed. Then he said: 'You do well to remove your cap, for the words which are written here are holy, and here is the promise extended to you.' He pointed to the passage, and explained it: 'There was once a man so poor, sickly, and despised, that no one would hold intercourse with him; and him the messengers of the celestial powers bore to the heavenly castle, and placed him upon the seat of honor; but the rich and distinguished man, who walked in purple, they thrust down into the dark realm of night.' And the bishop said: 'Mark you well, good dwellings are prepared in the heaven of the Christians for the poor, the persecuted, and outcasts, even though they be homeless persons and bear-baiters, if they repent of their sins. More difficult is the path of the rich into the heavenly halls than that of the poor. Therefore, when you have poor success with the bears, think of a better life, and come to me, so that the good fortune may be prepared for you above, which I have proclaimed to you here.' Thereupon he left. But I sat by the hearth and mused, and concluded that he had given me good advice; for I, too, wish better fortune after this life than I have enjoyed with my shaggy companions in the wintery storms. And I remembered that I saw more than one settler in the kingdom of the Franks praying before his cross in solitude for the favor of the Lord of heaven. If the Christian God will grant a seat of honor to the fateless forester, I would gladly serve him as he wishes; and this cavern, in which I now lie bruised, might yet become my dwelling."

Ingram laughed aloud. "Will you, Bubbo, pray amongst the Christians?"

"Perhaps," retorted Bubbo, defiantly. "If the Christian doctrine is so mild toward the poor and the serfs, all who carry their heads so high had best be on their guard; for the poor people must unite with the bishop, and the poor are more numerous than the rich."

"But you know how to wield a sword," cried Ingram.

"I have slain men and beasts with every weapon, when prompted by necessity; but

what good has it done me? The people glance timidly at me; I am compelled to live alone in the snows and wintery storms, and neither God nor man cares about me. He who for thirty Summers and Winters has howled with the beasts of prey in the forest wilderness cares little indeed for the gods of the heathen. I have heard gray-beards prate and minstrels sing a great deal of the hall of the gods, to which the heroes ascend; but I have never yet heard that a bear-baiter would meet with a kind greeting. You have been a companion of the wolves hardly a green Summer, and have learned to plead at the sacrificial stone, and hope for a favorable answer. But I have lurked beside the rocky cavern, out of which the horned owl flies when he shrieks his weird cry, so that the men in the valley may hide their heads and await the rushing army of the gods; and I have beaten out the brains of the screamer, and cut off his talons, without being hindered by his god. And I tell you, I fear the gods but seldom, and do not at all trust their good-will. The powers of the forest are remorseless, and hostile to mankind: they grant naught but sorrows and calamities, who ride about in the storm, and hover about the tops of the trees. All the good which I have enjoyed I secured by my own arduous exertions."

His speech was interrupted by a loud crash which shook the rocks, and caused Walburg and Ingram to start from their seats. Bubbo listened a moment, and then burst out in a loud laugh.

"A tree fell, the worm and decay had eaten its wood. Do you think it was a monition of the gods of men? Many of them fall where none hear them; and," he continued, "I fear the bear when I am unarmed, I dread the venomous serpent, and I fear the subtle nightmare when it enters my limbs and renders me powerless, and I sometimes fear the bite of the frost and the flash from the clouds. Moreover, I know that the unearthly powers wage a bitter and unceasing contest with each other. For these reasons I believe that a secret lies hidden in the golden letters of the bishop which may help me out of this forest desert, and in a short time I will know it for a certainty."

"Go to him, Bubbo," cried Walburg, "and hear his teachings."

"I know a better test," replied Bubbo, slyly. "If the Christian God is strong enough to protect his chieftain from danger, good may yet, at some future time, be done me; for this reason I unite my fate with that of the bishop. At this hour I think his enemies are marching against him. If they slay him, the Christian

God is not stronger than the others, and I will chase my brownies until another embraces me as did the one to-day. But if my guest overcomes his enemies, I will become a man of his God."

Fear oppressed the heart of the maiden; but she strove to maintain her composure, and said, as quietly as possible:

"Yours is a strange hope. How can imminent danger threaten Lord Winfried? The country is in peace, and surrounded by the horsemen of the count."

Bubbo smiled sinisterly. "Since you are wolf's children like myself, you may hear; perhaps Ratiz will fall upon him."

Ingram sprang up. "How do you know that?"

"The leaves in the forest related it to me, and the crows brought me the intelligence," replied Bubbo. "I was with Ratiz shortly after your escape; he raged among the burned huts like a mad cat. At first I met with so rude a reception that I began to care for my return; but he soon changed his manner, and offered me Frankish money if I would secretly conceal a horseman in my hut, and myself go to the Werra in order to receive a message from his envoys so soon as they returned from the Frankish lord; for they travel but slowly through the land of the Thuringians, and are everywhere detained. I did as he wished, took the runner to the hut, and rode westward to the Werra to await the envoys. With gloomy countenances, these latter gave me a sign for the runner, and urged me to ride home. When I delivered the token to the runner, he leaped upon his horse, and rode with the speed of the wind in the direction of the Sorb brook."

"A horseman can not ride from your hut directly to the Sorb village, for the region toward the east is pathless," said Ingram.

"He rode over the race-course, you fool. Even though the high path upon the mountain is sacred to the Thuringians and forbidden to your horses, why should it be to the Sorbs? The strangers fear other gods, and they ask little concerning yours when they meditate plunder. I tell you, Ratiz will break into the valleys of the Thuringians before they lead an army against him. If he captures the bishop, he can compel the Franks to make many concessions. Perhaps, too, he knows a manor upon which he would like to avenge his burned camp. For thus the messenger threatened in my hut."

Without a word, Ingram hung his weapon about him. "When did the Sorb runner ride to the camp of Ratiz?"

"This is the fourth day," replied Bubbo, in

sleepy comfort. "Why do you grasp your spear, you fool? They have cast you out, and if you return to your home any one may slay you!"

Ingram did not reply, but beckoned Walburg to follow.

"Faithless fellow!" cried Bubbo, raising himself with an effort, "will you leave your comrade in need?"

Walburg placed the flask and her store of provisions near his couch.

"Here you can remain till we return," she cried, "and if you hope good for your future, seek to pray to the Christian God, that he may forgive you the snare which you have laid for the bishop."

GOLDEN YEAR.

LINGER, linger, O royal year!

For I grieve to see you dying;
Rest on the hill-tops—loiter near—
Wait, O Time! in your flying;
For never, in all the twice ten years
You have brought to build my twenty,
Never was one so free from tears,
So overflowing with plenty.

Filled to the brim with the purest draughts,
That I sip in fearless pleasure;
While an unseen spirit watches and laughs,
And again refills the measure.
My brightest dreams, and my fondest hopes,
The year has gathered together;
And bountifully have they come to me
From the Spring to the Autumn weather.

The rarest of flowers, subtle and sweet,
That grew in my world Ideal,
Have dropped their seeds in the soil at my feet,
And blossomed among the Real;
And Love, like a rose, still blossoms and blows,
Passion-hearted, but yet so tender;
And my path is strewn with the glories of June,
And I'm hedged about with its splendor.

Care flew over the hills one day,
And I sang as he swift retreated;
And Hope took his crown, and Joy settled down
On the throne where Care had been seated.
Contentment hedged me all round about,
And Love built his blazing fire,
And Happiness poured his treasures out,
And left me with no desire.

I have walked breast-high in a sea of bliss;
I have loved my God and my brother;
There never before was a year like this—
There never can be another.
Linger, loiter a little while,
For I grieve to see you dying;
But even in grief I can only smile,
For my heart is too light for sighing.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

A GREAT many good men in Germany are valiantly fighting the battle for social reform and progress; and among these a noted champion for the more careful and natural education of the female sex is Moritz Hoffmann. He has recently published a work resulting largely from his practical experience as an educator, which, we think, contains a good many golden grains, with, perhaps, a fair share of faulty ones, all of which we think it well to give as we find them, in the utterances of one who is receiving a large share of attention from the nation of teachers.

The author is decidedly of the number of those who think that the troublesome woman question is not to be solved by any far-fetched theories, but rather by the simplest and most natural way, which is, above all, to educate the female sex for its loftiest aim and most sacred calling—that of mother. This vocation he thinks quite as responsible as any to which men may soar; and he openly declares to all female agitators of female emancipation that whatever else they may gain, they will assuredly lose all if they leave this out of sight; and he feels that society at present is pressing forward on this false path. He unrolls a very dark picture of the systems of education as now carried out in Germany and other European lands; and tints, we hope, his paintings too deeply: for we would fain disbelieve some of his statements. A great share of this guilt he rolls upon the clerical and convent schools, which succeed in destroying the very germs of the religion which they would inculcate. The first condition for improvement in this field is a return to a genuinely religious education of woman. "The heart of woman must become great and noble through religion; the soul is what must be delicately and carefully cultured." He then proceeds to his curriculum for the elementary school, which consists in religious teaching as a basis, to which is to be added instruction in the mother-tongue, and especially the use of the purer poets, and history in biographical form. Then come domestic economy, writing, drawing, calisthenics, and music; practical needle-work in its various forms is excluded. In the higher schools for girls, these branches are to be broadened and deepened; and foreign languages and national literature to be added, while pedagogics, physiology, psychology, etc., are to be added with a view to the training of teachers. And in all these branches he would specially

aim for an æsthetic development that a double purpose might thus be pursued; namely, a high intellectual culture, while regarding the principal and higher destiny of his wards—that of becoming the mothers of the nation. At about the sixteenth year, he would confide the daughters wholly to the mother's care, which, indeed, should never have been withheld, but is now to become controlling; the period has now arrived for that culture which the home and the mother's soul alone can impart. "The mother should never cease to be the educator of her daughter, and when the school has done its duty, and the daughter has matured to the most noble aim of woman, then the mother should be able to undertake the responsible task of moral protectress. If this maternal vocation is the most sacred purpose of woman's life, then many of these perplexing questions which now agitate society are solved of themselves. The sciences and the industrial arts should have no claim on women; they have enough of labor and responsibility without these; therefore, according to our author, no gymnasias or scientific schools, no commercial schools or universities for women: these are injurious and hurtful. Of the capability of the sex for scientific culture, there is no doubt; but it does not accord with the female organism, and industrial schools for girls are only advisable where these, from their worldly circumstances, need to support themselves. Above all and every thing, the great need of the age is to make the woman a better mother. This alone will cure the evils of our society which are largely caused by the decrease of genuine maternal feeling in our women."

KAULBACH's death has cast a great gloom over foreign art. He was a peerless master of the pencil, and humanity will wait long before seeing his like again. But though his star has sunk, the forms that he created will live for coming generations. In the memory of man the remains of no mortal have been carried to the grave with so much sorrow, or followed by such a mourning multitude in the city of his labors, as were his. Surrounded by a Catholic population, he was a Protestant in heart and soul, and directed that his body be committed to the earth with no pompous, priestly ceremony. But his friends could not refrain from telling the strange story of his life to the thousands who assembled to see his mortal

remains committed to their last resting-place. He was once the little peasant boy of a Westphalian estate, wandering from house to house, and village to village, to sell his father's engravings. Then the muses kissed his brow, and he wandered to Dusseldorf, where he made the acquaintance of the great master, Cornelius, whom he finally followed to Munich, and whose place he at last filled at that high shrine of modern art. The philosophical and historical tendency of the age found a living individuality in Kaulbach, and drew him imperceptibly into the struggles of humanity, whose conflicts he ever loved to depict with his magic pencil. When Rome declared its Pope infallible, and the Syllabus placed its cramping fetters on free thought and investigation, and when the Papal executioner of heretics, the Lord of the Inquisition, was placed among the saints by the dictum of the present Pontiff, then his loyal German heart rebelled, and his pencil gave to the world his famous painting of "Arbues," which was like a dagger to the friends of darkness and superstition. With patriotic sympathy, he then followed the victorious path of the German hosts as they entered Gaul; and finally, with their blood, cemented anew the German Empire of ancient renown. And as the glorification of Christ stood over the coffin of Raffaele, so did Kaulbach's last creation, "The Archangel Michael Breaking his Path with a Flaming Sword," rise over his own coffin as a parting word of cheer and promise to his people, whom the artist believed was about to hew its way through blood and conflict to a higher life. He fell suddenly a victim to the pestilence that walketh abroad at noonday; but he had long regarded death like his compeer Holbein, with a calm and philosophic eye, and besought a call from the grim messenger ere he should sink into the weakness and infirmities of old age. His family and his nation now look with painful longing to the vacant place where lately stood one whose loss is indeed irreparable; but his pupils have taken courage and still hold aloft his banner of beauty, truth, and liberty.

THE more the life of David Livingstone is unraveled by the documents which are now in possession of the English Government, the more does it appear that he was a born missionary, although the world has rather regarded him as an explorer and geographer. All that he discovered, he evidently desired to tend to the extension of Christianity. The great object of his life was the elevation of the negro race, and the abolition of slavery. These aims he believed could be best attained by teaching and preaching the Gospel. But much more than by his preaching did he produce an influence by his character. His courage, his energy, his patience, and his never-tiring love for the negro, his self-sacrificing and spotless life, conquered the hearts of the despised race among whom he dwelt so long. One of the tribes used to call him father; they loved him as children, he cared for them as a father. And when to his deepest grief he learned that he had opened any way to the slave-dealer by his discoveries, he began a contest against

this enemy which he only relinquished with death. And in return for this fidelity and sacrifice, the people, to whose service he had consecrated his life, loved him not only till death, but even beyond. How touching is the story of the black companions who nursed and cared for him in his last hours! They built a hut in which he might die, and then preserved his corpse as best they could against corruption, that they might return it to his country and friends. Then on their shoulders for more than a thousand miles they bore his body, for nine long months, through all the vicissitudes of climate, in opposition to all superstitious prejudices, and through hostile tribes, to Zanzibar, by which means it reached an English steamer and was borne home to its last earthly resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Was there ever love like this from servants to a master? It was nearer the love of a creature to its god. The men who wended day by day their long and weary journey to Zanzibar, were liberated slaves; these England may thank that her great and good son lies in his native earth. No other African explorer could for any price have obtained such service for a day; for if there is any thing from which the negro shrinks with terror, it is association with a corpse. But Livingstone had taught his companions the spirit of the Master; and one of these, whom the missionaries had taught to read and write, during these nine long months kept a journal of their march, and has given its interesting details, with many memories of Livingstone, to the world. The very fact that, under the circumstances, the body of the explorer and missionary now lies in the heart of England, is a greater monument to his worth than an eternal couch in Westminster; for nothing but his rare nature could so deeply have impressed a superstitious race.

THOSE of us who, as school-boys, have so often declaimed that famous "Bingen on the Rhine," will soon have another reason for wishing to see that classic spot. For in the lofty forest of the Niederwald, above the bridge of Bingen, will rise, in no distant future, one of the greatest and grandest of national monuments, whose pedestal will bear this proud inscription: "To the memory of the united and victorious rising of the German people and the reconstruction of the German Empire." Of thirty-three competing plans for this great work of art, that of Schilling, of Dresden, bore off the palm. The press was unanimous in the praise of this majestic conception, which is in harmony with the dense background of the forest foliage. Besides the above inscription, the pedestal will be adorned with candelabras and figures symbolical of the Rhine and the Moselle, of war and peace, and will also contain the text of the famous "Watch on the Rhine." On this massive foundation will rise the tall column bearing the figure of the muse Germania. Rising from a throne in sudden agitation, proudly and holdly, she draws the sword with the left hand, while with the right she displays the imperial crown as a symbol of the revived power and glory of all German lands, now again melted into one. This lofty column, with its crowning figure, will adorn the summit of the

Niederwald, and overlook the Rhine in full view of all who pass through the valley.

AMONG the things of which the Chinese are beginning to learn the power in sympathy with modern civilization, is that of the "Press." All Shanghai has been in quite a turmoil because a persistent father opposed the marriage of his daughter to one who was considered beneath her in the social scale. The mother, however, favored the girl, and she was secretly married to the man she loved. This was so contrary to Chinese law, that the father induced the magistrate to seize the male offender and deal him a hundred blows with bamboo-rods on the soles of the feet—a most painful torture; after which, he was placed for twelve hours in the stocks with thumbs

and arms twisted into excruciating shapes. The girl received a hundred lashes in the face with a view to rob her of her beauty, for her head became a sightless mass and the welts indelible. The English press of the city took up the matter and pronounced it barbarism. A portion of the Chinese press followed suit, while the most influential sustained the magistrate. The war was carried on so fiercely that a transient sheet was founded to defend the sufferers, and the result was the transfer of the whole matter to the viceroy at Nanking. This official sympathized with the lovers, released them from prison, where they were meanwhile incarcerated, and deposed the magistrate for his cruelty in the premises. The press claimed the victory—the first one of the kind, it is said, in all China.

Art Notes.

BAVARIA vs. NEW YORK.

DURING the late Commencement-week of Syracuse University, Professor G. F. Comfort delivered an Inaugural Address before the College of the Fine Arts, of which he is the dean, which should be in the hands of every thoughtful citizen of the nation. In this lecture he drew a comparison between the Kingdom of Bavaria and the State of New York. Other States might be substituted in place of New York. The object of this comparison was to remove certain misconceptions, and erroneous views that seriously interfere with educational and art progress in America. These may be stated as follows:

(1.) Educational and art institutions must be the result of generations of struggle and preparation.

(2.) A monarchical or an aristocratic society is essential to the existence and greatest prosperity of these higher institutions.

(3.) In America we are dividing our forces too much, and thus frittering away our efforts, by founding too many colleges.

1. The first of these erroneous opinions was answered by instituting a careful comparison between Bavaria and New York. Bavaria has an area of 32,000 square miles, which is about two-thirds that of New York State. The population of Bavaria is 5,000,000; that of New York State 4,000,000, excluding the city of New York, which is too cosmopolitan to reckon in the comparison. The aggregate material wealth of Bavaria is probably about one-half that of New York. The average wealth of the inhabitants is probably not more than one-third that of the inhabitants of New York. With the exception of the royal family, there are probably not five persons in Bavaria who are worth \$1,000,000 apiece. There are probably twenty millionaires in New York City, and probably several others in other parts of the State who are more wealthy than the King of Bavaria. Then the military obligations, and the

severity of taxation, put Bavaria in a far less desirable financial status than New York. The speaker then described, with some degree of particularity, the wonderful buildings, and still more wonderful collections of art and literature in Bavaria, and especially in Munich, her capital, that have constituted so powerful an attraction to the traveler and the thoughtful student. The Academy of Fine Arts, rendered so famous by such professors as Cornelius, Overbeck, Müller, Pilotz, Hess, Kaulbach, and others, attracted to the capital multitudes of students from all parts of Germany. The Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery; the old and new Pinakothek, or Painting Galleries; the Odeon; the magnificent University building; the Royal Library, with its 800,000 volumes; the National Museum; the Walhalla; the "Hall of Glory;" the multitudes of churches, of immense size and matchless magnificence, illustrating every kind and style of ecclesiastical architecture, from the Christian Basilica to the present time; the opulence of statues and parks and triumphal arches,—all these wring even from the prejudiced visitor the confession that Munich is a city of art and science and literature. Yet all these magnificent results have come from the enlightened policy of Bavaria during the last two generations. In less than sixty years this has been wrought out, even under such depressing circumstances as Bavaria has felt! Thus is answered the first of the misapprehensions.

2. The second objection—namely, that an aristocratic or monarchical society was necessary to the founding of these great establishments, and that great sums of money were indispensably necessary to the promotion of art-science—was answered by an appeal to the Grecian Republics, in their highest art glory; while the intensely democratic cities of Italy, in mediæval times, vied with each other in the establishment of great universities. That rich communities

do not necessarily foster art and science, is plain from the fact that Tyre and Sidon were immensely wealthy in comparison with Greece, and still Phœnician art was utterly insignificant as compared with that of Greece. Imperial Rome, that rolled in luxury that has been scarcely paralleled in the history of the world, was not once to be compared with Athens as a city of true and original artistic character and influence. To-day it is not the rich commercial cities of Hamburg, Havre, Lyons, Marseilles, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., that are famous for art and literary centers, but rather the smaller and poorer cities, Gottingen, Bonn, Heidelberg, and Dusseldorf; while London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, etc., are important art centers, there seems to be no necessary connection between great wealth and high culture.

3. The third misapprehension—namely, that we are dividing our forces, and frittering away our energies by founding too many colleges—was answered by showing what a marked contrast exists between Bavaria and New York in the means of higher education. To have New York on a par with Bavaria would require colleges at Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Oswego, Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, Batavia, Lockport, two in Buffalo, one each in Dunkirk, Jamestown, Bath, Penn Yan, Elmira, Owego, Ithaca, Binghamton, Port Jervis, Middletown, Cooperstown, and Norwich. Besides these, there should be post-collegiate schools (strictly university) at Albany, Syracuse, and Buffalo; besides a multitude of polytechnic schools, schools of design, etc.

4. A fourth idea which the lecturer endeavored to correct was, that the cultivation of the fine arts must *succeed*, that it can not *precede*, a long and extensive development and culture of philosophical and scientific studies. The history of Bavaria is all against this theory. This subordinating of art to science is eminently an American idea; but it is equally contrary to a true system of philosophy, and to the historic development of civilization among nations.

The final conclusion reached was this: As in Munich, so in Syracuse, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Haven, etc.,—what is needed to secure the success of a great university, and especially of the fine arts, are simply these two elements; namely, abundant and timely endowments, and far-sighted, comprehensive, and efficient administration. Both these should be readily and easily at hand, and then America will rejoice in a wider and more glorious culture.

—The musical festival of the societies of Cologne is a marked event in the musical affairs of Germany. These gave their fifty-first annual festival in June. The chorus consisted of five hundred and fifty-two voices; the orchestra numbered one hundred and thirty-two pieces. Handel's "Samson," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Brahms's "Triumphal Lied," and Hiller's "Fall of Jerusalem," were among the most distinguished subjects rendered. The best

musical talent of Germany participated in this festival. Hiller's work was received with wild enthusiasm, and the artist himself was crowned with a wreath of laurels, and literally covered with roses showered upon him by the ladies of the chorus, while the general audience shouted their approval. Ferdinand Hiller is among the most deservedly popular of modern German composers.

—Foreigners are no longer indifferent to the opinion of their works entertained by Americans. Indeed, the *stars* in every department have been received by our countrymen with a real, if not always with a discriminating enthusiasm. Wagner, than whom no musician has been more foolishly flattered or roundly abused, is greatly pleased at the growing popularity of his music in America. Being now in his sixty-first year, and working still as earnestly as ever before, he can be readily excused for the delight he experiences at the heartiness with which some of his productions have been received by our citizens. He is spending the Summer at his new villa at Baireuth, and is about finishing two new operas, "The Victory," and "Percival."

—Miss Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of an English clergyman, has found herself suddenly famous as an artist. Her "Calling the Roll after an Engagement, Crimea," is one of those insensibly masterly hits that has profoundly moved the English artistic world. She thought herself fortunate to realize £100 for her original picture; but since its exhibition in the Royal Academy, its owner, a Manchester manufacturer, has been offered £600 for his bargain, and the fair artist has received £1,000 for the copyright for engraving, besides numerous commissions, including one from the queen herself. The subject is one that has touched the national heart, besides being treated in a masterly and incomparably tender manner.

—Some months since, we noticed the attempt to erect a monument to the brave heroine, Anna Duston, of Haverhill, Mass. The burning of Haverhill, in 1697, the butchery of twenty-seven of the settlers, the burning of the town, the capture of Mrs. Duston, as well as Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson, the escape of Mrs. Duston and her companions, after tomahawking their savage captors, the voting of £25 to Mrs. Duston by the General Court of Massachusetts, etc.,—these are familiar to every school-boy, and they are reckoned among the choicest bits of his stock of adventurous stories. On an island in the Merrimack, just north from Concord, has a fine granite monument been erected to commemorate this daring event of the pioneer history of Massachusetts. William Andrews, of Lowell, Mass., is the sculptor. It is pronounced a success.

—Mr. Bierstadt is spending the Summer in the White Mountains. He has just put the finishing touches to an important landscape—"View of Lake Tahoe"—taken from a point very near the intended site of the great astronomical observatory founded by Mr. Lick, of San Francisco.

—Rumor says that a committee, consisting of an equal number of Englishmen and Italians, is about to make efforts to erect a suitable monument to Lord Byron in some appropriate spot in the cemeteries of Venice.

—Mr. W. W. Story's statue of "Semiramis" is now on exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Holloway, London.

—The number of visitors to the British Museum last year was five hundred and seventy-six thousand and nineteen, a large increase over the preceding year.

—Olive Logan, in the July number of the *Galaxy*, has some capital hints on "The Voice as a Source of Income." It should be read by every ambitious aspirant to the stage or the lecturer's platform. Were its lessons and suggestions sufficiently pondered, the world would have fewer chagrined and disappointed actors and lecturers, and the public would be saved from a thousand vexations and cursings. Its statements of the trials of the lecturer, and the terribly severe discipline to which musical students in Europe are subjected, are not all exaggerated. Get it and read it.

—Cincinnati is in a fair way to become the art center of the United States. Rumor says that Mr. Probasco, to whom the city is already so deeply indebted for some of her richest ornamentation, is now abroad to carry out carefully matured plans for the establishment of a gallery of arts and sciences in the Queen City of the West. It is also said that several wealthy citizens of Cincinnati are in hearty co-operation with him in this grand enterprise. Mr. Probasco's private collection of art—one of the best in this country—will constitute a prominent feature in this gallery. Certainly our fair Western city can well afford to be proud of such a son, and should wisely co-operate to make this a magnificent success.

—The *Allany Law Journal* has the following: "When the owner of a family portrait employs an artist to make a copy, the copy during all its stages belongs to the employer, subject only to the lien of the artist for his labor. The right to make a copy inheres in the ownership, and an artist making a copy for the owner is in the same position as the owner making a copy for himself. Consequently, the copy can not be levied upon under execution as the property of the artist."

—The indebtedness of trade and business to science and art is becoming more and more widely recognized by our American millionaires. These successful business men have encouraged and patronized some of our artists in the days of their trial and struggle. Cole and Durand would have found their hearts sinking in despair but for the kindly aid of Luman Reed; Greenough's discouragements were lightened by the timely patronage of Peter Cooper; and Powers, Story, Rogers, Mosher, and others, have found encouragement in the midst of poverty and hard work from such munificent patrons as Longworth, Lawrence, Fish, and Stewart. While

Probasco is establishing a grand attractive power in an art-gallery in Cincinnati, and Lick is making the city of the Golden Gate rejoice in his princely munificence, we are glad to note that the natural political center of our nation—Washington—has found a most noble benefactor in William W. Corcoran. In this center, where must necessarily be gathered the representative talent of the nation, and where, more than elsewhere, representatives of other nations are to receive their impressions of our national life and culture, it is most fit that an institution should be established that would arrest, to an extent, the intensely practical and material thought of our legislators, and direct it to other and more enduring sources of national greatness. The establishment of a gallery of the Fine Arts by Mr. Corcoran is certainly an event of wonderful interest, not to the citizens of Washington only, but to every citizen of the nation. A writer in the *International* puts the question most justly: "Art, too, has an important moral mission to fulfill in the development of our national character, and where on this continent is there greater need for a public gallery of the fine arts than at the source from which emanate the defects of which they, in part, may become the corrective? There is apparent, to every traveled person of culture, in our character as in our manners, a want of repose. We need the contemplation of ideal beauty and excellence, not of professional or business life, but of nature and its interpretation by art. The desire to enrich our homes and our public buildings with copies of the masters, or pictures by our native artists, is not, as Margaret Fuller conjectures, one of our modes of imitating older nations; 'but it springs,' to use her wiser suggestion, 'from a need of balancing the bustle and care of daily life by the unfolding of our calmer and higher nature.' In view of this holy mission of art we may well feel proud and grateful that Washington has found in Mr. Corcoran so magnificent a patron of art, and that his generous spirit has prompted him to make it over to the public for the public good. Much of the accumulations of a long and successful business life will go in this direction; and all thoughtful citizens must say, Amen."

—Mr. Theodore Thomas, who has shown that an honest man may succeed even when charlatans have achieved an apparent success, makes the agreeable announcement of a series of concerts at the Central Park Gardens, for children. We should like to see the experiment well tried, and it would be safe in such hands. We should like to hear Haydn's "Children Symphony" given before such an audience, or Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," or some of Schumann's "Kinderscenen." We do not believe it would be necessary, or indeed best, to select only such music as was written for children; we have had enough of that principle in literature: but it certainly would be possible for one of wide acquaintance with musical composition, to select instrumental pieces which would give exceeding delight. We suspect, however, that the children would give more frank expression to their likes and dislikes than older people.

Current History.

JUNE 8th, An insurrection at Fez, Morocco, upon its first outbreak, promised to assume alarming proportions; but the sultan's troops speedily arrived, and opened a heavy cannonade on the town, keeping it up several hours. Many houses and stores were burned. The troops afterward entered and sacked a portion of the town. Ninety of the inhabitants were killed. The loss of the troops was trifling. The insurgents gave up the fight and submitted, and the sultan has granted them amnesty.—19th, A wagon-road from Coulterville was opened into the Yosemite valley.—22d, The Porte prohibited the circulation of copies of the Bible in Turkey.—23d, The Brazilian cable was successfully laid, and London was brought into telegraphic communication with Brazil.—23d, An appalling catastrophe occurred at Syracuse, N. Y. A strawberry festival was being held at the parlors of the Central Baptist Church, when, without any premonition, the floor gave way, precipitating a room full of people into the story below. The parlor was on the second floor, and the room below it was also full. It was with great difficulty that the dead and wounded were extricated from the debris. Fourteen were found to have been killed outright, and about seventy others were more or less injured. Six of the wounded afterward died.—24th, Advices were received that the relations between Turkey and Persia are not friendly. It appears that the Persian Government has refused to compel a return to Turkish territory of a tribe numbering two thousand families, which has been subject to the Porte, but escaped across the Persian frontier, and that a number of Turks have been seized and maltreated by a band of Persian pilgrims. The Turkish Government threatens to force Persia to give up the persons who have abused its subjects, and to surrender the revolting tribe.—23d, The national currency bill, passed by Congress, received the signature of the President. Its chief features are, that it fixes the maximum legal-tender circulation at \$382,000,000; the old reserve of \$44,000,000 is abolished, and \$55,000,000 of national bank circulation is ordered to be taken from the East and given to Western States not having their proportion; however, not more than \$30,000,000 of this circulation can be transferred in one year. At present there are in all \$738,000,000 of paper money afloat in the United States.—25th, The Maine Universalist Convention, by a decisive majority, recognized the eligibility of women to the Christian ministry in an amendment to the by-laws, which forbids the Committee on Ordination to make any discrimination against candidates on account of sex.—A bill, introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury into the House of Lords, having as its object the better regulation of public worship, was passed on the night of the 25th. The bill reorgan-

izes the present cumbersome ecclesiastical courts, so as to enable them to take speedy cognizance of new ceremonies. It is considered as a powerful blow at ritualism, and is said to have been prepared at the instigation of the queen.—27th, The Czar of Russia sentenced his nephew, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who stole his mother's diamonds, to banishment for life to Caucasus, and deprived him of the cross of St. George, bestowed for achievements in the Khiva campaign.—28th, General Concha, commanding the Spanish Republican army, stormed and took possession of Abarzuza in the midst of a fearful tornado. He then marched on Estella, but found the Carlists massed at Muro, behind intrenchments. A general charge was ordered. General Concha placed himself at the head of the troops, taking his position in the center of the first line. While advancing rapidly with the entire line he received a ball in the chest, fell from his horse, and died almost the instant he touched the ground. General Echaque then took command, and ordered the army to retreat to Laraga and Tafalla. Madrid reports six the losses in killed and wounded, on the side of the national troops, at fifteen hundred; the Carlists, however, declare it to be four thousand. Among reports current, concerning the death of General Concha, one is, that he was killed at the instigation of Serrano, because he was an Alphonist. Another is, that by the death of Concha the influence of Germany is increased, which is unfavorable to the restoration of a dynasty attached to the Pope. The first is hardly possible; but should it prove true, it will serve only as another sad commentary on the infidelity of the Spanish character.—29th, The Russian papers received report very destructive fires at Berditchev, in Volhynia, inhabited mostly by Jews. One day six hundred houses were burned, and next day nearly as many more were destroyed. The two succeeding days the town was again visited by fires, and the whole streets were laid in ashes. Thousands of persons are homeless.

—The clergy cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually; the criminals, \$40,000,000; the lawyers, \$70,000,000; rum, \$200,000,000.

—A Roman aqueduct was lately laid bare in the excavations for the railway works from Payerne to Friburg, Switzerland. The aqueduct, which is built of cement and is in perfect preservation, served to supply the old Aventicum (Avenches) with water from the small lake of Leedorf, in the canton of Friburg. A discovery of Roman remains, among which was a coin dating from the year 18 B. C., and another, very well preserved, from the time of Constantine the Great, was made at Soleure, in a house undergoing alterations.

—Two curious manuscripts have recently been added to the library of the British Museum. One is a portion of a treatise by King Edward VI, on the "Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ," written in French, in the king's own hand, with corrections by his tutors; the other, brought from the Pekin Summer palace, is an account of the Chinese conquest of Nepal in A. D. 1790, written in verse by the Emperor of China, the text being embroidered in red silk on a blue ground by the ladies of the imperial family, and bound in quaintly covered wooden covers.

—A Roman correspondent of the *Boston Pilot* writes that in Naples the Church of San Martino, one of the richest churches in the world in respect to marbles, statues, mosaics, and paintings, has become a museum. In Perugia, one church is turned into a picture-gallery, the altar torn up, and pictures from convents and monasteries and churches hung around the walls; another, in this same city, is used as a hay-loft. In Foligno, the grand old Church of the Dominicans, with its Gothic wheel windows, is turned into a stable for cavalry horses.

—The famous Iron Gates on the Danube are on the point of being destroyed. Our readers are probably aware that they are nothing but a reef of rocks which impede the navigation of the river, near Orsova, in Transylvania. These gates have given their name in history to several battles, and among them that of 1422, in which Hunyad, at the head of eighteen thousand Hungarians, put to complete rout an army of eighty thousand Turks. Under the Romans they bore the name of Pons Augusti (Bridge of Augustus), and in the Middle Ages they were called Porte Vaczil.

—The Bedford statue of John Bunyan is of bronze, ten feet high, and weighs three and a half tons. The pedestal, of gray granite, weighs nearly four and a half tons, and has large bronze moldings in *alto rilievo*; that on the front representing the final conflict of Christian with Apollyon, that on the left the meeting of Christian and Evangelist, and that on the right his release from sin at the foot of the cross, and interview with angels. The designs are from suggestions of Dean Stanley, who is expected to be present at the unveiling.

—In a balloon ascent, recently made for scientific purposes by Messrs. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel, the authors ascended to a height of about twenty-two thousand feet, experiencing a temperature at that elevation of -7.6° Fahrenheit. Spectroscopic and physiological observations were particularly attended to. It was noted that of the two obscure bands on the right and left hand of the double line D in the solar spectrum, the right-hand band disappeared at an elevation of about sixteen thousand feet, while the left-hand band vanished at about twenty-one thousand feet, thus confirming Jansen's opinion that these bands are of terrestrial origin. The observers carried with them cans of condensed oxygen, and found some relief from the effect of the rarefaction of the air by breathing that gas.

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—M. Burnouf, the director of the French school at Athens, is making progress with his excavations on the north-east side of the Acropolis, and reports the finding of a part of a statue resembling the Venus of Milo, and said to be of the best period.

—George Smith has returned to London from his second Assyrian expedition. He arrived in England on Tuesday morning, June 9th, in excellent health, having surmounted all kinds of difficulties in the course of his excavations and journeyings, and brings home a very large collection of new cuneiform tablets and fragments, as well as a great many very interesting objects of Assyrian art, including the entire lintel, in sculptured stone, of one of the ancient palace gateways.

—A lecture was given recently in the Colosseum at Rome, by Professor Fabio Gori, of Turin, in which he attempted to show that there were positively no historical grounds whatever for the long-cherished idea that the arena had ever been the appointed place for the martyrdom of the early Christians. In his opinion, there was not a shadow of authority for this assumption, although the Circus Maximus, and other large areas appropriated to public games and civic commemorations of various kinds, were no doubt occasionally made the scene of such martyrdom.

—The Turkish Government is pursuing researches at the site of Dr. Schliemann's ancient Troy. The large slabs on the road which were discovered at Hissarlik at a depth of thirty feet, have been removed, and below that pavement a much more ancient pavement, of large chalk-stone slabs, has been brought to light. While the stratum which Dr. Schliemann and other Homeric scholars assign to Priam and his family extends only from twenty-three feet to thirty-two feet below the surface, these new excavations reach from thirty feet to fifty-three feet. Those who believe that there must be some kind of historical foundation for all mythological and epic poetry, says the *London Times*, will have to assign this new stratum to Laomedon, Priam's father, whose Ilion was destroyed by Hercules, "with only six ships and fewer men."

—The great library of the late Sir Thomas Philipps, Baronet, at Thirlstane House, Cheltenham, England, is nearly as well known as any of the great public libraries of Europe. It has been entailed upon the younger daughter of the late baronet, Mrs. Katherine S. Fenwick, and will continue open to be consulted by the public. The sum left for its maintenance being inadequate therefor, the trustees of the library have decided to make a charge hereafter for a copy of any manuscript for which application may be made. Nearly a million dollars, it is estimated, was expended by the late baronet in this collection of books and manuscripts—the most extensive ever gathered in private hands. Americans, of historical, genealogical, or heraldic tastes, touring in England, find a rich treat on visiting this extraordinary library.

Note, Query, Anecdote, and Anecdote.

THE TROUBADOURS.—In a new edition of his "Romances of the Round Table, and Tales of the Ancient Bretons," M. De Villemarque endeavors to prove that the famous legends of the Knights of the Round Table, as sung by the Troubadours of Provence, were not composed by them, but were really a modern version of the legendary remains of a period far anterior to theirs, whose traditions and symbols the Troubadour interprets and comments on without comprehending, according to the ephemerist method, and giving to them a material and positive rendering of his own. He regards these songs as having undergone, in the hands of the Troubadours and Minnesingers, a transformation analogous to that which the fables of the East underwent at the hands of the Greeks, and the antique legends of Persia at the hands of the Mussulman poets. The learned author regards these legendary poems as offering the latest form of one of the most curious epic and mythologic cycles of the Indo-European period; and endeavors to ascertain the form under which these ancient lays were first given to the world, and to separate their original elements from the additions and modifications which he conceives them to have subsequently received at the hands of the Troubadours.

CHIMNEYS.—In 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England; one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor ditto, one in the great hall of a castle, or lord's house; but in other houses they had nothing but what was called "Rere Desse," where their food was dressed, and where they dined, the smoke finding its way out as best it could. In King Henry VIII's time, the University of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that after the stewards had supped, which took place at eight o'clock, they went again to their studies till nine, and then, in the Winter, having no fire, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour to get heat in their feet before they went to bed.

"THE STYLE IS THE MAN."—The famous saw, "The style makes the man," is generally quoted as one of Buffon's. But it appears that the words thus attributed to Buffon are not Buffon's at all, but a perversion of one of his phrases which occurs in his "Dissertation sur le Style." His words are, "Le style est de l'homme," and not "Le style, c'est l'homme." This is pointed out in a communication to *Notes and Queries*, October 16, 1858, which concludes as follows: "This phrase, *Le style, c'est l'homme*, is but a clap-trap French perversion of Buffon's simple antithesis. After stating that 'la quantité des connaissances, la singularité des faits, la nouveauté même des découvertes ne sont pas de sûrs garants de l'immortalité,' etc., he says, 'ces choses sont hors de l'homme'—that is, 'are already made for the writer'—'Le style

est de l'homme'—style is the writer's own fashioning. In fact, he merely draws the distinction between materials and their treatment by the writer. The mistake was pointed out long ago in the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* (Didot), article Buffon, vii, 739 *in notis*, where a long extract will be found."

MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—It was only in 1720 that mahogany was first employed in England for cabinet furniture. Its origin is thus related: "Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, having had some planks of this wood given to his brother, a West India captain, who had brought them in his vessel as ballast, wished to use them for a house he was building; but the carpenters complained that the wood was too hard. It was therefore laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and the doctor called in his cabinet-maker to make him one of this wood, then lying in his garden. He also declared that it was too hard. The doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was completed and approved, inasmuch that the doctor insisted upon having a bureau made of the same wood, and when finished, the fine color, the polish, etc., were so striking, that he invited his friends to come and see it. Among them was the Duchess of Buckingham, who was so pleased that she had a bureau from the same wood, which speedily became fashionable among the higher classes, and has ever since remained so."

MASSACHUSETTS NOMENCLATURE.—Hutchinson, in the "History of Massachusetts," says that "the first three that were baptized in a Boston church were Joy, Recompense, and Pity." These belong to a class of names which were once popular in New England, though less common in Connecticut than in the Massachusetts colony. Some of these names were admonitory,—*"Submit," "Take-heed," "Hold-fast," "Wait-still," "Mind-well," "Yet-once,"* etc. Some expressed the joy and gratitude of parents, or acknowledged a special mercy; as, *Thankful, Comfort, Recompense, Experience, Deliverance, Free-born,* etc. Some were borrowed from the graces, not the Pagan Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, but the Christian Faith, Hope, Charity, Love, Grace, Mercy, and Peace; Temperance, Prudence, Silence, Obedience, Desire. Occasionally the name commemorated an event of personal or colonial history. John Cotton's son, born on shipboard on the voyage to New England, was baptized "Seaborn." Richard Davenport, of Salem, named a daughter, born in the year in which his friend, John Endicott, cut the red cross from the British flag, "True-cross." Roger Clapp, of Dorchester, who came over in 1730, named his first three children Samuel, William, and Elizabeth; his next, a daughter, was called "Experience"

(probably in memory of a passage in his religious life, of which he makes mention in his "Memoirs"); then came in order Wait-still, Preserved (a second), Experience, Hope-still, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Thomas, Unite, and Supply, and the last name was not inappropriate to the fourteenth child in a family.

Several of these names were transmitted the descendants. The Rev. William Adams, of Dedham, noted in his diary that his son Eliphalet (afterward minister of New London) was "so named from the Lord's special preservation and deliverance of him and his mother from the danger they were both in at his birth"—the Hebrew name signifying "The Lord is deliverance." In the Autumn of 1679, the colonies abounded in thanksgiving for the discovery of the pretended "Popish Plot." Ebenezer and Jedediah Strong, of Northampton, each named a son born in that year, "Preserved," and their brother Thomas called his son "Selah." Preserved Fish, son of Thomas, of Portsmouth, R. I., born in 1679, has had namesakes in, I believe, every succeeding generation.—*New York Independent*.

ALLITERATION EXTRAORDINARY.—Some English knight of the goose-quill writes the following, which he prefatorily describes as "Alphabetical Assertions, Briefly Collected, Describing Elegant Flirtations, Generally Happening In Joking, Kissing, Larking, Merrymaking, Nutting (Opportunity Producing Queer Rumpusses), Small Talk Under Volk's Windows, 'Xciting Youthful Zeal,' etc.:

"Arthur Ask'd Amy's Affection,
Bet, Being Benjamin's Bride,
Cicily Cut Charles's Connection,
Deborah Dicky Denied.
Eleanor's Eye, Efficacious;
Frederick's Fatality Feels;
Giles Gained Georgiana—Good Gracious!
Harry Hates Helen's High Heels.
Isaac Is Isabel's Idol,
Jenny Jeers Jonathan Jones;
Katharine Knows Knock-Kneed Kit Kriedal,
Loves Leering Lucy Long-bones.
Mary Meets Mortifications,
Nicholas Nancy Neglects,
Oliver's Odd Observations
Prove Peter Poor Patty Protects!
Quaker Quintilian's Queer Quibbles
Red Rachel's Reasons Resist:
Soft Simon's Sympathy Scribbles
Tales To Tall Tabitha Twist.
Urs'la Unthinking, Undoing
Volatile Valentine's Vest,
William's Wild Wicked-er Wooing
'Xceeds Youthful Zelica's Zest."

A BILLION.—A billion—which, according to the English numeration, is a million times a million—is quickly written, and quicker pronounced. But no one is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200: then an hour will produce 12,000; a day 588,000; and a year of 365 days (for every four years you may rest from one day counting during leap-year), 150,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, and continued to do so to the present time; still he would not have counted near enough; for to count a billion

he would require 9,512 years, 34 days, 6 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now supposing we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes.

EARLY NEWSPAPER PRESS IN AMERICA.—The first press was established at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was supported and obtained by contributions from England and Holland, and it was forty years before any other was established. Stephen Day then introduced one for printing Indian Bibles; he kept a strict watch on his printer, and held him in bonds not to copy the work. This is supposed to have been the origin of the copyright act. Day, however, got into trouble by making love to a young Puritan lady without her parents' consent, which was a punishable crime in those days. He had, in addition, left a wife in England, so he was fined five pounds, and ordered to go home to his first love.

The first paper published in the country was the *Boston News Letter*, in 1704, which contained the queen's speech and an account of the doings of Prince Charles, the Pretender. It was printed on a half-sheet of foolscap. The first paper in New York was the *New York Gazette*, established by William Bradford in 1725. The news which it contained from England was generally five months old, and that from Washington from seven to ten days. Among its curiosities was a slave advertisement, and another which shows that our ancestors were adepts in the art of puffing; it reads thus: "Whereas the wife of Peter Smith has left his bed and board, he begs to caution persons against trusting her, as he will pay no debts of hers. N. B. Best garden-seeds sold by Peter Smith, at the sign of the Golden Hammer."

In 1734, the first libel suit was commenced and the first newspaper war. In those days the tyranny of the star-chamber and Archbishop Laud was surpassed by the illiberality of our American forefathers.

HOW ARABS PRESERVE THE TEETH.—The *British Medical Journal* explains how it is that the Arabs have such beautiful teeth. It is said that they use coffee, prepared without milk or sugar—a diet that is free from the acids in that beverage as we use it. As a general rule, they avoid all acid diets. They rinse the mouth always at each of their four or five daily ablutions, filtering the water slowly between the teeth. They never take their food and drink at more than "very moderate heat." This protects the enamel, the conservative envelope of the teeth. To increase the whiteness of the teeth, of which they are proud, they chew once a week a piece of an indigenous root called *souda*. When partly softened, they withdraw it, and rub the teeth with this.

SHAKESPEARE AND VOLTAIRE.—The following epigram from the German will illustrate the difference in their styles, and is too good and true to be lost:

"Shakespeare and Voltaire; the former
Is what the latter *appears*;
'I weep,' says Master Aronet;
But Shakespeare sheds the tears."

Scientific.

LONGEVITY OF MAN.—The great physiologist, Flourin, concluded that the natural extreme age of man is one hundred years; and his conclusions have been adopted by Faraday, and all other philosophers and physiologists. The duration of life is measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses are united, the body grows no more, and it is at twenty years that this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man being twenty years in growing lives five times twenty years, that is to say, one hundred years; the camel is eight years in growing, lives five times eight years, that is, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives, every-where, from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given man a century of life; but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passion, and permits vexation to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not always die from age, but kills himself. Professor Flourin divides human life into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences.

AUSTRALIAN FLORA.—The *Brisbane Courier* publishes the official telegram from Mr. Walter Hill, the Government botanist, dated from Cardwell, and received by the Queensland Secretary for Lands:

"We have examined the Mulgrave, Russell, Mossman, Daintree, and Hull Rivers, and have been more or less successful in finding suitable lands for sugar and other tropical and semi-tropical productions. The ascent of the summit of Bellenden Kerr was successfully made by Johnstone, Hill, and eight troopers. At two thousand five hundred feet in height, we observed an undescribed tree with crimson flowers, which excels the *Poinciana regia*, *Colvillia racemosa*, *Lagerstromia regia*, and *Jacaranda mimosifolia*; at two thousand four hundred feet, a tree-fern which will excel in grandeur all others of the arboreal class; a palm-tree at the same height which will rival any of the British-Indian species in gracefulness. On the banks of the Daintree we saw a palm-cocoa which far exceeds the unique specimens in the garden of the same genera from Brazil, in grandeur and gracefulness. While cutting a given line on the banks of the river Johnstone, for examining the land, an enormous fig-tree stood in the way, far exceeding in stoutness and grandeur the famous giants

of California and Victoria. Three feet from the ground it measured one hundred and fifty feet in circumference; at fifty-five feet where it sent forth giant branches, the stem was nearly eighty feet in circumference."

COMETS.—A paper was read before the Hackney (England) Scientific Association recently by Mr. J. A. Reeves, advancing an entirely new theory with regard to comets; and by the use of diagrams he showed that the part of the comet termed the tail, being always in a direction *from* the sun, and therefore as often in advance as behind the nucleus, is not really a tail. That, as comets are transparent, and all matter is known to be either solid, liquid, or gaseous, comets must be the latter, for solids and liquids are opaque. That the only known power by which this gaseous matter can be held together is gravity, which must necessarily have a center, and every part of the body, being free to move, resolves itself into a sphere, the center of which is in many cases exceedingly dense, gradually attenuating toward the circumference. That the rays of the sun are refracted in their passage through the spherical comet, thus illuminating the portion beyond the center or nucleus, which illumination forms the tail. He then explains how all the various and peculiar phenomena of comets, such as their shapes, colors, horns, nuclei, etc., arise; and entirely in accordance with the universal laws of nature.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING PAPER PULP.—Mr. Keegan's new process for the manufacture of paper pulp from wood consists mainly in separating the ligneous fibers by means of an alkali. Soft wood—as, for instance, pine—is first cut into little tablets, from six to twelve inches long, and half an inch thick. Uniformity of size is desirable, as insuring uniform rapidity of action upon the different pieces. These tablets are placed in a cylindrical vessel mounted on a horizontal axis, which revolves slowly during the operation. A solution of caustic soda of about twenty degrees is next admitted to the wood; the vessel is hermetically sealed, and then by means of a powerful pump, the liquid is completely injected into every pore. A pressure of about fifty pounds to the square inch for about half an hour is sufficient for this part of the process. After the wood has become completely saturated with the caustic, the excess of the latter is pumped away, to be used over again. The vessel in which this operation has been carried on is provided with a double envelope, so that between its walls steam can be introduced. The wood is thus heated up to nearly 300° Fahrenheit for two hours, at the end of which time its fibers can be easily separated by washing. This washing is continued until the escaping wash-water is perfectly limpid. A semi-

pulp is the result of this process, and can be easily converted by ordinary means into a pulp suitable for the manufacture of paper. Bleaching may be performed either before or after this conversion, according to the color or quality of the paper to be produced. In the entire process, but little soda is really consumed, but little time is wasted, and the woody fibers are freed from all resinous substances.

PEARL-FISHING.—The Ceylon fishery is an industry full of interest, and not without its lessons of desperate endeavor and the sacrifice of life to attain wealth and adornment for others. The glistening gem, with its silken luster, its "moon of light," so beautiful when pear-shaped, or tear-shaped, or semi-translucent, that merchants have become poets in naming its varieties as "full-moons," and "half-moons," "rosebuds," "tears," and "maidens,"—is only too often obtained at the cost of pain, suffering, and too often the utter ruin of the diver's health. So serious is the business that the outset of the diver's boat in March is always preceded by solemn, religious rites on the shore, blessings on the boats, and incantations against the sea-monsters with which the diver often finds himself in close fellowship when six or eight fathoms under water. He closes his nostrils by pincers of bamboo, stops his ears with cotton, ties a net around his waist, and hangs a stone to his feet. He goes down, sweeps as many of the mollusks as he can into his net, and pulls the rope to be drawn up again. When he reaches the surface, his face is livid; he gasps, often faints; is taken ashore, and, if he can, recovers his strength by a long nap.

PLANTAINS AS FOOD.—Among the starch-producing plants extensively cultivated for food in tropical countries, and which are destined to add immensely to the food-supply of colder climates, are yams, bread-fruit, and bananas, including the variety known as plantains. The last family rivals the sago-palm in affording the maximum amount of food for the minimum amount of labor. The yield to the acre is in bulk forty-four times that of the potato, and the proportion of starch is somewhat greater. The fruit is also richer in other elements of nutriment, so that the meal prepared by drying and grinding the plantain core resembles the flour of wheat in food value. It is easily digested, and in British Guiana is largely employed as food for children and invalids. The cost of preparing the food can not be great, and the supply might be unlimited. The proportion of starch is seventeen per cent; in bread-fruit it is about the same; in yams it rises to twenty-five per cent, but is hard to extract, owing to the woody character of the roots.

INTELLIGENCE OF INSECTS.—In his work, "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," Mr. Thomas Belt gives some curious instances of insect intelligence. Thus, one day, while watching a column of foraging ants, he placed a stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, on discovering the situation of its associate, ran back in an excited manner, and communicated it to the others, when all ran to the rescue. Some bit at the stone and tried to move it,

others seized the prisoner by the legs and tugged with a force which threatened to separate them from his body. But they persevered until they got the captive free. The author next covered one of the ants with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of its antennæ projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, who set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay, soon liberated it. On another occasion, a very few ants were passing along at intervals; one of them was confined under a piece of clay with its head projecting. Several ants went by without seeing it; but at last it was discovered by a sharp-eyed friend, that at once undertook to pull it out. Failing in this, it immediately hurried off for assistance, and soon returned with a dozen or more companions, all evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and shortly set him free. The excitement and ardor with which the ants carried on their unflagging exertions for the rescue of their comrades could not have been greater if they had been human beings. The author relates two other curious instances of the use of the reasoning powers in these ants. He once saw a wide column trying to pass a crumbling, nearly perpendicular slope. As it was, they could get over but slowly, and with danger of many falling. The difficulty was overcome by a number securing a good foot-hold near enough each other to make an almost continuous line, and these remaining stationary, the main column passed over them, and thus safely reached the other side. Another time, ants were seen crossing a water-course, along a small branch not thicker than a goose-quill. They widened this natural bridge to three times its original width by a number of ants clinging to it and to each other on either side of the branch, so that the column passed over three or four abreast, whereas, without this expedient, they would have to pass over in single file, which would have taken twice the time.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.—In studying the causes of the decay of teeth, Leber and Pottenstein made various experiments to determine the action of acids on dental tissues. It was found that acids made the enamel, which is naturally transparent, white, opaque and milky, and the dentine more transparent and softer, so as to be cut with a knife. The acids which may actually effect the first changes in the production of caries or ulceration, are such as are taken with food or in medicine, or such as are formed in the mouth itself by some abnormality in the secretions, or by an acid fermentation of particles of food. But acids alone will not account for all the phenomena of caries of the teeth. They play a principal part, making the teeth porous and soft. In this state, the tissues having lost their normal consistency, fungi penetrate the minute channels both of the dentine and the enamel, and produce softening and destructive effects much more rapidly than by acids alone. The great means of preserving the teeth is to observe the most scrupulous cleanliness, and rinse the mouth with an alkaline wash.

Sideboard for the Young.

HOW TO MAKE PLAY PLEASANT.

I SAW some little girls playing parlor-croquet yesterday. All went well till one of the balls was hit, and croqueted away over the floor, making the chances of its owner's beating in the game very uncertain. Little Blanche, who was playing that ball, eyed it ruefully for an instant, and then raised her mallet and struck down the arches, and sent them and the balls all in a flying confusion across the floor. Blanche is a little girl, and a good deal can be excused to her hasty temper, for she is learning a little every day, we think, how better to govern it. But you can all very easily see that the game of croquet, which she broke up in so unexpected a way, did n't have a pleasant ending. And one of the worst things about it was that a holiday out of school was nearly spoiled by it. Blanche, who was the special cause of the mischief, was peevish and fretful all day. Dissatisfied with herself, she was impatient with every body else; and so every play that was started was spoiled in some way. If Lula wanted the dolls dressed for a party, Blanche thought they ought to be put to bed, and said that late hours were the ruin of dolls, and she could n't allow hers any such indulgence. When washing-day came, and the clothes were all ready for the little tubs, Blanche said suddenly that there was to be a picnic at Silver Spring, and the dolls must go. The rest thought this very absurd; for, of course, they could n't be got ready, and, besides, there was no time to make tarts and sandwiches; and who ever did hear of dolls going to a basket picnic without clean clothes and plenty of tarts? But Blanche insisted; and as the dolls really could n't be got ready in time, there was no help for it, especially as Lula declared that the day was quite too warm anyhow for a picnic, and she was very much afraid of sun-stroke for Jubilee, who had been a delicate doll ever since she got up from the measles so poorly; and so all the dolls together retired at once to private life, and washing-day was postponed indefinitely.

Some member of the family now suggested a school; whereupon Lula elected herself at once as teacher, and set up, besides, a very high standard of behavior on the part of her pupils. But all went smoothly till the unwise young teacher undertook to punish Blanche for her croquet misdemeanor of the forenoon. This they all thought was going quite too far; and so the school-term proved to be a very short one, and less was learned than endured by the poor pupils.

Mary now proposed, in the interests of peace, to get out the tea-things and kitchen furniture, and set up housekeeping. But Blanche would n't play unless she, the youngest of all, could be the mother, and all the older girls her "chillen," as she calls

them; for, though she is quite fit to rule a family, she has no control yet over several important letters of the alphabet. All agreed, however; the housekeeping began prosperously; and, for a while, every body ate, slept, worked, rested, and played, just when and how the little four year-old house-mother directed. But, alas! a selfish mother can't make home pleasant, and the "chillen" had far more work than play; so before a great while there were jars and disputes in the little family, that soon led to its sudden breaking up. And so that play was ended.

Then each had a house of her own, and they visited one another. But Lula asked too many questions in the houses of her friends, and Blanche talked too much about her servants, and the grand parties she gave, so that visiting soon went out of fashion, and Blanche, left alone to the society of her imaginary servants, broke up housekeeping, and went to board with her mother; Lula found relief from her loneliness in an out-of-door game of croquet with a schoolmate, and Mary comforted herself with the July number of *St. Nicholas*.

"What's been the matter with the children to-day?" asked papa, in the evening; for from his study he had heard, now and then, the murmur of the rising waves in the stormy sea of trouble.

"I think it would puzzle any body to tell," was tired mamma's answer.

Indeed, nobody could tell. I wonder if any of you young readers of the *REPOSITORY* could guess.

While you are trying, I will help you a little by saying two or three things. In the first place, whenever you begin any game, you run the risk of getting beaten. If you see that such a mischance is coming upon you, try to keep good-natured, and play as well as possible till the game is ended. Your turn of good luck will come another time; will surely come, if you always do your best, even when the game is going against you. And in every kind of play remember others as well as yourself. Do n't ask for all the best things and best places, but be willing to share with your playmates. If you had the place you wanted yesterday, be willing somebody else should have it to-day. If others yield to your wishes to-day, be ready yourself to yield to-morrow. And remember always the "Golden Rule," which I am sure you all know, and of which, if you get the meaning, and act it in your lives, you will never find it hard to make your play pleasant.

THE TOAD.

NOBODY can bear the toad, because he looks so ugly. His cousin, the frog, is quite highly esteemed. He is a slender, nimble fellow, and wears a pretty clear-green waistcoat, and is quite celebrated, too, as a weather prophet; but every body shrinks back

from the toad when one meets him. The toad was born and bred in a swamp; and, somehow, he always looks smutty and gray, like the water there. His body is broad, plump, and thick, as if swollen, especially when he is frightened or angry. His feet and legs are short, and just good for nothing in the way of springing and leaping; and he would never do, you may be sure, for a dancing-master. He can only make awkward little hops, and slip himself painfully along on the ground. He has warts, too, on his skin, which are filled with an acrid, disagreeable juice, so that no animal of prey will eat him; but, quite likely, if the toad were asked about it, he would n't find any fault on this account.

For some reason, away back in the earliest times, the toad was despised and persecuted; and, whenever you have read of witches and their doings, you have found them throwing ugly toads into their disgusting broth. Strange, is n't it? For the poor, wrinkled, brown toad is really a harmless creature; and, not only this, but is of great service to us. He is the night-watch of the vegetable garden. While he, during the day-time, has remained hidden, the sparrows and other birds have been doing police service; but, as soon as the dusk of evening comes on, the toad slips forth from his concealment, and, following the slimy track which the snails have left behind them, he seizes the greedy creatures before they have spoiled the plants; and those which he does not catch the first night, he is very likely to get on the second. The caterpillars and worms stand a poor chance with the cabbage-plants when he is about; and, after the long persecutions which he has endured, people have begun now to learn that he is as good in the garden as a cat in the cellar; and the gardeners in the vicinity of Paris, London, and other large cities, buy these despised, ugly creatures, for the very purpose of letting them run in the gardens for the protection of flowering plants and vegetables; and they are even packed in casks, and sent from place to place, even across the sea; for the toad can live for a considerable time without air, food, or water. He lies torpid all Winter, with no food or exercise. You all know what a beautiful, bright, black eye, the toad has—enough, I have sometimes thought, to redeem him from the charge of ugliness—and the next time you see him hopping awkwardly about, in the early Summer evening, in search of food, look at his sparkling eye, and forget his loose, brown skin, and clumsy movements; and remember, too, how harmless and how useful he is; of far more service, indeed, than many another animal which you may admire for its grace and beauty.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE old Greek proverb, "Know thyself," is the proverb of proverbs. But do you think you can ever know yourself by looking *into* yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking *out* of yourself. Measure your own powers with those of others; compare your own interests with those of others; try to understand what you appear to them, as well as what they appear to you; and judge of

yourselves in all things relatively and subordinatedly, not positively—starting always with a wholesome conviction of the probability that there is nothing particular about you. For instance, some of you, perhaps, think you can write poetry. Dwell on your own feelings and doings, and you will soon think yourselves Tenth Muses; but forget your own feelings, and try, instead, to understand a line or two of Chaucer or Dante, and you will soon begin to feel yourselves very foolish girls—which is much like the fact. So something which befalls you may seem a great misfortune; you meditate over its effects on you personally, and begin to think that it is a chastisement, or a warning, or a this or that or the other of profound significance; and that all the angels in heaven have left their business for a little while, that they may watch its effects on your mind. But give up this egotistic indulgence of your fancy; examine a little what misfortunes, greater a thousand-fold, are happening every second, to twenty times worthier persons, and your self-consciousness will change into pity and humility; and you will know yourself so far as to understand that "there hath nothing taken thee but what is common to man."

DRAWING WATER.

DARK as if it would not tell,
Lies the water still and cool:
Dip the bucket in the well,
Lift it from the secret pool.
Up it comes, all brown and dim,
Telling of the darkness sweet:
As it rises to the brim,
See the sun and water meet!
See the friends each other hail!
"Here you are!" exclaims the sun:
The water splashes from the pail—
Joy has made it wild with fun.
You have many a tale to tell:—
Water, while I take you home,
Tell me of the hidden well
Whence you, first of all, did come?
You have kept a little taste,
Through the distance and the strife,
Narrow veins and open waste,
Of the lovely well of life.
Could you lead me back the way?
Through the earth, the sea, the sky,
Bring me thither? Happy day!
I would drink, and never die.
Jesus sits upon the brink,
All the world's great thirst to slake,
Offering every one to drink,
Who will only come and take.
Lord of wells and waters all,
In the heart and in the meads,
Unto thee my soul doth call
For the something that it needs.
Give me water in my heart,
Flowing ever with a song,
Bathing it in every part,
Till its cleanness make it strong.

—George MacDonald.

USE what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent, if no birds sang there but those who sang best.

Contemporary Literature.

MASSACHUSETTS and Harvard College have a right to be proud, as all Americans are proud, of their three great historians, Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley. The first, having reared a stupendous monument of genius and literary toil in the production of five distinguished pictures of Spain and Spaniards in both hemispheres, has been fifteen years dead. The second is as old as the century, and merits well of his country, in approaching superannuation, for his brilliant record of his country's annals. The third is still in the field. Mr. Motley is sixty years old, and yet hopes to live long enough to add to his other works the history of the Thirty Years' War. His latest work is *The Life and Death of John Barneveld*, a work noways inferior to his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," or "History of the United Netherlands." Intensely absorbing and highly dramatic are Mr. Motley's records of the sayings and doings, the life and tragic death, of two of the greatest actors of the sixteenth century. His first hero is the great Henry IV, of whose mingled simplicity and wisdom, boyish confidences and manly utterances, vast plans and tragic death by the knife of Ravallac, we have a more vivid idea than ever from the chapters of Mr. Motley. Barneveld is a quieter picture, hardly noticeable in his citizen's dress and lack of the insignia of rank and authority, but conspicuous in Mr. Motley's characterization for his grand mind and thought and plan, the confidences of the great Bearnese, and the alternate hates and favors of England and France, and the most cordial detestation of cruel Spain. His sad fate, falling a victim in his seventy-first year to the jealousy and suspicions of Maurice, ending a life of devotion to his country by an ignominious death on the scaffold, excite our sympathy and provoke our indignation at the weakness and wickedness of human nature, and the ingratitude of States and Republics. Mr. Motley commenced life by writing romances. Through him and his magic pen we may learn how much more fascinating is history than any romance, and how entertainment may be combined with profit. For the reading of youth or adults, these two fine volumes are worth bushels of romance. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the world-renowned correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who found Livingstone, and told the world, in a pleasing volume, how he found the lamented African explorer, has now given us the "Story of two British Campaigns in Africa," *Coomassie and Magdala*, of which he was eye-witness, and in which he participated. The author has a true critic's appreciation of his own work. He says "the story of Magdala was written five years ago," and that "the story of Coomassie is

dull compared with that of Magdala." At first we wonder why the latest campaign should occupy the foremost place in the arrangement of the book; but we perceive that the author has simply studied dramatic effect, and given us the most effective scenes last. He condenses the contents of his entertaining volume in a couple of paragraphs of his Preface. "Coomassie," in West Africa, "was a town insulated by a deadly swamp, a thick, jungly forest, so dense that the sun seldom pierced the foliage; so sickly that the strongest fell victims to the malaria it cherished. Through this forest and swamp the British army marched one hundred and forty miles, leaving numbers behind sick of fever and dysentery. Five days hard fighting ended the march, and Coomassie was sacked and burned to the ground."

Magdala, in Abyssinia, was a town on the top of a mountain, ten thousand feet high, an almost impregnable stronghold, four hundred miles from the sea; a battle was fought, Magdala was taken by assault, fired, and destroyed. The Emperor Theodore committed suicide, and the European captives were released. The book is full of minute incidents of both campaigns. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WORTHY of the grand Ecumenical Council of Protestantism, the Evangelical Alliance Conference of 1873, is the full account of its proceedings, and extended record of its utterances (published by Messrs. Harpers), in the *History, Essays, Orations, and other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance*, held in New York, October 2 to 12, 1873. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., and S. Irenæus Prime, D. D. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

No better exponent could be desired of the literary activity and general education of the American people than E. Steiger's Catalogue of *The Periodical Literature of the United States of America*. It contains a descriptive list of about eight thousand magazines and papers published in this country, the compilation of which required a vast deal of time, labor, and expense. Mr. Steiger collected and bound in volumes about six thousand specimens of the American periodical press, for the International Exhibition at Vienna. This collection was regarded in Europe with amaze. It was the evidence of a growth and civilization unexampled in history, and gave a new idea of the enterprise and power of a free people. This Catalogue is minute, and the information it contains valuable.

MR. HORATIO ALGER is a successful writer of juvenile books, and, of course, as it does not take a great amount of material to make a book, writes a good many. Whole series of stories, three to six

volumes in a series. *Julius; or, The Street-boy Out West*, is the first volume of the second installment of the "Tattered Tom Series." (Published by Loring, of Boston; George E. Stevens, Cincinnati.)

POTTER'S *Cyclopædia*, parts sixteen to twenty-eight, with abundance of illustrations, has reached us. It is a good work, but would have been better if it had been restricted to Biblical topics. Like other works of the sort, it is lumbered with biographical notices of obscure moderns, and even Americans who have no special claim to notoriety.

A RARE treasure of rich reading for the pious are the books of Anna Shipton, *The Promise and the Promiser*, and *Waiting Hours*. (Published by Warren & Wyman, 13 Bible House, New York.)

CUMBERSTONE LIBRARY. *Little Boots*, by Jennie Harrison; Dodd & Mead, who also publish *Syrian Home Life*, compiled by Rev. Isaac Riley, from materials furnished by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., of Beyroot, Syria. If this volume is as interesting and instructive as Dr. Jessup's "Arab Women," it will be worth reading, and worth possessing.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE's third series of sermons, is entitled *Old Wells Dug Out*, a volume of over thirty discourses no whit inferior to their predecessors. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

NOVELS.—Charles Dickens's Household Edition, illustrated, *Barnaby Rudge*; *The Living Link*, by James DeMille, illustrated; *Taken at the Flood*, by Miss M. E. Braddon. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—*Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Fourth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, 1873. Rules and Premium List of the Fifth Exposition, 1874. Iowa Wesleyan University Catalogue, 1873-4; John Wheeler, D. D., President; students, 217. Calendar of University of Michigan, 1873-4; students, 484. Church's Musical Visitor for July. Thoughts on Missions*, by Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham, D. D., of the Holston Conference, Church South; and *Mission Work*, by Rev. Homer S. Thrall, of the Texas Conference, two valuable prize-essays, for sale at the publishing-house, Nashville, Tennessee. *Harpers' Catalogue for 1874.*

Our Letter-Bag.

SPHERES.—We live in an age when there is a great deal being said about woman's sphere; and really one would almost think nobody but women had any spheres. But I think men have their spheres too; and I also think it is time poor, patient, long-suffering woman was let alone. I can not see why it should be considered any "more monstrous" for a woman to go a few inches beyond her allotted sphere, or wander out of the beaten track (perhaps in search of some coveted pearl, or, more likely, impelled by the stern demands of duty), once in a while, or even twice in a while, than it is for a man to be everlastingly overstepping the bounds of civility and politeness—yea, and much more—for no visible reason than simply because he wears pantaloons. In order to make myself fully understood, let me make a few illustrations.

One day, last Summer, I was walking home from church, when one of the "brethren" overtook me, and, in the course of our conversation, something was said in regard to woman and her sphere, when he remarked, "A woman's place is at home, and nowhere else." Now, my "good brother" wanted me to think he was only talking at random; and I did think so at the time, fortunately for him. But since that memorable day I have been taking notes, and observe that, although he is always in his pew at church, during both morning and evening service, always at Sabbath school and prayer-meeting, his wife's at none of these places, except about once in six weeks, and then she brings the baby along. And my solemn conclusion now is, judging from what I

see, that he does believe "a woman's place is at home, and nowhere else;" and, not only that, but he lives up to his convictions, as a conscientious man should. But then he, being a Christian, of course feels like being in his place in the sanctuary on all occasions; and she, being another, feels like letting him; and I being a woman which is to say a wee bit unreasonable, although I am not sitting in judgment on his Christianity (for, as Hezekiah Bedott says, "We are all weak creatures;" and a man may be a passable Christian, and yet entertain some wretched opinions), nevertheless I feel constrained to say, I think he would be just as much in his sphere staying at home with the baby—his baby—at least every third time, if no oftener, and allowing his worthy spouse to get a taste of Gospel, instead of gulping it all down his own moral oesophagus. Perhaps, though, he thinks her soul is so diminutive, it will only require a small portion to save it; or, perhaps he thinks, as she is obliged to act as "wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, and scrub generally, doing the work of six for the sake of being supported;" and, being the "weaker vessel," it is more appropriate her spiritual food should pass to her through him in a state of semi-digestion: on the same principle that mothers sometimes chew the victuals before giving it to their offspring. But my opinion is, he do n't think much about it; and that is where the fault lies. A man's thinking may be well enough, and yet it is of no mortal use if he does not set it going.

I feel very much like telling the story of Deacon

Blakely and the tea-kettle, just to show how great men will sometimes, for a small object, not only go a few inches beyond their sphere, but jump headlong out of it. Deacon Blakely was a well-to-do farmer. He had his sheep and cows and horses, and his broad acres of farming land, and, besides all this, prided himself on being a first-class deacon. He also had a daughter Eveline, who acted as kind of maid-of-all-work in the household. 'Twas she who baked the spongy bread and luscious pies, and cooked the tempting dinners; 'twas she who scrubbed, and churned, and took care of her sick sister, and watched over her feeble mother, and, in short, bore the burden of the family cares in the very heat of the day. Well, one day the family tea-kettle sprung a monstrous leak, and was, as a matter of course, pronounced unfit for use. Deacon Blakely was informed of the fact, and requested to replace it with a new one. But his deaconship was out of tune that day, and the idea of plunging into such a piece of extravagance as the purchase of a tea-kettle was preposterous; and, I am sorry to say, he allowed himself to express his sentiments in not the gentlest manner. Now, Eveline Blakely was her father's own daughter; that is to say, she was endowed with a share of his grit, and the idea of being snubbed in that manner did not sit well on her stomach. She thought it was enough to be obliged to do the work of two or three in that household, without being asked to resort to such a species of shiftlessness as cooking three, and sometimes four meals a day, without the use of a tea-kettle. Fortunately she had a little pocket-money of her own, which most girls would have spent for a bit of ribbon or a piece of lace, or some other equally superfluous ornament, to decorate their persons with; but Eveline Blakely, not being "most girls," spent it for a tea-kettle. This was a little more than flesh and blood, in the shape of Deacon Blakely, could make up his mind to put up with. Had Eveline laid in a small stock of ornaments, the act would have been perfectly natural, and altogether commendable; but to think she had gone and bought a tea-kettle, after he had said it was not needed, was a piece of audacity not to be tolerated in his house; and so, forgetting he was Deacon Blakely, he poured such vials of wrath on her defenseless head, and hurled such abusive epithets at her as surely never escaped a deacon's lips since or before; and Eveline stood transfixed in his presence, wondering to herself what all this storming was about, now. In justice to Deacon Blakely, he intended to get a tea-kettle some time, but was probably short of loose change that day, and, his deaconship being out of tune, thought he might just as well be a little crusty as not. And then, notwithstanding he considered himself a shrewd manager of the affairs of the Church, and had the best regulated farm in the neighborhood, and would have considered using the spade in place of pitchfork an inconvenience not to be thought of by a man of thrift, how was he to know that coffee and tea made of water heated in either the wash-boiler or skillet were not just as tempting and fragrant, and easily made,

as by any other arrangement? Reader, you may draw your own moral from my simple story. I only ask the question, Was Deacon Blakely in his sphere, or out of it, at the time he was allowing his temper to gain the mastery over him for such a significant reason?

It has always been a problem, hard for me to solve, why men are apt to be so much more thoughtful and kind toward brutes that love them than they are toward women who love them; and although I have read that the reason is, because brutes can not talk, I am more inclined to think it is because brutes can not do much for them, and women can. I am a peculiar kind of person, and of course entertain some very peculiar notions; and I don't see why a man's consideration and affection for a woman should be allowed to stop the very instant the preacher pronounces him her husband; neither do I think his fatherly duties are at an end as soon as he becomes the proud papa of the new-born infant. I don't know whether they think so or not; but really some of them behave very much like it. But men are so oppressed with business cares, so worn out and bothered and perplexed with difficulties we women know nothing about, how can they be expected to be always as sweet as a sugar-plum? It is so much easier to give a great grunt than it is to say, "My dear." It is so much easier to spend their evenings at the lodge or club than it is to sit on an easy-chair at home! I have heard it said, the reason men become bald more frequently than women, is because they exercise their brain so much more, and I am rather inclined to believe there is something in it, as I observe the bald spot almost invariably makes its appearance immediately over the stubborn bump (bald-headed men, please make a note of this). Bishop Foster, in his account of his travels through Germany, says, "The women in that country do nearly all the hard work, while the men spend their time smoking;" and that he has frequently seen a cow and a woman hitched side by side to the plow, and driven by a boy. I am very much afraid some Americans are not far behind the Germans in their ideas of spheres, and that they would take a secret delight in seeing women and dumb animals placed side by side, and driven by a creature the inferior of both.

I have a very warm side toward my gentlemen friends, and yet it is difficult to avoid the natural tendency within to sometimes come out in "battle array" against a few of their thousand and one little annoying traits and petty notions, by which they are constantly overstepping their proper spheres.

JANE INGLEWOOD.

REAL OR COUNTERFEIT.—A whole volume of wisdom opened itself to my soul's eye the other morning. O, if we poor mortals would only make it practical, I am sure we should be a thousand-fold better and happier.

"O dear!" sighed Nell, with the emphasis of desperation; "I wish I was in a more amiable mood! Company coming, for whom one must do the honors

of the house, and make one's self agreeable—and here I am, all out of sorts!"

"Make believe you are in the best possible mood; the most amiable of all women in the world," suggested her husband, with a smile; "that is the way."

Sure enough, that is the way, I mused; for if she does this, acts as if she were "the most amiable of all women," will she not be so indeed, and thus the counterfeit equal the genuine—or perhaps the two be identical for once? And then I began to question whether this principle would hold true all the way through life, proving of universal application.

Nell would surely be amiable in the eyes of the world if she assumed an amiable exterior; and she could not long assume this unless she felt it in her heart, of course; and so it would come about that, by "making believe" at first, she would end by really possessing the genuine—an easy way out of the difficulty, indeed.

And I love to think that three-quarters of our worst ills may be remedied in just this simple way—remedied at least. That our inner lives, our changing moods and tempers, color the lives which the world sees, is, alas! too fully true; but it is likewise true that what we say and what we do reacts upon

our souls, till the character which was at first only counterfeit, becomes our real self. There is a note of warning for us here; and there is a lesson, too, with peace and comfort written on its face. Reading it attentively, I find an antidote for that grievous malady, "the blues," perceiving how much happier we are when we "make believe" the world is beautiful and life sunny; how quickly the real will come if at first we have but the counterfeit.

I see, too, that we are a great deal better at heart when we seek to appear as if we are good; and, while denouncing hypocrisy as despicable in the extreme, I learn that it is best for ourselves and the world that we take unto us the semblance of a noble and excellent character, that we shall be a great deal more likely to possess real goodness if we are trying to make the world give us credit for it. If, then, our words and manners, the tones of our voice, and even the expression of our countenance, affect us so vitally, is n't it true, I wonder, that we can fashion our lives as we will; that we can bring out from them whatever forms of beauty and excellence our souls are craving? and is n't it our own fault if we go through the world with spirits always longing, and never satisfied?

A. Q.

Editor's Table.

MODES.—The most prominent question of the hour in the minds of all good men on both sides of the Atlantic is, By what means shall we be soonest rid of the plague of social alcohol? It is only a few years since it was discovered to be a social pest; and only a part of mankind are yet awake to the evils it inflicts upon society; only a portion of the race yet know that its actual benefits to the system are zero, while its social influences are a curse of the first magnitude. By forty years of drill and discipline through the pulpit, the family, the papers, and voluntary associations, the great mass of native Americans have become total abstinent; not quite a majority, yet a heavy numerical minority of the whole. The uneducated or badly educated balance of the American people consist of several classes,—the devotees of fashion; the slaves of interest, power, and passion; the indifferent. Traditions of the manliness and good fellowship of the drinking circle still influence young men. The profits of the manufacture and sale influence large numbers to promote in all ways consumption, and to create an ever-expanding market for their fiery wares. Property-holders and merchants of all kinds are interlinked in commercial interests with the traders in stimulants; politicians draw their most effective weapons from the armories of the saloon and distillery. Since steam has made the Atlantic Ocean a ferry-way, American society has been corrupted by European at both ends. The aristocratic, fêted, "dined, and wined" in Great Britain

and on the Continent, get their temperance principles Europeanized, and come back converts to European notions, and backsliders from American, like Dr. Todd, Dr. Howard Crosby, and Episcopalians who ape the Church of England.

Thus the upper classes of Europe debase the upper crust of America, as the lower classes of England, Ireland, and Germany, with their ale, whisky, and beer, debase the lower classes of society here. These two extremes, with the indifferentists of the mean, form a numerical majority, and block the wheels of the further progress of reform. Temperance, in the form of total abstinence, is confined to the mean, and skirts along the borders of the extremes without extensively influencing or penetrating far within the bounds of either, while the sons of the middle class are contributing to swell the ranks of the extremes, probably giving more to each than they receive from both. The great question now is, How shall we reach the aristocrats and the democrats, or, more properly, the mobocrats of American society? They will not come to our churches, or listen to lectures, or read temperance books, tracts, and papers, or join voluntary organizations. You can not reach them by interest, appeals, law, or moral suasion. Your temperance lectures become stale when your hearers are all on one side. Your wine-bibbing, rum-tipping, beer-swilling neighbors are as impervious to your efforts as the tenants of the cemetery; as distant from your ordinary modes

as if they lived in Caffraria. The question is, How shall we make converts to the cause from these upper and lower classes? Law is powerless till law is backed by majority-opinion. Majority-opinion is now either in favor of drinking usages, or so indifferent to them as to favor letting them alone. Despairing of help from any earthly source, the women of Ohio recently sought the aid of a higher power. Gentle faces, radiant with the light of the spirit-communings of Pisgah, shed an unwonted moral-suasion influence on the thresholds of saloons. Brute force hauled Daniel from his prayers into the den of lions; brute force carried Christ from the midnight soul-struggles of Gethsemane to the cross; and brute force incarcerated Ohio and Pittsburg praying women in city prisons. But brute force can not prevail forever over the spiritual. The night may be as long and dark as that which preceded the release of Israel from Egyptian bondage, as that which foreran the Lutheran Reformation, as that which heralded the deliverance of the slaves from Southern bondage. Prayer is mighty, and will prevail; it is woman's readiest, surest weapon. The soul-agony of a generation or two will produce an upheaval like that that overturned Southern slavery, like that that broke the power of Romanism, like that that drowned Pharaoh and his hosts in the depths of the Red Sea.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—"Temperance" is an absorbing topic nowadays, especially among the ladies. Temperance lectures are proverbially dry, unless illustrated by incident, of which, fortunately in one sense, and unfortunately in another, there is no lack. Stories innumerable abound; but it takes a Gough or a Cary to tell a story so as to give it effect. The following anti-temperance incident befell us personally, and may possibly help out some platformist when he has nothing more instructive or amusing to offer:

Forty-five years ago we made our *debut* in life as a Yankee schoolmaster, at five dollars a month and board. We "boarded round" so many days in a place for each pupil. The district was large, the scholars widely scattered, and the "boarder round" had to go two miles sometimes in quest of meals and lodgings. Some of the people were well-to-do farmers, others poor, living on land so rocky that the more a man owned of it the worse he was off. The luxuries of the table were pork and potatoes, rye bread, rye coffee, rye doughnuts, rye gingerbread, soggy with maple sugar or West India molasses. Cider flowed like water; yet drunkenness was disreputable, and not common. Temperance societies had been heard of; but daily papers, railroads and telegraphs, friction matches and express companies, had not. Cook-stoves and carpets were occasional; the old-fashioned fire-place, with its broad "settle" in front, was not yet displaced.

One Monday evening, the "boarder round" woke to the recollection, just as school was dismissed for the day, that he was out of a boarding-place, and had neglected to send the customary notice to the family next on his list. Hurrying to the door, he called

back a lanky youth of fifteen from the retiring crowd, and bade him tell his mother that the "master" (as important a personage in those days as the parish parson) was "coming there to tea to-night." An hour later, in the dusk of a Winter evening—after having swept the floor of the "noisy mansion," "set copies" for the next day, mended the pens, and raked up the coals of a wood fire—the teacher wended his way to the unpretending house of Mr. Stimkins, and knocked. The front door led into the one of the two principal rooms of the house that was used for kitchen and dining-room, while the only other apartment served the double purpose of parlor and "best bed-room." It was opened by a pretty miss about eighteen years old. Behind the girl stood the mistress of the house, swaying backward and forward and from side to side, with gentle gyration, like a willow in a storm; drunk, unmistakably drunk!

"Walk in, sir," said the pretty daughter.

"Walk in, shir," echoed the boozy matron, with an articulation decidedly thick-tongued.

"Shall I take your hat?" said the sweet Soprano.

"Sh'll—take—yer 'at?" fugged the husky Alto.

"Have a chair by the parlor fire?" said the courteous little hostess.

"Chair by 'r parlor fire?" followed up the mother, with a drunken anxiety not to be behind-hand with the daughter in doing the honors of the occasion.

And so the duet went on, the stout matron scarcely able to balance herself in her chair, never venturing a remark except as the echo of the words of some other member of the family; each of whom, together with the new "boarder round," strove utterly to ignore the mother's condition, each in turn steady, ing or warding off her tipsy efforts to do the polite to the guest and stranger.

Supper, delayed for a while, was ready at length. The father took the head of the table, and the daughter her mother's usual place at the tea-board. The boy and "boarder" sat on one side of the table, and the good lady on the opposite broad side; and she needed the whole of it; for she swayed from side to side, as if she had been at the cabin-table of a ship on an angry ocean.

"Will you have tea?" said the young hostess.

"'Ll ye 'ave tea?" said the drunken echo.

"Have some hash?" said the father, at the head of the table.

"'Ave some 'ash?" said his *cara sposa*, at the side.

The "hash" was passed by the father to the boy, and by the boy to the "boarder round," who took up his steel knife (plated forks were unknown in those days), to sail into the savory dish, when a sudden suspicion dawned upon the maudlin mamma, anxious, like the rest, to have every thing pass off correctly. Too drunk to distinguish objects three feet away, she confounded the persons sitting opposite to her at the table, and mistook the teacher for her hopeful son. With a sudden lurch, she reached across the table, seized the astonished teacher's plate of hash, and placed it before the blushing boy, muttering in tones of indignant re-monstration as she did so:

"Shtimkins! what a brute you are! You do n't understand manners! Help Lee firsh! Why do n't you help the mashter?"

Three or four pairs of sober hands were instinctively reached out to rescue the unlucky plate of hash from this drunken larceny, and to restore it, with assurances that it was all right, to its true destination. It took some self-command all around to get through a scene so ridiculous without smiling. The good lady subsided into the parrotty echo for the remainder of the frugal meal of "hash," Johnny-cakes, and tea.

It was over at last, and so was the evening. Mrs. Stimkins was got to bed, and so was the "mashter," about whom she had had such misty concern, wondering what would be the outcome of a week's board with such a singular reception and introduction.

Next morning, Mrs. Stimkins was herself again, and a true lady of the old school. The breakfast was meagre; she apologized for being unprepared, and the master apologized for neglecting to send notice of his coming. Not a word was said about the previous evening. The dinner was sumptuous, and so was every succeeding meal; and Mrs. Stimkins showed herself a thorough housekeeper and an excellent cook. Before he left the district, the writer cautiously inquired of one of the young men attending the school if Mrs. Stimkins habitually or occasionally "drank?" The young man had never heard any thing of the sort, and the questioner did not enlighten him on the point; and it remains to this day an utter mystery to the "boarder" whether dame Stimkins was a toper on the sly, like so many of her sex in that day and this, or whether it was the first and last time she was ever intoxicated, an unlucky *contretemps*, an unintended, washing-day accident.

THE "PLEASE RETURN" NUISANCE.—Mrs. Stowe, whose practical mind, of the true Beecher stamp, hits the nail right on the head, says of the legion of writers for the papers and magazines of the day: "Then there are all sorts of writing men and women, sending pecks and bushels of articles to be printed, and getting furious if they are not printed, though the greater part of them are such hopeless trash that you only need to read four lines to learn that they are good for nothing; but they all expect them to be re-mailed, with explanations and criticisms; and the ladies sometimes write letters of wrath to the editor that are perfectly fearful!"

One would think that the author of "Uncle Tom" had had the LADIES' REPOSITORY in charge for a twelvemonth. The hides of authors are proverbially as impervious to criticism as the scales of crocodiles or the shell of the armadillo. They are as blind to the defects of their offspring as Mother Prim's crow was to the color of her young. They "inclose stamps for the return" of stuff that is scarcely worth a toss into the waste-basket, and expect the editor to know all about their manuscript, and to be able to hunt it out of bushels of papers, and think he has nothing to do but to envelope, stamp, and re-mail.

REPRESSIVE PROVIDENCES.—Nebuchadnezzar was not the last inflated official who waved his hand toward his works, saying, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?"—the nose-led mob at Ephesus was not the last that tossed their greasy caps in air and shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" over the object of their blind adulation. Human nature is a great idolater; and self, and its ministers and adjuncts, are the idols it servilely worships. A constant fear haunts the best of men lest they and their works should be overlooked or underrated, and disposes them to ludicrous protestations or quiet brag. If Divine Providence cares any thing for a man or a society, it is apt to put a flat stone upon any pretensions of theirs that threaten to be over-bloated, noxious, or reptilian. We set up a gilded Dagon, and some fine morning he lies ignominiously prone on the threshold of the ark of God. The adversary of all good was permitted to assail worshipful David at the height of his popularity, and he groveled in crime like a genuine gallows-bird. The "Great Babylon" idea takes possession of an otherwise good man, and he is driven out to graze for a season, to recover his senses. A great general or a great statesman, so religious that he is the boast of the Churches, idolizing his unblemished reputation, falls among Government thieves, and they despoil him of his good name, sully his innocence, and leave him half dead, the pity and scorn of all wayfarers. A great Christian orator—a Bascom, a Beecher, a Maffit—dazzles the vision of admiring multitudes, till aspersion or scandal clouds, eclipses, or dims a brightness essentially human, that should shine and attract only as a reflection of the Divine.

Busy with work, unconscious of self, permeated with a genuine, divinely inspired humility, Methodists had neither time nor care nor thought for self during the first century of their existence. It was not until the British Centennial, in 1839, that American Methodism first woke to a sense of its importance, and became possessed of the "Great Babylon" idea. "A million of members!" was echoed from pulpit and rostrum for the next five years. In 1843-4, the secession of Wesleyans, and the separation of the Southerners, left it with shorn proportions, and doubtless greater acceptability to God and usefulness to man. In 1866, the Centennial of American Methodism created the desire for a monumental memorial of physical greatness, and soon a magnificent Book-room reared its proud proportions among the commercial palaces of Broadway, at the cost of a "million of dollars." The shout passes along the line, and seems likely to become unduly boastful, when it is suddenly hushed by "scandals" that divide, sour, sully, and kill.

Not for his own sake—for he is infinitely independent—but for ours, God will tolerate no rivals in our affections; he will in some way humble us, and destroy our idols. We have the Gospel treasure in "earthen vessels;" we are ministered unto by "men of like passions with ourselves." Men fall, that they may rise. David was higher in the wailing confessions of the fifty-first Psalm than when at the highest

pinnacle of popular applause. Satan desires to have the disciples, that he may sift them as wheat, and they sometimes get the sifting, and the Church seems paralyzed and ruined by their defections and falls. It is a wonderful lesson to us, that when the Christianity of the world was embodied in a synod of twelve ministers, a conference of twelve members, a college of twelve bishops, two of the number, influenced by cash or cowardice, turn traitors to their Divine Leader, while the other ten ran skulking away at the first clash of danger, the first approach of disaster to their precious persons or lives. Men die; Christianity lives.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.—Dr. Whedon's Conference wants a "higher order of ability and scholarship" in the articles contributed to the *Quarterly*. The doctor, like the confraternity of Church editors, gets the best material at command, and at the same time aims to develop home talent. He can not print a tithe of what is sent him, and is therefore in the predicament of a youth who finds himself obliged to take one out of a bevy of ten nice girls, any one of whom would make him a good wife. The poor wight studies and compares, balances and hesitates, dreams of temperaments, complexions, gaits, and heights, finally sets his teeth and chooses, and, of course, makes the other nine mad. At the next tea-party the rejecteds and their mammas pass resolutions, impugn his motives, arraign his taste, impeach his judgment, and tell him he might have got a better article for the same money.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.—In our earlier school-days we sat on backless forms and at rude board desks, into which the boys cut the initials of their names, or whittled their edges into splinters, or painted the lids with ink; and at these ungainly desks we studied our Arithmetic and Grammar and Geography, and learned to make the first pot-hooks and hoe-handles in the mysteries of writing. Forty years have brought about a revolution in school furniture as well as in the art of school-teaching; and were we now to step into any of our city schools, and contrast their appearance with what we were formerly accustomed to see, we should almost think we had blundered into the palace of Aladdin. The greatest contrast is seen in the neat and trim desks of the pupils, their elegant seats, their orderly arrangement, their perfect adaptation to the age and wants of each scholar, and in the handsome chairs and tables on the teacher's platform. Then there is the apparatus which we never had in our school life,—the wall-maps of civil and physical geography, the globes which show the relative position and size of the continents and seas; the crayons for writing on the blackboard; the blackboards themselves set in carved frames, and turning on pivots; the pictures which illustrate natural history and science; the cabinets for minerals, fossils, and shells; and the many articles of comfort and convenience to be found in well-appointed school-rooms. These things, as well as the best styles of church furniture, pulpits, settees, altar-tables, thrones, etc., are manufactured or sold in all our larger cities,

and in this city by the Excelsior School Manufacturing Company, under the management of our friend John C. Brooke.

THE PICTURES that grace the LADIES' REPOSITORY from month to month are, and ever have been, the specialty of the periodical. The engraver and publishers spare no expense or pains to secure good subjects, and to engrave them in a high style of art. The first in the current number, "Who's that Knocking?" is serio-comic, as well as exquisitely beautiful. The woodpecker is tapping upon the hollow tree; the tree is the squirrel's house, and he comes to the door to inquire who is taking such liberties with his lofty mansion. The artist, Mr J. H. S. Reed, Jr., is young but promising. "Mother's Head-nurse," is a pretty piece of sentiment, beautifully expressed by painter and engraver. It needs no comment. The last number (August) contains a speaking likeness of Bishop Andrews. Persons wishing to secure copies of our beautifully engraved portraits of the new bishops can obtain them, in sheet or framed to order, by writing to the agents, Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.

COLLEGE CHANGES.—Dr. Cummings, reported resigned, remains President of the Wesleyan University; Dr. E. O. Haven succeeds Chancellor Winchell at Syracuse; Dr. J. W. Locke replaces Dr. Allyn at M'Kendree; Rev. J. W. Bissell is to preside at Upper Iowa; Dr. Newhall is still president elect of the Ohio Wesleyan, though it is doubtful whether he ever comes to the active duties of the position. Dickinson vacated all its chairs except that of the President. Dr. McCauley is at this writing in Europe, the bearer of fraternal greetings to the British Conferences.

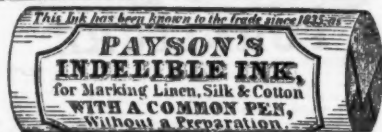
"IN HASTE THESE," was the superscription upon all epistles sent by public post a century or two ago. Nobody uses the obsolete phrase now, except a few unsophisticated correspondents for periodicals, who are dying to see their lucubrations in type. On the 10th of July we received a communication, superscribed "for the August number of the REPOSITORY," at the same hour that the binder put into our hands a beautifully bound copy of the August number, and just as the head printer demanded "copy" to fill out the concluding pages of the number for September.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.—The veteran editor of the *Quarterly* goes for Gail Hamilton in the July number, and, as the Paddy phrased it, "talks to her with tears in his eyes, like a father to his dog." We are on Gail's side. We prefer one page of her tart aphorisms and practical hits to ten of Jonathan Edwards's muddy metaphysics.

DR. L. S. JACOBY, one of the pioneers of German Methodism, and over twenty years a successful missionary in the "Father-land," died in St. Louis last Summer. We have pleasant recollections of him in prairie land, as a co-laborer with Cartwright, Akers, Koeneke, Jost, and a hundred other good men in the old Illinois Conference.



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